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MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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#148, 150-151, 153-154, 156 pts. 1 & 2, 159-163, 166, 170-172, 174-175, 179-181, 184-210, 214-227, 229-260 are as stated above in subscription info.
See page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.

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TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 (or so...) lists of stuff we've reviewed this month.

TIM BROOKS

- TYRADES-Incarcerated-EP
- BLOTTO-Bang Up Your Chair-EP
- V/A-Collateral Damage-EP
- FOURTEEN OR FIGHT / REPOS-split EP
- BELLRAYS-Red, White & Black-CD
- DIE ROTZZ-Goring El Matador-EP
- TEMPORAL SLUTS-Music for Haters #6-EP
- THE SPARK / BAIL OUT!-split EP
- THE SUSPICIONS-We're All Wrong-45
- KNOCKOUT PILLS-live

MITCH CARDWELL

- OSCARS-Death to America-EP
- TYRADES-Incarcerated-EP
- DIE ROTZZ-Goring El Matador-EP
- DERIDE-LP
- REIGNING SOUND-If Christmas Can't-EP
- GAGS-Criss-Cross (1979-1981)-LP
- JACK & THE RIPPERS-No Desire-45
- LYME REGIS-live
- INTELLECTUALS-Black! Domina! Now! LP
- DOG ASSASSIN-Forever Bound EP

ROB COONS

- BUMBKLAATT-Corrosion-EP
- BLOWN TO BITS / DEATHTOLL-split LP
- TYRADES-Incarcerated-EP
- CHRONICLE A/D-Tribes Against Empires-EP
- KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS-CD
- REPOS-Attack from All Sides-LP
- DERIDE-LP
- FOURTEEN OR FIGHT / REPOS-split EP
- LESCA PUNK-10 Years Against Oppression-CD
- PLAN R-My Friend Is Dead-EP

PAUL CURRAN

on an onion-flavored vacation

JONATHAN FLOYD

- DIRTBOMBS-Live: North of 8 Mile-LP
- PLAN R-My Friend Is Dead-EP
- REIGNING SOUND-If Christmas Can't-EP
- TYRADES-Incarcerated-EP
- BLOTTO-Bang Up Your Chair-EP
- REPOS-Attack from All Sides-LP
- WESTERN ADDICTION-live
- BAFABEGIYA-High Fives, Stage Dives-EP
- OSCARS-Death to America-EP
- INTELLECTUALS - Black! Domina! Now!-LP

JEFF HEERMANN

- A-BONES-Daddy Wants a Cold Beer 2xCD
- BEVELAQUA / MIDNIGHT BOMBERS-split EP
- OSCARS-Death to America EP
- REATARDS- Bedroom Disasters CD
- INTELLECTUALS-Black! Domina! Now! LP
- MIRRORS- Another Nail in the Coffin CD
- JOY DIVISION-Les Bains Douches Vol. 1 & 2 LP
- TYRADES-Incarcerated EP
- FRUSTRATION-Artists Suck 12"
- GAGS-Criss-Cross (1979-1981)-LP

KENNY KAOS

- MUDLARKS-R'n'R War-EP
- THE SUSPICIONS-We're All Wrong-45
- ACCIDENTS-Dead Guys-EP
- BLOTTO-Bang Up Your Chair-EP
- INTELLECTUALS-Black! Domina! Now!-LP
- TYRADES-Incarcerated-EP
- MOTORAMA-Shy Girl-EP
- CACTUS-Music for Haters-EP
- ANSWER LIES / TEN SECONDS TO LIFTOFF-EP
- BAD MACHINE / V8 WANKERS-split EP

CAROLYN KEDDY

- TYRADES-Incarcerated-EP
- MOTORAMA-Shy Girl-EP
- REIGNING SOUND-If Christmas Can't-EP
- INTELLECTUALS-Black! Domina! Now!-LP
- CACTUS-Music for Haters-EP
- MIRRORS-Another Nail-CD
- OSCARS-Death to America-EP
- DIRTBOMBS-Live: North of 8 Mile-LP
- V/A-Not Psycho Enough!? Vol.1-EP
- DIE ROTZZ-Goring El Matador-EP

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible–one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See records section for where to send tapes & CD-Rs.

RAY LUJAN

missing in action

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

- CACTUS-Music for Haters-EP
- TYRADES-Incarcerated-EP
- GAGS-Criss-Cross (1979-1981)-LP
- MIRRORS-Another Nail-CD
- MUDLARKS-R'n'R War-EP
- STIV BATORS-Disconnected-LP
- ANSWER LIES / 10 SECONDS TO LIFT OFF-split EP
- PLAN R-My Friend Is Dead-EP
- THE SUSPICIONS-We're All Wrong-45
- DERIDE-LP

GOLNAR NIKPOUR

- TYRADES-Incarcerated-EP
- DIE ROTZZ-Goring El Matador-EP
- DERIDE-LP
- PLAN R-My Friend Is Dead EP
- FOURTEEN OR FIGHT / REPOS-split EP
- BUMBKLAATT-Corrossion EP
- TOXIN III-I Rock I Ran (Again) LP
- FRUSTRATION-Artists Suck 12"
- GAGS-Criss-Cross (1979-1981)-LP
- REIGNING SOUND-If Christmas Can't EP

DONNA POOLE

- MOTORAMA-Shy Girl-EP
- TYRADES-Incarcerated-EP
- DIE ROTZZ-Goring El Matador-EP
- MUDLARKS-R'n'R War-EP
- CACTUS-Music for Haters-EP
- BLOTTO-Bang Up Your Chair-EP
- PLAN R-My Friend Is Dead-EP
- JET BOYS-Jet Patrol-LP
- DIRTBOMBS-Live:North of 8 Mile-LP
- SCHLONG/SEAPIGS/SICK AND TIRED-live

WILL RISK

- TRAINWRECK RIDERS-live
- STIV BATORS-Disconnected-LP
- JOY DIVISION-Les Bains Douches, Vol. 2-LP
- PLAN R-My Friend Is Dead-EP
- TOXIN III-I Rock I Ran (Again)-LP
- TYRADES-Incarcerated-EP
- BLOTTO-Bang Up Your Chair-EP
- FOURTEEN OR FIGHT / REPOS-split EP
- INTELLECTUALS - Black! Domina! Now!-LP
- MACHINE GUN ROMANTICS / SSE-split EP

BRUCE ROEHRS

- SLAYER-live
- DIE ROTZZ-Goring El Matador-EP
- FOURTEEN OR FIGHT / REPOS-split EP
- DERIDE-LP / BUMBKLAATT-Corrosion-EP
- MOTORHÄTE-Welcome to Civilization-LP
- BONECRUSHER-Fractured-2xCD
- BLOWN TO BITS / DEATHTOLL-split LP
- V/A-Brewed in Sweden Vol. 3-CD
- LIFE OR DEATH-Sentenced-CD
- WEAVING THE DEATHBAG-Inoculation-EP

RYAN WELLS

- MIRRORS-Another Nail-CD
- DIE ROTZZ-Goring El Matador-EP
- GREEN LAWN ABBEY-CD
- INTELLECTUALS-Black! Domina! Now!-LP
- OSCARS-Death to America-EP
- MOTORAMA-Shy Girl-EP
- HODGE PODGE & BARRARGE Vol. 5-CD
- TYRADES-Incarcerated-EP
- GAGS-Criss-Cross (1979-1981)-LP
- LEAVING TRAINS-Amplified Pillows-CD

ZINE TOP TEN

- Bite the Hand that Feeds the Poisoned Food #2
- Broken Pencil #26
- Days of Dissent #1
- One Way Ticket # 3
- Paping#11
- Pocket Boxing Beatdown
- Slug & Lettuce #81
- Termidor #2
- Too Much Coffee Man #21
- Prison Music #2

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Spencer Rangitsch
Will Risk
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Mary Southworth
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#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Sacred Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel, Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins.

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers.

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue.

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#154/Mar '96. Motards, Subincision, Stisism, Donnas, Stallions, Count Backwards.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Too Many Records, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Fun People, Fat, Drunk & Stupid, BrandNewUnit, Death Wish Kids.

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q. Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, the Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemtion 87, Torture Kitty.

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew.

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile. Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat.

#171/Aug '97. Violent Society, Strychnine, Idiots, Knuckle Heads, Race Traitor, Patrick Grindstaff, Misanthropists.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Ümlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnik Termites.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres..

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan '00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Aaron Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR catalogue #100-200.

#201/Feb '00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#203/April '00. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#205/June '00. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug '00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov '00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#216/May '01. Propagandhi, Angelic Upstarts, Discordance Axis, Ruination, Photographer: Chris Boarts, Strap-Ons, Lynnards Innards

#217/June '01. Joey Ramone R.I.P., Tear It Up, Skitsystem, The Pattern, CrimethInc., Esperanza, The Chicago Blackout, Photographer: Ace

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#219/Aug '01. "Fix It!" cycling article, Crucial Unit, Lost Sounds, Lombardies, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 1, Casualties, Resinators, *P.U.N.K.*, Slaughter & the Dogs, Anti-Flag, Dontcares, S'Bitch.

#220/Sep '01. Latin American Issue. Aubuso Sonoro, Anti-Todo, Fuerza X, Apatia No, Manganzoids, Demencia, Sick Terror, Tocatta y Bulla, NTN, Argies, Reconcile, Anti-Korpus, Ruido De Odio, Los Pepiniyos, Rebelion Disidente, Brazil Scum , Kim Bae Photo Essay.

#221/Oct '01. Tales from the G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 2, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene report, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11," Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#226/Mar '02. Queer punk special issue. Vaseline, Quails, Skinjobs, Italian queer punk report, Vaginal Davis, Feelings on a Grid, Sissies, Scott Free, Dumba, Columns.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug '02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept '02. "No Future" article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/Dec '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Anti-war guest columns. Anti-war scene reports. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, *Artcore*, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#237/Feb '03. Top Ten Records of 2002, "Music as a Weapon: Artists in Wartime," Dirt Bike Annie, Let It Burn, Stockyard Stoics, King Khan & Shrines, 625 Records, Feast Or Famine, Rudimentary Peni, Coachwhips, Self Defense.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.–

#242/July '03. Pensacola and San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, *Snakepit* zine, Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, *Trust* zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#248/Jan '04. Discharge, Superhelicopter, Jed Whitey, Black Friday '29, Find Him And Kill Him, The Lids, Impratical Cockpit, Face Up To It, History Of Maximum Rocknroll Radio.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#252/May '04. Fucked Up, Firestarter, Inepsy, Laukaus, Great Clearing Off, Radio Reelers, Extreme Noise Records, 46 Short, The State, John The Baker, Free Verse, Chrystaei Branchaw photos.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, Portland, Boston, Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. The Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 Tne Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, The Boss Martians, Reactionary Three, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia, and more!

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, The Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, "Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

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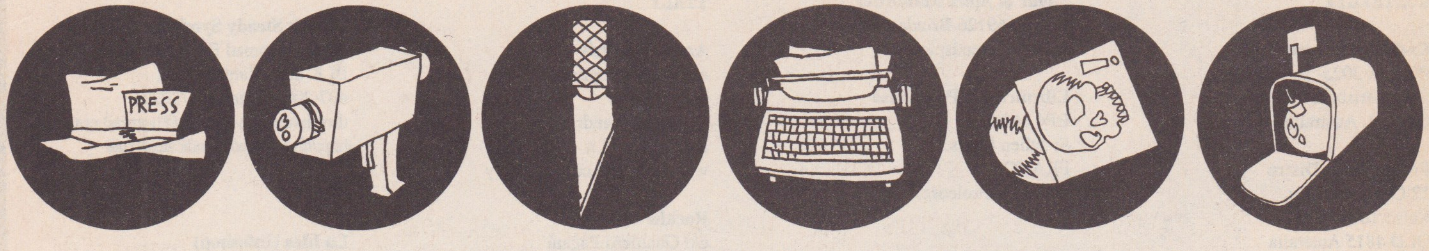

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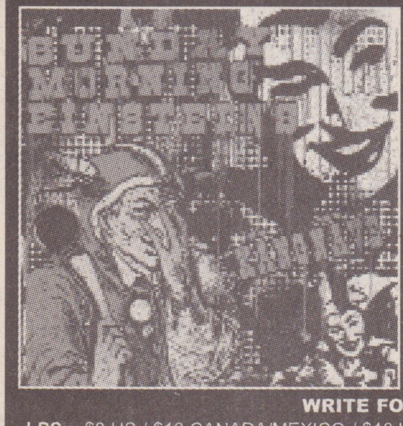

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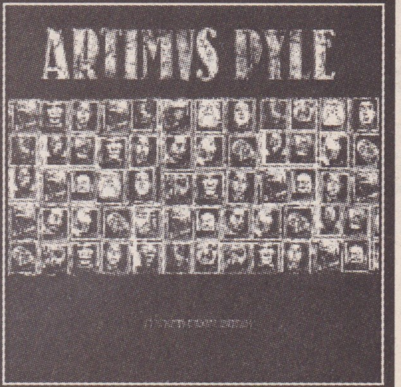

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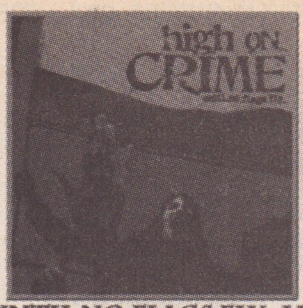

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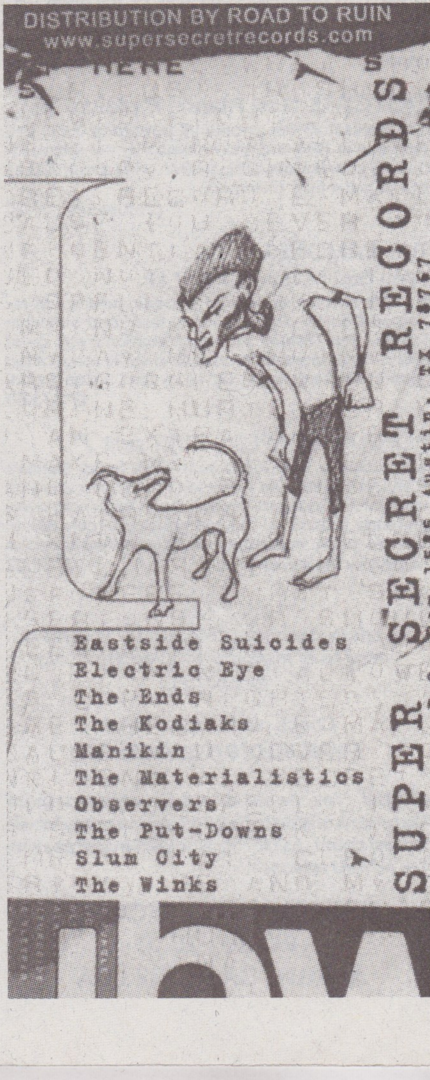

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LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

MRR—

I don't really have a reason to write, I was just in awe when I heard that Lumberjack bought Mordam. Tim Y. must be rolling in his grave right now. The concept of corporate mergers / consolidation of independent distros is just so crazy.

Has it really gotten to the point where consolidation and mergers and buy-outs are part of the landscape of independent music?

Crazy.

—Kent / Ebullition

MRR—

I'm writing from a transgimentional netherworld called Crabrook, BC (population 20,000). I've been recalling, or trying to recall my involvement, or lack of involvement in and out of punk rock over the past eight years. It seems like a long time and like maybe I should be awaking to some "reality" sometime soon.

I, like countless others, was drawn into this "scene" by the long defunct Black Flag in the summer of 1995, when I was fifteen years old. I thought the music was horrible, but was at once fascinated by it and as listening to the *My War* album everyday. I still have the tape. I dubbed it off my friend's CD over Def Leppard or something. I still play it sometimes, and it sounds like shit with all the wobbles and pause out from the stretched celluloid. It's just sentimentality now, I guess, although such is a concept which I hate. But what the hell?

I started this band in high school, playing ultra-simple three-chord songs and screaming and whatnot. We had this old PA for vocals that zapped our faces when we played. Some guy bought it from us and it now stands as an exhibit in a Japanese museum. You don't get a lot of gigs in a small town, especially when the scene is dominated by "grunge" assholes that hate your guts. We had a lot of spare time to design posters for gigs that may or may not have ever taken place. We got about five hundred stickers printed and there's still a few stuck to light poles and trashcans. These stickers were amazing. I think they're printed on the same stuff that city and industrial workers would use for whatever reason. The sun will have completely bleached the ink out in about five years, so there'll be just a few blank pieces of vinyl stuck to the streets.

Anyway, we played this one gig with Manner Farm and I guess there was a garage sale in the hall during the earlier part of the day and we found a box full of nearly every issue of *Thrasher* released in the 80s. We spent the entire summer reading through this shit: interviews with Mike Muir just after Join the Army came out, with Final Conflict after their second or third album, reviews of White Zombie before Le Sexorsisto, ads for Sam Hain skateboards, Suicidal skates, and all these compilations featuring Cryptic Slaughter, Agnostic Front, D.I., Anthrax, etc., when they were all new shit. Fucking punk history. It was amazing. Truly years of a subculture squashed into a small town presence.

Anyways, all this bullshit eventually inspired me to move to Vancouver to experience the real thing. I remember the first show I went to was Piment Vehicle, The Weakerthans, DBS, and DOA. I almost got my ass kicked by this jock/DBS groupie. Punk rock! Looking back, I wonder how many of the people who attended that gig are wearing suits and ties now. Mortgages, vows, children, and whatever the hell else.

So what the hell is my point? In a little over a month I will be a quarter of a century old. I still hang out with 15- and 16-year-olds. I don't know whether I should feel like an idiot or not. I tried to grow up, and it didn't work worth a shit. Like trying to fit a star-shaped block through the square hole of some children's toy. Punk rock is a facade. It doesn't save me from having to work the best shitty jobs I can find. It doesn't supply me with friends or comrades or anything else except the odd bit of empathy that comes of a record or out of a magazine. So why the hell?

Punk rock is a tiny piece of the real world, which I feel comfortable attaching myself to. I go to shows, dressed how I like, dance how I like, like what I like, and most of the mohican conservatives hate me for it and for whatever else. Rock 'n' roll justifies technology in the only way anything in the world ever could: by giving me a space to express myself freely as long as I'm not a bigot. By giving me a screaming rhythm to pull my mind out of the horrors of the "real" world. By supplying me with the magic and fantasy and empathy required to justify getting out of bed every morning.

PS. Fuck all you shits who abuse this space to tattle on posers and attempt to clear up your little misunderstandings in all their infinitude. Let's try to reach something new.

PPS. Tell me to shut my dumb fucking mouth at godofants@yahoo.com.

Love,
Mike

MRR—

In the December issue a review of OTAN´s demo tape appeared; something along the lines of how we must've made a mistake with the address. There are too many twos in the PO Box number. To write OTAN, the correct address is: Apdo: 24042, 08080, Barcelona, Spain.

Thanks,
Marat

MRR—

I'd like to respond to the letter about FUCKED UP in last issue of MRR. I, like Richie, was really into the band for the first couple records, but then sort of thought they got sketchy in their last couple of records. I got their *Searching For Gold* 12" when I saw them last month, and there are some fucked-up lyrics in that record. "Whole in the broken, straight in the bend" is a direct quote from Julius Evola, an infamous Italian mystic and fascist, who helped create and support Mussolini's ideology. Same with "We ride on tigers," from the first verse — same thing — Evola published "Ride the Tiger," describing how his fascist version of Nietzsche's Superman would ride atop society, taking what he needs from those subjected to him. The Masters of the Name was a 16th century secret society in Bavaria dedicated to, among other things, torture and rape, based on some fucked-up mystical hierarchy that shitheads throughout history have looked to to prop up their beliefs. Look it up, people. "We beat the drum to stir the elements, they separate to liberate the best. Our golden laws will part the golden from the weak" — what the fuck does this band think they are talking about?

Who knows what the intent of a record like this 12" actually is, but I think it does warrant a closer inspection. Aside from the obvious blatant references to committed and actual fascists mentioned above, the lyrics to this song just seem perverse and inappropriate. The desire of privileged white folk to want to make "humanity better" by "improving" or getting rid of "the base," has led, as we all know, to some pretty horrible conclusions. So FUCKED UP wants to separate the wheat from the chaff? Then break up and leave punk alone.

Jacob Echelle

Hey Mick—

That's a great story. I had a long talk with George Tabb about this very thing, about how the local band they do throw a bone ends up getting a shitty deal: no sound check, playing while people are still filing into the club. But the fact that you played the show is better than not playing it. There are way too many things to pull apart here, but we should be happy if these bands at least make the gesture.

You have to remember a lot of these kids came because they liked a really crappy sounding record in the first place. Probably the best thing you can do (and it's pretty entertaining at that) is to just make yer situation part of the show. "Hey folks, we sound like shit because we were only added on this show because the promoter gets sex from my sister on a weekly basis and we didn't get to sound check because we're freaking lucky to be playing at all." Of course you'd say it in Australian. By the way, it's Alooominum and Saint Burrnarrrd.

Cheers,
Bill

Mr—

Yet another confirmation that the curvature of the globe is a holographic blunder, Richie Dager shows that he is living upside-down. We are not a sexist band; we have women in it. Maybe he hasn't seen any of our CDs. CAMP has spend a lot of nights on the streets working so that we don't have to deal with this kind of shit. Do you think when we were playing a benefit with THE GOSSIP that we were worried about what a guy would think about our music? Please, your heart is gonna have to escort your bones to the funeral home. As if we haven't all been baptized in the river or barmitzvah'd — you are missing the point, guy. You can't sink the Titanic; the Titanic will sink itself.

ALI G

Maxi Rocker—

By the time you posers read this, it will probably be the year 2005, and since I'm a proud member of the punk elite, I just thought I'd tell you about some of the new punk rock rules to follow. If you want to continue to be a part of the punk subculture country club, you better follow them or you'll be as lame as any record Lookout has released in the last few years.

Rule #1: I think the most important rule for 2005 is that Dr. Strange is not allowed to release any more classic reissues or punk-as-fuck shit. In fact I think the next few releases by them should be a remix version of the Schleprock album *Propeller* with the *Out Of Spite* EP added as bonus tracks, including a DVD. Fuck, they've gotta release something more enjoyable than a Broken Bones record. The other releases that would follow would be a new Bollweevils & Zoinks CD. And since Voodoo Glow Skulls hasn't sold any records since their run-in with the legendary punk band Hickey, I'm sure it won't be to hard to get them back on the roster. There you have it...the Dr.Strange I know & love. My rule will allow Dr. Strange to keep the Government Issue reissues in their catalog.

Rule #2: The second rule is one that everyone thinks about, but nobody besides me is enough of an asshole to say out loud. If you're so un-punk you need to have a mohawk to prove you're punk to the whole world, there are a few simple rules you must follow. First of all, don't be fat. No one likes a fat guy with a mohawk. You just look retarded if you are fat and sport a mohawk. Fat asses should wear gold chains & play guitar for Madball or join a skinhead gang like S.H.A.R.P. or some Nazi *(??? –ed.)* one either one will do, and they'll still get to act like a dumbass. Second, don't be old & have a mohawk. Everyone thinks the old guy with a mohawk is a total poser. Old people should know that if it takes you the same amount of time to do your hair as someone that frequents nightclubs to dance to top 40 music, you're just as lame/fake as the fashionistas you claim to hate and despise! Last but not least, if you are gonna have a mohawk don't do it half ass! You better look like some butt pirate out of the Retail Slut catalog at all times. In fact, if you could work there that would be all the better. I guess if you want to have a mohawk, I'll let you old and fat people jog with me, but, you better be sportin' knee length steel toe docs & if you could play in a band with a name like Unoriginal 77' that would be great.

Rule #3: The third rule is that all of the old people who don't listen to anything new, & whine about Hot Water Music not being punk, because they are emo, will be sent to Iraq to serve George Bush. As far as I'm concerned, those people are already dead, so why not let George kill them off? Those people all died 20 years ago, so who cares? Do we really need some washed-up asshole talking about how great the Damned or X were when in reality those bands were mediocre at best. Give me a Degenerates or Shapes Of Race Cars CD any day over that "over the hill" crap. By standing at the back of the club moaning, these has-beens are really doing a great job of showing everyone how dangerous punk was back in the day!

Rule #4: Fourthly, there will be no more talk of metalcore. From now on, we are taking the "core" part back. Those people who watch *Headbangers Ball* can call it metal, but punks will call it crappy metal. I don't know why it has to take a 30-ish yuppie punk rocker to remind you that metal has always been punk's enemy. Punk tried to flirt with being metal's friend in the past & it ended with disastrous results. Here are some examples if you don't believe me: Cro Mags (Near Death Experience), Agnostic Front (Cause For Alarm), Gang Green (…Older Budweiser) & just about anything by Leeway. Oh yeah — just ask those fuckers in SSD or DYS if metal & punk gel well.

Rule #5: Record reviewers will never compare a good hardcore band to Murphy's Law again. Murphy's Law will not be considered good, classic, legendary, or important to any scene any more. They will be considered crappy & stupid at best, & if I'm calling it stupid you know it's fucking dumb. If you are older, you are not to tape, burn, or play them for younger kids unless it's to show them the worst band to come from the East Coast.

Rule #6: Sixth, if you think the *Boston Beat Down* movie is cool, you're an asshole bully, & you're not punk. You will never see my band the Hatefucks play in Boston, because now we're scared of you jumping us twelve on three like everyone else you tough guys beat up in the flick. Wow, beating up Moby, how tough that would make me feel, big boy? By the way, if you FSU dudes ever come down to Las Vegas to fight me I'm not really Karl Bakla. My name is Chad Smith of the band Hemlock. Also if you guys are looking for me I live on Donna Street. Just drive around wearing lots of Boston Redsocks clothing, yelling "Crip Killer!" out the window several times. Waving a red bandana out of the window could help locate me faster.

Rule #7: From now on, the late 70s will not be considered the classic era for punk. It will be the 90s. If you have a leather jacket you will now be forced to cover up that crappy GBH logo with a much cooler Zoinks one. The Holiday In The Sun Festival will feature Jolt, Hickey, Fried Green, Boba Fett Youth, All You Can Eat, Puckered Starfish, Queers, Mega City Four, Screeching Weasel, Jawbreaker, Phuzz, Samiam, & maybe even the Cows. Also, the only old "classic" bands you can like have to be from the United States like the Dicks, Screamers, Ramones, Mission to Burma, the Dickies…etc. That UK shit is so weak anyways.

Rule #8: One of the most important rules — no more of this Irish Jig crap. Fuck Celtic music. You want to be punk, you play punk. If you want to sound like something some Irish alcoholic senior citizen would like, then fuck off and do the convalescent hospital scene. Flogging Molly & The Real Mackenzies will be vanished without a second thought. Swingin' Utters & Dropkick Murphy's will have a February deadline to decided if they want to rejoin the punk scene, and start to play rebel music again. If not, oh well & good riddance. I thought Blood For Blood blew you guys away when you played Las Vegas — too bad their last CD sucked!

Rule #9: Ninth & probably the most important for 2005 — Alternative, post punk, and indie shit will be considered punk again. Punk used to be interesting because, all the bands sounded different. The shows used to be better, because there was a fun mix of different types. Fuck the nostalgia crap. I want a gig with Interpol, Capitalist Casualties, J Church, Tsar, & Deicide. Hell fuck yeah! If you like the Melvins, Butthole Surfers, Dinosaur Jr., REM, Young Fresh Fellows, or any other hippie crap, you are now punk again.

Rule #10: This one goes out to the punk guy outside of the Double Down Saloon who gave the Bethanator crap for her "Kerry For President" pin. May he be the first to be drafted! I hope that any punk who voted for Bush is drafted & decapitated by a terrorist group, but only after being sodomized without lubrication. That's what you deserve for voting for a homophobic prick!

Rule #10 No more apolitical punk crap. Apolitical is just another term for being too stupid to form an opinion. You don't have to be a bleeding heart liberal to be punk...wait, I take that back! You better be a fucking bleeding heart liberal if you're punk. You don't have to be preachy like Jeff Ott, but just be aware of society, the world, & others. You don't have to do anything big. How about starting with cutting out something small like littering or shopping at Walmart.

Hell yeah! I was happy as fuck to see a letter from Aaron Probe! I'm glad he's not dead. The Bethanator and I miss his old zine *Probe*.

Karl Bakla
Lasvegashardcore@aol.com

PS. If you're the straight edge kid who looks like Jack Osborne & likes Monster Magnet go fuck yourself!

PPS. What the fuck is up with having an interview with that poser from the Misfits? I don't care that he is a conservative. I'm just pissed because latter day Misfits was not punk, & I thought this was a punk mag. By the way, when I finally go to prison, he will be my prison punk. I will use the Christmas Tree knife from the movie *American Me* on him & go ass wild on his rectum.

MRR—

I just got the January issue and saw the interview with For the Worse, and wanted to comment about a show they played recently in Burlington Vermont at 242 Main St. For those not familiar with 242 Main I'll give a little background.

242 is a non-profit youth center owned by the city of Burlington. Over the last twenty years, they have hosted hundreds of hardcore and punk shows. Shows are booked by the kids and the club has many of the same rules that spaces like ABC No Rio have. Because 242 is part of the Parks and Recreation department, we do not have some of the same luxuries as said space. Bands who play here have to sign a contract agreeing to several things including not making references to drugs and alcohol or making derogatory remarks regarding race, sex, religion etc.

For the Worse had come up to play a show and the guitar player had read the contract and agreed to abide by it. During their set, their singer Mike started talking about how he had just smoked a joint outside with some seventeen-year old kid. Daryl, who is one of the people who runs 242 approached him at the stage and reminded him that we aren't allowed to talk about those things on stage. Not long after that, Mike began ranting on stage saying "Fuck all you Christian kids!!" At this point they had violated two of the things in the contract but rather than stopping the show, Daryl allowed for the band to keep playing. Then Mike decided to take a chair and toss it at the audience (the average age at shows can range any where from 13-30). Out of fear of someone getting hurt, Daryl turned on the lights and ended the show.

Daryl went over and talked to Mike who was admittedly very drunk and explained that he had to end the show because of the direction things were going in. Mike said he understood and there were no hard feelings between them. Not long after this, a member of one the opening bands came in and told Daryl that he overheard the drummer bragging about ripping off mics from the club. They went to the stage and sure enough, two mics were missing along with a one of the opening bands ride cymbals. Daryl went outside to confront the band about the mics and Mike turned belligerent shouting about how he ended their show early and now he's accusing them of stealing. For the Worse took off in their van and then were posting on the Bridge 9 message board the next day bragging about stuff getting ripped off.

Before we had realized that their drummer had ripped stuff off, 242 was actually willing to let them come up for another show barring that they didn't show up acting like a bunch of drunk assholes. Ripping off a non-profit teen center is really fucked up but ripping off another punk bands equipment is about as shitty as it gets. I have met Mike several times over the years while I lived in Boston and although his mental stability may be questionable I never thought that he would condone this bullshit. If he does happen to read this I hope that he will try and make things right and send the mics back to 242 Main and kick his fuck head drummer out of the band.

Any bands interested in playing 242 Main St can contact us at booking242main@hotmail.com or call 802-862-2244.

To end this on a up note, about two weeks after this show, Roger Miret and the Disasters came through for a show that ended up being poorly attended due to bad weather. The club was going to take a loss for the night and pay Roger what little door money we collected for the show. Roger refused the money saying what a great place he thought 242 was and that it was more important that the club have the money. Here's a guy whose been in the punk scene for over 20 years and has paid his dues and still has his heart in the right place. I think that's pretty awesome.

Take care and best wishes,

—Disco Pantalones

i_deal@verizon.net

MRR—

As Shane was so concerned about the word count for his piece on Greg Shaw, he might have done well to check his facts. Tim Yohannan didn't go to high school with Lenny Kaye, as Shane maintains; they went to college together, at Rutgers.

One word saved!

—Tom Yohannan, Barcelona, Spain

MRR—

In issue #259, December 2004, Mykel Board ends his column by telling his readers about how the fad of New Yorkers owning Dalmatians has passed, and the abandoned, surplus dogs were gassed. Next, he wonders, "What's going to happen to all the Oriental girlfriends when the fad ends? Are we going to have scores of nubile Orientals wandering the streets...will the US immigration service become the pound of the 21st century?"

Board reduced women of Asian descent to exoticized, "nubile Orientals" on par with dogs that New Yorkers own. This "joke" dehumanizes and is repugnantly racist and sexist. The "immigration service" comment also reproduces the mainstream, white racist view that all people of Asian descent are "other"—"Orientals," foreigners who are not people who are a part of this country. How shocking, Mykel Board. You're just so fucking funny reproducing racist attitudes.

Whatever Board personal believes—or believes himself to be—he consistently offers up a racist, patriarchal attitude in his writing. Past columns have included the fetishizing, leering white-boy comments on the anatomy of women in the Dominican Republic and also how the exploitation of the sex tourism industry is actually beneficial for girls in developing nations. Shock value and outrageous jokes aren't in operation here: whatever his intentions, his racist bullshit is unacceptable. I'm pissed off and saddened that, over so many years, no one at *MRR* has had the guts to rid of this asshole.

Yeah, great, I don't have to read his columns. But the attitudes he produces are damaging to people and infect the world we live in. Such racism and sexism in the pages of *MRR* show people of color and all women that they aren't welcome or seen as people, and that they will be the subject of racist, sexist bullshit. I have higher hopes and goals for punk and the world than Board's offensive racism. I thought most punks did as well.

People have to decide, eventually, whether to take oppressive attitudes seriously and fight against them, or whether the status quo of racism and sexism is just a joke that is just fine by them. Board has clearly chosen—what about the rest of us?

—Ryan Mishap
PO Box 5841
Eugene, OR 97405

Ryan—

It's certainly true that over the years, Mykel's writing has stirred up a fair share of criticism. Often, it's in the form of irate mothers accusing us of selling pornography to their youngsters, but th sorts of issues you address also come up from time to time. Perhaps, by offering my reading on his work, I will shed some light on why he is still one of our (most popular) columnists.

First of all, I should say that I don't believe that what Mykel's writing is shock value for it's own sake, on par with a GG Allin record or Howard Stern commentary. Rather, I think his aim is something more playful, meaningful, and ultimately insightful. For me, Mykel's writing is a response to some of life's often absurd and sometimes sad realities; the content and quality of his work often amounts to turning these absurdities on their head. The key is, I think, that Mykel ultimately sides with the outsiders—punks, blacks, gays, Jews, women, etc, and not with the dominant culture that seeks to oppress them (us). He is not fetishizing the other (in this case the "Oriental" girlfriend), but rather, he is commenting on the fetish itself. That is, Mykel does what any good writer does—he takes the world around him and translates it for the rest of us. That people essentialize what they view as exotic is a fact. Mykel takes this fact and makes a story out of it. Remember, he often "others" himself, and exaggerates and pokes fun at stereotypes that have probably deeply affected his life as well. Ultimately, I don't believe that Mykel is "reproducing racist attitudes," but rather, examining them from all sides, playing around with their meanings, and forcing us to do the same. I agree absolutely that we must "take oppressive attitudes seriously," because these are serious times. The best responses to dire situations, however, can be both straightforward and more whimsical; one approach over the other doesn't necessarily signify a lack of understanding or care.

My reading of Mykel's work may strike you as an exercise in apologia, and not as a solid enough defense for continuing to welcome his writing in MRR. Certainly, I appreciate that this response may not change any minds that have already been set against him. I urge readers, however, to see Mykel as a writer—granted, one who likes to push buttons, not to mention boundaries—who is making an attempt at engaging with the world around him in a meaningful way. To be sure, I wouldn't do it the same way, but there can only be one Mykel Board, after all. Thanks for writing.

—Golnar

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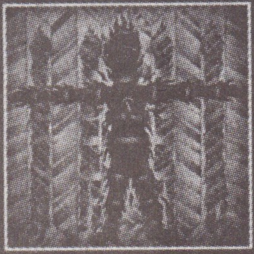

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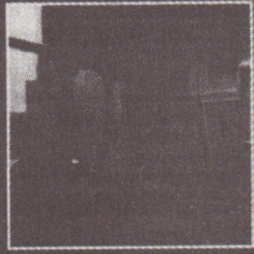

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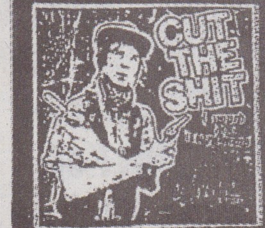
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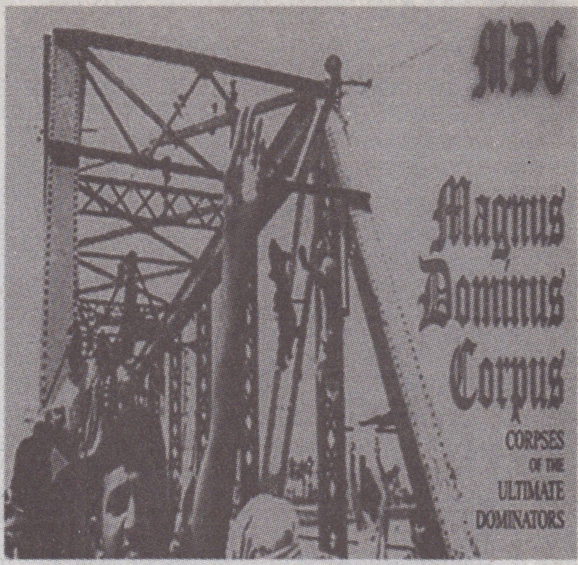

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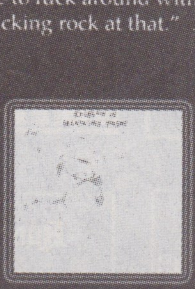
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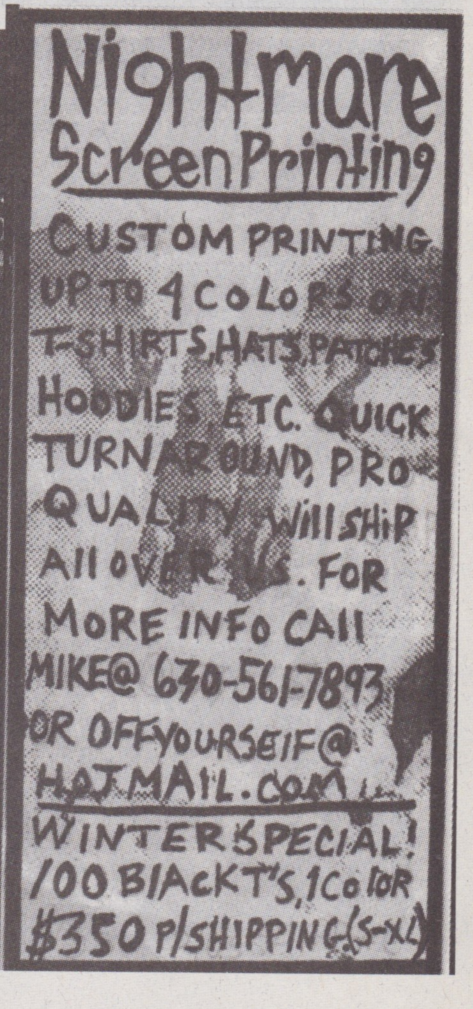

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COLUMNS

MRR: Do you get a
George Tabb sez
Take my life, please

"It's almost the holiday season," my pal, The Baron, says to me as we ride over to The Rouge in Scottsdale to check out a Renegade Roller Girls party. Man, those chicks can sure skate and beat the shit out of each other.

"Yeah," I say, sighing.

"Didn't you used to do lots of stuff in New York City before we both moved out here to Phoenix?" asks The Baron, my new friend out here who as it turns out, ran in the same circle I did in the city.

"Yeah," I tell him, "I used to do a lot of benefits..."

"I heard *he* played one with you," says The Baron.

His real name is Brian. But he likes Barin for his stage name 'cause he's such a rock star.

To me, anyway.

But I like "The Baron" better.

And I'm writing this.

So there.

I ask The Baron who "*he*" is and he reminds me. Then it all comes back to me.

*

So, I look over to the guest lead singer of Furious George, for the song. Well, I don't know if it is actually Furious George, I mean, Evan was away, somewhere down south with his girlfriend or something, and filling in for him on bass was Steve from the Devil Dogs. Also on stage was our drummer, Kidd Lynch, and a guest guitarist by the name of Vermin, who seemed to be having severe tuning problems among other things that night. The singer says to me, "What song, again?"

Doh.

I look over at Kidd Lynch and he just shrugs his shoulders, as he exhales the last bit of weed from his lungs. I look over to Steve, the guy from the Devil Dogs, and he is busy straightening his bow-tie and fiddling with the bass. Typical. I look over to Vermin.

What a name.

Vermin.

He looks back at me, then at the lead singer. I roll my eyes and say to the singer, "We're doing Blitzkrieg Bop, Joey."

Joey Ramone says, "Oh yeah, take it guys..." And I count off "One-two-three-four!"

*

It was one of those nights.

Actually, it was one of those weeks.

The night Furious George played was Christmas. It was at CBGB, and me and Wendy were putting on a benefit to raise money for an AIDS hospice. Well, we weren't actually called Furious George that night, we were The George Tabbernacle Choir. Ya know, sort of a Christmas-y name or something. Anyway, I'm getting way ahead of myself, so let me back up a bit, as usual.

*

The fucking holiday season always makes me nuts. I guess it probably goes back to when I was a little kid. I remember every year I would have to buy Christmas presents for all my brothers and sisters, as well as parents and stuff.

I hated it.

I'd have to stand in long lines, and buy gifts for people, who, as far as I was concerned, could pick out something better for themselves than having me spend my hard earned allowance on them.

And my family wasn't small. Two brothers, three sisters, four parents, and like, six grandparents. I would usually have to start saving money in July for the holidays.

And the fact that I was Jewish, actually didn't make a difference at all. My family always had a Christmas Tree, and we always exchanged gifts on Christmas morning.

I remember once asking my dad why we didn't celebrate Hanukah, and he told me it was 'cause Hanukah was eight days, and then he'd have to get each kid eight gifts, and since he had six kids, that would be forty-eight gifts.

And he didn't have time to buy forty-eight gifts.

That we were lucky if we got anything at all, considering what kind of kids we were. And besides, we all got gifts from one another, so we would get plenty of stuff.

The wisdom of my dad.

He was right in a way. Since I had so many siblings, I was bound to get lots of stuff. And of course, it all sucked. And yeah, I had like six grandparents. And of course, they got me stuff too.

Sweaters.

Socks.

Pajamas.

Underwear.

Stupid clothes.

So, yeah, I got lots of stuff on Christmas, my dad only had to buy like one gift for each kid, and I had to spend all my money that I saved since the summer on bullshit. Stuff no one wanted.

Made a lot of sense to me.

*

As I grew older, and my family grew more and more apart, the holidays somehow became more tolerable. Most of the time I was not on speaking terms with my dad and step-mom, so therefore, as far as I was concerned, I didn't have to get them anything.

They of course, in return, didn't get me anything either. Which was fine with me.

I took the money I would have spent buying them bullshit, and spent it on important stuff. Like porno magazines and booze. Of course I would still get my brothers and sisters gifts, if they were around, and as we all got older, the gifts given and received were a lot better.

I remember once my brother gave me an ounce of weed. I asked him where he got it, and he told me he was growing it out in the woods near the stable. I asked him to show me his stash, and he took me to a field full of marijuana plants. It was incredible. I asked him how big the field was, and he said he was growing about an acre of pot.

Holy shit.

He told me that soon he was gonna harvest it, and make a lot of money. I asked him if he did all of this himself, and he told me that he didn't, that these two women who were living in a small house on my dad's land were helping him.

Their names were Nancy and Joyce.

They lived in this shack of a house my dad let them live in for free, in exchange for taking care of some of the land. It seemed to me that they were taking care of the land just fine.

Actually, I remember once going to visit Nancy and Joyce unannounced. I knocked on their door, and thought I heard them say "come in."

What one of them probably said was, "I'm coming," because when I walked into their home, they were both naked, and Nancy's face was buried in Joyce's crotch.

I kinda stood there stunned for like a second. Actually, it was probably more like a minute. Because finally Joyce said, "George, on your way out, please close the door."

Doh.

So, my brother, and Nancy and Joyce were growing pot. Cool. Anyway, about a week after I got the pot, and found out about the harvest, my dad comes to the dinner table really furious. He tells us that he thinks Nancy and Joyce are doing a horrible job, that the barn is not very clean, and that there are acres of weeds growing where there should be hay, for the horses.

I look at my brother. He looks down at his dinner plate. Sweet potatoes with marshmallows. My dad says that he made Nancy and Joyce clean the barn already, and tomorrow they have to clear the fields of the weeds so they can grow hay. And the weeds were really strange looking.

I start to burp up my milk through my nose as I try to hold back my laughter. My brother just glares at me.

The next day, Joyce and Nancy do clear out the field, as well as their shack by the time my dad got home from work. I remember them driving away in their pick-up truck as the school bus let me and my brothers off the bus.

Joyce leaned out the window and said "See ya around, Tabbs," and then sped off with the back of the truck full of black garbage bags. I looked at my brothers and they were as puzzled as me.

Of course, later that night, after my dad told us that Joyce and Nancy had quit, I found my brother in his room with his head in his hands, mumbling something like "It's all gone. All of it. My first million. Down the fucking tubes. Damn lesbians."

He then explained what had happened, and told me how all his weed was gone. I told him I was sorry, and he asked me if he could borrow some of the pot he had given me. I said "sure." Then I asked him if I could borrow the Hustler I had given him for Christmas. I said I just wanted to read it. We both smiled and he let me borrow it.

But most of the pages were stuck together.

*

So, where was I? Oh yeah, so the holiday season brings mixed feelings to me. And that year when Joey sang with us, well, I decided to do something about it. Get drunk.

Like every night.

And I did.

One night, a couple of days before Christmas, I was hanging out at "Caa."

Pronounced like a hard "C". As in "cage," or "kill."

"Caa" is Coney Island High.

A local club. Also known as "Phony Island High," or "The Almighty Alter of the East Village Hair Gods and the Women Who Love Them," or "AAECHGWWLT." "Caa" is easier.

It was located on St. Marks Place, in New York, which is punk central.

Well, actually, squatter central.

It used to be punk central, with such cool stores as "Trash and Vaudeville" and "Sounds" and stuff, and those stores are still there, but also a lot of panhandling kids from suburbia are there as well.

Anyway, Caa was owned or operated by a couple of guys in DGeneration.

While they were nice guys, most of the people who attend Caa are people who either worship the hair of DGeneration, or were there to be seen. Of course, there are a few cool people who went there, just to have a good laugh, like me, my pal Ryan, and Mike and Renee from Blanks 77.

We all usually got drunk, and looked at all the poseurs. It really was funny. On any given night, you are bound to find at least ten, if not more, Johnny Thunders clones. And there are also lots of girls I like to call "megabreast." The girls with the implants, who like to make sure everyone knows just how big their boobs are, and how small their brains are.

Sometimes, for fun, I'd take ice out of my drink, and try to throw it between some large breasts. When I do score, the girl usually goes nuts, and I kinda have to leave the club. The people who mostly attend Caa used to go to a club called "The Scrap Bar" in New York. Real metal, poseur shit hole. But now, well, since, "punk" is in, they came to Caa. Fuck 'em.

So, I'm really drunk, and hanging out with Ryan and Mike and Renee. Ryan says he sees this chick, and is going to go talk to her. I tell him to go for it, what ever "it" is. Then it is just Mike and Renee. Mike keeps telling me he has "no time." And Renee agrees. I ask him, "no time for what?" And he replies, "I just have no time."

He is obviously really drunk. As usual. Actually, every time I see the Blanks 77 play, Mike falls off the stage.

Drunk.

He never seems to get hurt. I guess 'cause of all the booze. I respect that in a guy.

Anyway, I say to Mike, "Let's explore Caa."

He says, "You go."

I say, "What?"

Then Renee says, "Yeah, you go."

I say, "I go where?"

And Mike says, "you go."

I say, "What?"

"I go where? To heaven? Hell? Uptown? Florida?"

Fucking Florida? I hate that shit hole.

Mike cuts me off and says, "you go, like, there you go."

"Oh," I say.

So, me, "you go" and "you go" make our way around the club. I bump into the hair of one of the guys in DGeneration, and I say, "Hey Jesse, how are ya? This is 'you go' and 'you go.'"

He just looks at me.

I guess I am sorta drunk.

"They are both named Hugo?" asks Jesse.

"No," I explain to my friend the walking poodle, "These are the Blanks 77 singer and guitarist, 'you go' and 'you go.'"

He just looks at me. "Ya wanna another drink, George?" I tell him I do and he gets me one. Great guy.

The next thing I know me and the Hugos are downstairs in the basement of Caa. We are in a dressing room next to a small bar. In the room with us is this girl, very pretty, and her boyfriend, I guess. I tell the girl that my band, Furious George, is playing on Christmas night, at CBGB, and that she and her boyfriend should come to the show. I then give her a flier and a sticker. She looks at the sticker and tells me how cute the monkey is.

I tell her that that monkey is me. Can't she tell? She looks at the monkey on the sticker with the US pins on his leather jacket, and then at my US pins.

She then says, "No, I can't tell it is you."

In the meanwhile, her boyfriend is ignoring the conversation, and watching a small handheld television. He then shows it to me and explains he can get like, six channels on it. That this girl, the one in the room with us, had just gotten it for him for Christmas, and that he loves television. He loves television more than anything in the world.

Uh huh.

Then Mike Blank says to the girl, "Say, I got no time, but aren't you the girl on *Friends*?" She tells him she is not, but she is a Golden Globe nominee.

Mike says, "What's a Golden Globe? And I got no time."

Me and Renee laugh.

The guy just continues to watch the hand held television. I think to myself that this guy is probably Mike TV from Charlie and the Chocolate Factory, and that he is all grown up.

"A Golden Globe is what great actresses receive, and I am a great actress," she tells us.

"This is Lars, from Rancid," I say to the Golden Globe nominee, as I point to Mike Blank.

"You go," says Mike.

"You go," repeats Renee.

"So?" says the Golden Globe nominee.

I ask her if she knows who Rancid is, and she says "No." I tell her that Rancid is a huge punk rock band, and Lars here is the main guy, and can't she tell from his green spiked hair? She tells us that she doesn't listen to the radio.

"But you've seen him on MTV," I say to her, "haven't you?"

She tells us that she doesn't watch too much television.

Of course, at this point, Mike TV exclaims "I watch lots of TV. In fact, look, I have a hand held television. I can get like ten channels on it."

I just nod my head.

Mike and Renee say, "You go," in unison.

"Lars thinks he's a big punk rock star," I tell the Golden Globe nominee. "But lemme tell ya, I'm a bigger star. I got a column in *Maximumrocknroll* and a segment of my show, called Destroy Television, is on a show called Punk Uprisings, on the E! Entertainment Network."

Suddenly her ears prick up.

"You are on E!?" she asks me.

I tell her yes, I am. And that I am punk rock. And that I live in fucking New York. That I have a black leather jacket with US pins on it, big sneakers, women's stretch jeans and all.

"You go," replies Mike.

"I like the E! Entertainment channel," explains the Golden Globe nominee. As she talks, I look at her, and think that yes, she does look like the girl from *Friends*. The girl who was supposed to be in love with the Jewish guy, but didn't tell him in time. And now his girlfriend is some Asian girl. But he dumped her for her, but she got mad 'cause he made a list, so now they are kinda not on speaking terms.

"I get the E! Entertainment channel on my small hand held television" says Mike TV, "and I also get like twenty other channels" he adds.

"You go," reply Mike and Renee.

This conversation goes on for a while, with the Golden Globe nominee and Mike TV, but finally Mike Blank and Renee get thirsty for more booze and say "we go." And they leave.

So now it is just me, the Golden Globe nominee, and Mike TV, who is now showing me that he has put a Furious George sticker on his small hand held television. He says, "look, I put a Curious George sticker on my small hand held TV. It is great. I like to watch television. Did you know this thing gets like thirty channels?"

As I am having this idiot conversation, some other girl walks in. She is pretty as well, and looks familiar.

Sort of.

The Golden Globe nominee hugs the new girl and they both do that girl thing where they squeal 'cause they are so happy to see one another. Then the Golden Globe nominee explains to the new girl that I am on the E! Entertainment Network. I tell them, hey it's no big deal, I'm punk rock, so fuck everyone.

Both girls seem amused.

I then give the new girl a Furious George sticker, and she says it is really cute. I explain that the monkey is me, and that can't she tell by the leather jacket on the monkey with the U.S. pins? She looks at my leather jacket with the US pins, and says she can't tell it is me. But that she is impressed that I am on E!.

I tell her, look, babe, it is paid advertising, and anybody could be on, and who cares. I'm punk rock.

She tells me that I am cute, and if I were to clean up my act a little, and behave myself, and not be such a "bad boy," I might have a chance at being a big star.

"I get lots of big stars on my handheld television," explains Mike TV. "Look, right here is Quincy. Jack Klugman. A big star, on my small hand held television."

"You go," I reply to Mike TV, cause Mike and Renee Blank aren't around.

"Huh?" says the new girl. I say, "you go," again. She asks what the means, and I tell her never mind.

Anyway, we get more and more into this stupid conversation on how I could be a star if I was just a bit less "punk rock." She says that I should act polite and nice, and then when I'm a big star, I could be as "punk rock" as I wanna be.

I explain to her that I am "punk rock" now, and happy with that fact.

And that I'm not gonna calm down for anyone.

She tells me that I have a good chance of becoming big because I am on the E! Entertainment Channel.

"Did I tell you I get the E! Entertainment Channel on my hand held television with the Curious George sticker on it? And also forty other channels?" says Mike TV.

I tell him to shut up. He looks confused.

Finally I am tired of arguing with the girl and the Golden Globe nominee. I tell them that is was nice meeting them, and see ya around.

"Take my advice," says the pretty girl. "Why should I take your advice?" I ask her.

"'Cause I'm someone famous, and I know what I am talking about." I say bullshit, but if she is someone famous, then sign the back of a Furious George sticker. She does. I don't recognize the name at the time. But later I do. It was Liv Tyler. Later I get to know her mom, and she's a sweetie.

Anyway, I tell them once more that it was "interesting" talking to them, and good luck with the Golden Globe and all. That I'll watch her on TV.

"TV?" says Mike TV, "did I tell you that I have a hand held...," but I leave the room.

*

The next few days before Christmas are more of the same. Drunken nights, and hung over days. Actually, one night, a few days before Christmas, I was hanging out in my living room, the sidewalk in front of CBGB, having a refreshing Zima, when some friends approached me and asked if I wanted to smoke some weed.

Now, I gotta tell ya, I don't really smoke pot anymore. It makes me trip and go crazy. But this night, well, being in the holiday spirit, I figured, why the hell not. So they passed me the pipe, and I took a hit.

Suddenly I felt the taste of gasoline rush down my throat and into my lungs. I cough the shit up and yell, "What the fuck is this?" It didn't taste how I remember pot tasting.

"Sorry George, explains one of the guys, I thought you knew, we're smoking crack."

"Bleeeech!" I scream.

Suddenly I feel my heart begin to race really quick and I start to get really high. I mean, really high. I feel all powerful and all knowing. I also feel like my heart is about to burst outta my chest, out on to the living room floor, where it will then run across the street to the bodega, and pick me up a six pack. Of course it will get me a dark beer, which I hate, and then I'll be mad at my heart. I curse it out, and tell it, it should have been squished under a car tire or something. My heart will then feel bad, and kinda walk away all upset and everything. I'll feel sorry for it, and beg it to come back. But it won't. Then I'll be all upset and have to go get drunk and stuff.

"George," says the King of Punk rock, suddenly. I look up at Hilly Kristal, the owner of CBGB is staring at me.

"Yes, Oh mighty King of Punk Rock," I say to Hilly. "Did you put that Curious George sticker on my awning?" I tell Hilly it is *Furious* George.

"Never mind that, did you do it?"

I look up at the famous CBGB awning and see a Furious George sticker.

Now, seeing as I was so high, I knew it would be really hard to lie.

"Yes, King of Punk Rock, I can not tell a lie. I did do it."

"George," says the King of Punk Rock, "I don't have that thing up so you can advertise on it. It is for CBGB. It is sacred. Now take off that sticker." Seeing as how I'm all cracked up and stuff, I mouth off to Hilly.

"Listen, buddy, Furious George can kick the ass of CBGB any day of the week, but if ya want me to take the fucking sticker off the fucking awning, get me a fucking ladder. You fucking King of fucking Punk Rock." Hilly looks at me funny.

"Are you high?" he asks me.

"I smoked some fucking crack, so fucking what, King of Punk Rock." Hilly tells me he'll talk to me some other time. Looking back on it, I'm glad he didn't kick Furious George's ass.

So, Christmas Night finally rolls around, and I am the one putting on the benefit for AIDS. So it is my job, to make sure all the bands go on on time and stuff. Slated for that evening were me, of course, SFA, Bugout Society (featuring *MRR's* own Bill Florio), STOP, The Stallions, Fastlane, Sister's Grim, Endangered Feces, and Chicken John formally of the band that can not be mentioned. Of course everyone wants to go on at the prime slot, and of course no one is on time arriving at the club, so of course I do the responsible thing and drink like crazy.

Somehow things seem to start relatively on time.

Only an hour or so late.

The first band on, The Stallions, rock. They have these two Japanese girls who play guitars and, oh my god, wow.

Second up was Fastlane. Their guitarist wound up taking my guitarist's guitar before we played. Schmuck.

Then Endangered Feces. They were real fun, and the only band I ever saw that had their own giant "Applause" light. They also covered "I am Gilligan," a song written by me. So they get points for that.

The next band to go on was STOP. That is Mickey Leigh's band. The brother of Joey Ramone. And STOP rocked. Mickey had taken Joey to the club with him, as well as his mom, Charlotte, who is totally cool. I had met her before when I did a segment with them for Destroy, but that's another story.

Anyway, during the whole STOP set, Santa Claus kept telling me he wanted to go on next. Santa Claus. Ya know, the guy in the red suit, and white beard and all. Yeah, we had Santa at CBGB. He was Brendon from SFA, and he fit the role quite well. Except he kept drinking, and telling me that SFA should go on next. He kept saying that he was not "demanding it," but rather "requesting it."

Kinda like the mob requests things.

"Hey Vinnie, I request that ya get ya ugly face outta town and never show up, or else you'll be wearing cement shoes, if ya know what I mean, budda-bing, budda-boom."

Kinda like that.

I mean, this Santa was a big guy. Nice. But big.

Anyway, I explain to Santa that Joey Ramone is gonna sing with us, next, and if SFA were to go on, he might leave, then Joey wouldn't sing with us. Santa just says, "George, I'm not demanding we go on, I'm just requesting it."

Finally STOP stop.

Anyway, I decide that I am going on next, and will face the wrath of Santa Claus. So we set up our equipment, and then Mickey asks if Joey and he can sing "Merry Christmas, I Don't Wanna Fight Tonight" for their mother. Ya see, these guys are always at it. Like real brothers.

Which they are.

Anyway, I tell them of course they can, and Santa hears this and scowls at me. Mickey shows Joey how the song goes, and they let me play along as well. We do the song, and I fake my way through the whole thing. I mean, it wasn't that hard, it was only three chords, right?

Then we do a short Furious George set, and Joey joins us for "Blitzkrieg Bop." Also, this guy Vermin, joins us. He can't really tune the guitar, but I don't really blame him.

Fucking Fastlane's guitarist had his.

Anyway, we rock, and it was fun playing with Joey Ramone at CBGB. His birthplace. His mom liked seeing him play there as well, and thanked me for putting on "such a nice show."

Then Santa's band played, and rocked as usual. It was great seeing Santa up there, screaming in a satanic voice. I always knew that he was that kinda guy.

Then Bugout Society played. They had the best costumes ever. Ya gotta see it to believe it. Their set was good, costumes great, but the best part was when Joey Ramone was pelted with White Castle hamburgers.

Sister's Grim played somewhere in the evening, and finally Chicken John played with his one man band. He should have fired his band.

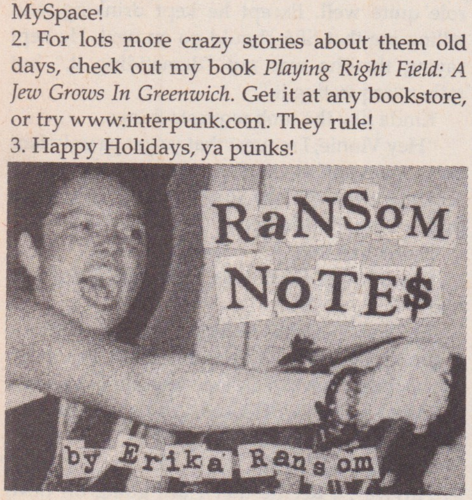
After the show was all done and through with, I felt a rush of relief go through my veins. Everyone got to play a decent slot, cause there were lots of people there all night, we raised some good money for the AIDS hospice, and most of all, the fucking thing was over.

As my step dad, Nick, and I, gathered up the last of my equipment, and made our way out of CBGB, Nick said to me, "So, George, ya gonna do it again next year?" I said, "What? Hang out with models and Golden Globe nominees, smoke crack, or put on a benefit at CBGB?" He just smiled, and then we hailed a cab.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. www.georgetabb.com. And find me on MySpace!
2. For lots more crazy stories about them old days, check out my book *Playing Right Field: A Jew Grows In Greenwich*. Get it at any bookstore, or try www.interpunk.com. They rule!
3. Happy Holidays, ya punks!



European Tour (Part 2)

So there I was, on the famous Kopi stage in Berlin. Playing guitar to an empty room. It was just the soundman and I, and a few random punks wandering through the large concert hall with the vaulted ceiling that looked like it could have once been part of a Victorian ballroom, now crumbling, but still glorious, high above the floor. I was playing loud, distorted, power chords, while the punk doing sound for the night was trying to get a good mix on the PA. I looked at the old banners on the wall from past festivals, and thought of all the amazing shows and events that had happened in this place where I'm now standing. I felt the way I did many times while on tour through Europe, so thankful and excited to be there. It was a little surreal but wonderful, standing on the Kopi stage, listening to the sound of my guitar filling the room.

That was October 2, the second show of THE PROFIT$ 2004 European tour. Of course, by the time you read this ramshackle tale of our misadventures, it will be well into 2005. Oh well! Bush can kiss my ass, and for the moment, I am refusing to write about him or his consorts. There is nothing new to report, except that things are getting worse. Fascist, nationalist sentiment is at an all-time high. It disgusts me to no end. Rather than strangle myself with sewing thread, I've decided to focus on the positive people in this world.

So, back to daydreams about tour, traveling in the back of Sloma's van!

Back to the beginning, when 2004 was still new. Adam, Brian, Rich, and I made the decision as a band that our yearly tour would take us somewhere we had never gone before, out of our borders, out of the fucking United States and off to Europe. It was a big choice and a big chance, as we would have to forgo seeing our old friends around the country for another year, and a European tour would be hard to pull together. The idea seemed almost impossible; we didn't know anyone to help book shows, we didn't know where to play, and we didn't know what to do about gear, a van, borders, and getting our records distributed beforehand. There were a million questions and things we knew nothing about. With all these hazards and problems to sort out, why did we want to go? Why travel to another continent, where nobody has heard of us, when we could have much easily jumped in our van, headed west and enjoyed good shows with friends? What the fuck were we thinking?!

It boils down to this:

Punk fucking rock and solidarity have no borders.

After four years of touring in the states, we had to go!

And for me, the word *solidarity* means a lot. It's not just a nice thing to say at the protest. It is a strong feeling that unites struggles across boundaries and creates action for change. I remember well that day in February 2003, when over 30 million people across the globe came together to protest (what would soon be) the US attack and occupation of Iraq. The global solidarity was nothing short of fucking amazing, and I felt really thankful that people across the world took to the streets. For those of us here in the US trying to stop and oppose the war, that day gave strength, momentum, and hope to our efforts. It was no accident Bush gave the order for attack only a month later, as by that time the US anti-war movement was gaining massive popularity and force.

I wanted to go to Europe to meet those people who took to the streets, and although separated by culture, language, and borders, who feel the same way I do about the world. I wanted to sing and share songs with people who share a passion for this thing we call DIY anarcho-punk, and the idea of fighting for a better world. I hoped to learn what I could about other struggles and collective victories. See squats, hear about organizing, breathe the air of somewhere outside my experience.

Ah! But we needed a lot of help to make it happen. And that's where the story really begins. Nothing is an end result by itself, and there is always a process and journey to get where you want to go. Luckily, we met some amazing people along the way. If you regularly read my column, you know by now I stumbled upon Active Distribution based in the UK, which distributes DIY anarcho-punk music and radical literature throughout England and Europe. I had the audacity to ask them to do a European release of THE PROFIT$, and they had the bad sense to say yes! Then they even helped get our tour together! After much asking around, and months of worry, we were finally connected with Sloma from the band INFECTIVA (Poland), who agreed to drive us in his van. Filip Fala found gear for us to rent, and Mrova made t-shirts for us in Amsterdam. And punks set up shows for us all across central Europe! So, although all the things that came up that we needed to prepare for tour constantly surprised me, I was always amazed and heartened by the punks who were willing to help us out. Thanks for everything!!

Now, back to the ancient and hallowed Kopi, a large brick building crumbling at the edges but well lived in inside. There is a cement face of a woman looking up, her head as large as a Volkswagen bus, broken off at the neck, at one end of the building. Her gaze takes in the many window apartments of the squat, seeing the rich tapestry of years Kopi has been built, organized and defended by many hands over the last decade. In her eyes you could hear the sound of broken glass, when bank windows were smashed as a warning–Kopi would not be sold to the highest bidder!

There was a wait after sound check, and large servings of good food. We wandered around looking at all the posters and stickers on the walls, waiting for the show to start. People started showing up, and our good friend, the mighty Lucho, made it from Boston! Kauczuk also made it by train from Bremen. Hubert and Sloma set up their merch table and we all relaxed for a little bit.

It was a little intimidating, walking up the steps to the stage. It reminded me of my first time playing at Gilman Street or CBGB, feeling the enormous energy that has been there touch a part of me. But Adam, Rich, Brian and I all played tight together, and our songs felt right. Looking out over the crowd of maybe 200 people at the show, speaking in English still felt lame, and I wondered if what I was feeling was connecting. I had no other choice than to just scream, to let go my rage and just play, and hope the sentiment carried. MURDER DISCO X played next, and then BIAKA GORACZKA from Poland, who I had heard so much about. BIAKA GORACZKA ended up being the perfect end to the show, a great set, and their uplifting tunes made everyone dance!

After the show was over, someone asked, "Can you be in the kitchen in two minutes for a meeting of the bands and the show organizers to divide the door money?" Two minutes! A sharp sense of time and organizing, these Germans…I walked into the kitchen, still smelling of the good food that was prepared for dinner, to find a serious looking bunch sitting around a table in the corner.

I walked up, banged my fist on the metal table and said, "THE PROFIT$ demand all the money!"

Now, of course if you know me, or my band, this is a good joke. But you should have seen their faces! I had just been lucky to play the Kopi Anniversary Festival, and was now demanding all the money! I had to explain, "No, no, no, of course I'm only joking..." We all decided to split the money evenly, which was fair given all the traveling and expenses each band had to go through for the show. I stayed in the kitchen and talked with the Kopi folks: two old punks who were pulling out their fake teeth and talking about past festivals, hanging their heads that this year was not as large a show as last year, a beautiful French woman with short hair who was traveling and now helping out with the squat, and a young punk who graciously rolled a nice tobacco and hash cigarette. Ah, good times!

Back at the bar, I found everyone tired, and poor Kauczuk asleep at the table, arms folded under his head. We roused the gang and followed one of the old punks and the beautiful French woman to his apartment not far down the street. Rich, Brian, Hubert, and Kauczuk crashed out (and Sloma was sleeping in the van) but a few of us stayed up to talk about fascists, politics, Kopi, and punk until the sun came up, listening, to my delight, to *This is Boston Not LA*…and the night was gone. I finally made it into my sleeping bag, and another day of tour was over.

Ransom End Notes
aka The Press Conference in My Head

["OK, this is going to be short. First question…yeah you with the funny hat."]

"Is this really the end? Why is this column so short, again?"

"Ah, dear readers, I'm off to London tomorrow, so I'm turning in the column early. After being home from tour, I couldn't wait to go somewhere again, even if it's just for a short trip. Looking forward to escaping the US once again! I plan on seeing friends, bringing back distribution for my label, Propaganda Machine, and catching some good shows, including DEZERTER, so I'll let you know how it goes!"

["Adam, you had a question?"]

"Hey Erika, did you notice you've only written two sentences in two months?"

"Hmm. Let's see…if I stretch it far enough, Bush will be out of office or dead by the time I'm done. Maybe the war in Iraq will end too, and US troops go home, but I doubt it. Or, if enough people bother me, I'll write about something else.

["Sound of people laughing…Gretchen, thanks for the beer, and what are you screaming?"]

"Have you given up on writing about politics? I mean, tour is cool, but it's sort of avoiding the real issues, isn't it?"

"Ah, well, as I said before, I think things are just very stagnant right now. It's a re-run, but bloodier. I've written a lot about Bush and what's going on, and nothing has changed. Don't worry. I will unleash my rage soon, oh, very soon. Plus, isn't everything political? Americans can learn a lot from what the DIY scene is doing in Europe. Now is a time to build upon what movements for change we have."

["Next question, yes, Mr. Sandberg, good to see you..."]

"What about Boston? You didn't even mention it?"

"Ah, Boston is doing well. It's getting cold. Regeneration, a DIY punk record and bookstore, just opened in Allston. It rocks!! Thanks to Sue and Ross for being so awesome. There is also an anarcha-feminist festival being planned by myself and other people in Boston for March 5 with great bands and other activities. So mark your calendars and start making plans to come! THE CLICHES are a new political band that people should support and check out with a fun ska and punk sound. They're excited and sincere, and have things to say about what's going on both locally and in the larger picture. Those things make me really happy about being here.

["Laurie, you look kind of pissed off, what's your question?"]

"Anything else, I mean…the column *was* pretty short. What's up with you?"

"Well, frankly, lots of things have been going on personally. Remember all that stuff I told you over coffee last week? But next month will be worth reading, I promise. You are too cool for reading this junk anyway!"

["Last question, for tall guy with the funny haircut in the back of the room."]

"So what's the shameless promotion this month?"

"Write me letters, send me music and fanzines, especially women bent on destroying the state and smashing patriarchy! I could use the encouragement. I'm starting to spend too much time smoking cigarettes (which is stupid as hell), walking around aimlessly, and thinking how everything is going to hell. Contact me at ransom@theprofits.org or through regular mail at Erika Ransom / PO Box 391273 / Cambridge, MA 02139 / USA. And, once again, THE PROFIT$ '99-'04 CD Discography is now out.

It's available from Active Distribution (www.activedistribution.org) and in the US by my label Propaganda Machine (www.theprofits.org).

["Ah, Lucho, didn't see you there. Did you want to say something? Happy birthday by the way…"]

"Famous last words?"

"Love, solidarity and punk fucking rock. Cheers to all of you who struggle for change!

["Let's all finish this wine and dance 'til dawn again…"]

LET'S GET HURT

MITCH CARDWELL

Although I pride myself on being right 100 percent of the time, I must start this column with a few corrections. A bit out of character, I know...but it must be done. First off, that power-pop bootleg I wrote about last time, *Come Out And Play*, is actually a vinyl boot of one of the CD comps Rhino threw together a few years ago as part of their *DIY* series. *MRR* railed against this very series upon its release and there I was, championing it 5-plus years later. I'M BAD FUCKING NEWS. To add salt to this wound, I stumbled upon the real-deal CD while perusing my fucking father's CD collection. Rhino Records tricked me into digging "Dad-Rock" and I'm a lesser man because of it. I'll be sure to leave my Punker ID Card at the door on my way out.

The second mysterious "first" BLANK ITS single I mentioned last month also makes its way into my Corrections Department. Fear not, you Neoteric Hound-Dogs: I was thrown off by the three sleeve variations of the single in question, leading me to believe that the tunes were different. Turns out I caused an undo amount of stress in certain circles of punk collector loserdom, and for that I apologize — while wearing a huge, shit-eating grin! Regardless of your sleeve variant, make it a point to pick up this killer.

In other BLANK ITS news, I can confirm that the great Contaminated Records has just released more material from them. In an out-of-left-field sneak attack, Contaminated managed to release a split 7" showcasing two of this year's best new bands: BLANK ITS and THE FEELERS! Hopefully you remember my glowing review of THE FEELERS' debut 7"EP from earlier this year (I'm pretty sure it's my top pick of 2004, as far as singles are concerned), and I'm pleased to report that their second offering is just as hot. The same could be said for BLANK ITS' side. Their latest material adds a beautifully D-U-M-B arty slant to their infectious punk. Do the words "Pick Of The Issue" mean anything to you?

If there's one thing *MRR* needs *right now*, it's a French scene report. The most noteworthy new French act has to be THE FATALS, a band I dished at length last time around. This month sees a whole new crop of FATALS-related material from the great Nasty Product label. First off is the emergence of THE MIGHTY GO-GO PLAYERS, an organ-grinding garage band that places an equal amount of emphasis on trash *and* power. These Go-Gos have two singles available for consumption, the *If You Wanna Play...* 7"EP (Nasty Product) and the *New Hope* 7"EP (Primary Thoughts), and both feature the soon-to-be-trademark no-fi bash that makes this new French stuff so killer. THE SONIC CHICKEN 4, another addition to the Nasty Product roster, play it a little more straight on their *(I Had) Too Much To Drink (Last Night)* 7"EP, but the excitement level doesn't dip much. As is always the case, these will vanish fast, so act quickly!

The novelty of a one-man-band usually gets my cash. I enjoy the primitive energy and stomp commonly associated with these acts, but also I find myself filing these discs away faster than I normally would. The magic wears off too fast. The one exception to this curse is Mark Sultan's one-man-band, BBQ. The debut single held my interest, but his LP on Sounds of Subterrania ran away with my brain. Fucking genius! Anyone familiar with his work in LES SEXAREENOS and SPACESHITS knows that the guy can carry a band with his voice alone, but he somehow manages to take the whole one-man-band phenomenon and inject soulful elements that only make the raw stomp that much more effective. Thankfully, he shows no signs of slowing down. As a teaser for his upcoming LP on Bomp!, Italy's much-loved Goodbye Boozy label has released the *Take A Message* 7"EP. If you haven't done so already, make it a point to check out BBQ. You won't regret it.

Are you interested in hearing what has to be the rudest record of 2004? Look no further than the debut 12"EP by KAJUN SS! This s/t endeavor, split-released by Therapeutic Records and Jeth-Row Records, is an exercise in self-destruction and abuse, wrapped up in a bow of bad attitude. What do you expect from KING LOUIE and some former PERSUEDERS? With tunes "Psychological Problems" and "(I Got A) Drug Problem," it's pretty obvious what this album's keyword is.

Released hot on the heels of KAJUN SS, Therapeutic Records makes a strong case for bipolar disorder with the aptly-titled *World Of Fuzz* 7"EP, a new single by everyone's favorite caveman geniuses, MOTO! It goes without saying that this EP is essential, so I won't even bother with detailing the hooks, blow-by-blow. You know you want it!

In light of the whole Red State vs. Blue State battle going on, I took it upon myself to *finally* investigate what Our Lord has to say. If you ain't down with The Notorious G.O.D., you're outta the fucking loop. Jesus is everywhere you look nowadays...and it's your duty to get informed! My ticket to life everlasting came in the shape of a compact disc (which, as my dear readers know, is a tool most commonly used by Satan). The Faithful took it upon themselves to seize this once evil format and breathe new holy life into it. Naturally, I am referring to *My God Is Alive, Sorry About Yours!* the first gospel by THE KNIGHTS OF THE NEW CRUSADE, released by the nuns over at Gabriel's Trumpet. Although there is still that little sinner inside of me that believes much more in what MANGINA has to say, I must admit that the KNIGHTS make a mighty good case for The Almighty. Now is the time for the nation's tastemakers (yours truly) to recognize The Lord and what He has to offer. Not only did he create you in his image, but his messengers sound a whole hell of a lot like THE MONKS. Who knew? Don't be so surprised...Jesus has good taste!

In case you didn't know, Jesus had *another* fucking birthday this year. Norton Records is famous for releasing Christmas singles as stocking-stuffers for garage rockers across the globe and they've managed to top themselves this year. Apparently *everyone* was incredibly well behaved this year, as Norton tapped REIGNING SOUND to do a holiday 7"EP entitled *If Christmas Can't Bring You Home*. With the release of this EP, it looks like my FEAR single is taking a much-needed break this year.

I started writing this column roughly two years ago. In that time, I must've mentioned a new SCAT RAG BOOSTERS record in at least 60 percent of my columns. I think it goes without saying that I hold this band in incredibly high regard, but I always wished that they would stop dicking around and do an album. I've never shrugged off any of their singles, but I thought any band as good as the BOOSTERS owed a full length to us (and themselves). Although I'm sure it'll be anticlimactic after that hyping, I'm happy to say that the wait is over. Yakisakana Records picked the right band to release an LP for, and The Scat Rag Boosters' debut s/t LP is a record I've been waiting far too long for. One of the only bands around today capable of playing Crypt Records flavored blues-punk properly, the BOOSTERS more than make good on the promise all those singles showed. I'm pretty sure this LP will squeeze into my Top 10 of 2004 based on the anticipation factor alone. If you didn't meticulously scarf up all their singles, make this your introduction. Finally!

That'll do it for this month. Next month will mark the return of my coverage of reissues and bootlegs, including a couple of heavies. Let's just say that someone heard Golnar's plea for a reissue of THE BAGS' Dangerhouse single!

Mitch Cardwell, letsgethurt@yahoo.com, PO Box 23882, Oakland, CA 94623, USA

Not that you asked, but let me tell you about my neighborhood. When people from outside the area ask where I'm from, I'll tell 'em Boston, but that's not really the case. I live in Peabody, a mainly blue-collar, middle class city about a 30-minute drive north of the city. West Peabody is where the wealthier folks live. I'm in the more middle/working class South Peabody area, technically. There ain't much happening around here but it's close enough to the city and, at this point in my life, I'd rather live in this kind of neighborhood, even though there are times when I feel like a fish out of water.

To get to Peabody, you drive over the Tobin Bridge out of Boston, stay on Rt. 1 through Chelsea, Saugus and Lynnfield, past all the tackiness such as the giant orange dinosaur at the miniature golf course, the huge neon cactus for the Hilltop Steak House (it's SLAPSHOT's favorite eating establishment, but it's awful—a case of quantity over quality), past the Vision Nightclub, which I think just got shut down for one too many brawls, past the rocks where there was SS DECONTROL graffiti for many years until it got painted over to advertise Al Barile's latter-day band GAGE (an affront to music and an affront to the band's memory, at least up through "Get It Away") and now that's been painted over by something else. Then you get off the highway and, about ten minutes later, you're at my house. I live on a quiet dead-end street. Behind my house, there's a wooded hill and then empty space above that. Beyond the dead-end street is the city golf course—which was a huge waste of tax money, especially since the schools are falling apart and bursting at the seams—built on some toxic land. Do we really need to encourage that sport? The blasting for the golf course was a nightmare to endure. I'm almost certain it was the cause of the gaping hole in my garage wall. It's also disrupted a lot of the wildlife around the area. The fertilizer they used created an unholy stench in the air for a good month. It smelled like someone took a big shit outside.

We moved in here a little over seven years ago. Before that, I spent the better part of fifteen years in Lynn, which is a decaying, run-down city and kind of considered a local joke, although Ellen and I lived near the beach the last ten years there and, except for the stench at low-tide, we liked the neighborhood and the people in our apartment building. I still walk along the beach quite often. The neighbors here are also nice. I can't say we're best friends with any of them, but that's starting to change a little. About time, after seven years. They'll pick up our mail while we're away, keep an eye on things, and a few of them bring over fresh produce from their gardens. One even helped when a hapless plumber I hired to fix a faucet basically didn't know what the fuck he was doing—he knew more than me, which I why had to hire him but, anyway, I should have asked Ronnie, my neighbor across the street to do it in the first place and he even insinuated he would have done it. Nice people—at least the ones that talk to us—I don't really know anyone at the other end of my street, up the hill.

So, yeah, it's quiet—even with the kids running around—I was ready to cut the wires on one kid's motorbike when he kept buzzing up and down the street all day and I wasn't the only one who felt that way. Someone actually called the cops on him and, since he was underage and riding that motorbike requires a license, we soon had peace and quiet again. Now I don't generally like or trust the cops and I'm a pretty big civil libertarian but even us civil libertarians would like to have some peace and quiet while we're trying to sleep!

Anyway, our neighborhood is about to be disrupted... a scuzzy real estate developer, one with a bad reputation in this city and Salem, the next city over (you know, where they had the witch trials) wants to develop a huge chunk of land up behind our house by having the zoning changed. He wants to put up a few hundred units of senior housing. He's planning to bulldoze a multi-family house he owns around the corner, on a very narrow L-shaped street—the house is at the joint of the L and very narrow and it's also at the bottom of a hill. In the winter, it's a nightmare getting down that hill and making the turn without skidding. He'd like to build an access road at that spot up a steep grade of hill. He's already started building more houses a bit further down the main road in Salem.

The planned development is going to create a mess—traffic, and flooding. The traffic on the main roads near my neighborhood is near gridlock already. And, in recent years, there has been a great deal of flooding. I'm not sure of the cause but when we've had big storms, our sump pump goes non-stop for days and the street has flooded a few times. One of my rooms in the downstairs part of the house is always damp. Needless to say, with all the blasting and construction, that could get worse.

If the developer doesn't get the zoning change, he could still build single-family houses on that land, but he'd want to break through our dead end street and build a second road, as required. Either way, we're all kind of fucked, for a number of reasons.

There's a part of me that realizes this is nimbyism... "not in my backyard." I realize there's a shortage of housing, especially that of the affordable variety. Even here in Peabody, which is a slightly more affordable city compared to some of the surrounding communities. I actually wouldn't have a problem with them building up on the hill if they could guarantee that we weren't going to have worse flooding than we already do. The attorney for the developer claims that there will be a pond up there to catch the excess water but I'm still skeptical about it. The access road is way too narrow and I see way more problems than benefits from building at that spot.

There was a public hearing at the Planning Board this past week and over 100 people from around the city and some from Salem showed up to voice their opposition to the planned zoning change. Most made good points about the possible impact on traffic, the environment, etc. But one of my neighbors' comments did rub me the wrong way. He's a nice guy and has been very helpful but he also revealed himself to be a bit of a bigot and "townie."

That's the thing about Peabody—it has a real parochialism that makes it that so-called outsiders aren't always that welcome. I imagine that's why it took us awhile to start interacting with the neighbors, although this guy was very "neighborly" from day one. Anyway, he was talking about how he was opposed to the multi-unit senior housing because a lot of it might go to "outsiders." He talked about how people who grew up in Peabody couldn't afford to live here anymore and had to move to further outlying suburbs while these "outsiders" were moving in. And some of them might have children, even though it was senior housing. His fear was that if they couldn't fill the units with seniors, it might also go to low-income people. He said he has nothing against "poor people—I'm not rich either," as he put it, but he thinks that housing should be for Peabody residents first and he was also in favor of building the single-family houses instead and having them break through our dead-end street, instead of the first option. Perhaps he wasn't being malicious but, sorry, I don't think Peabody is a closed community. Sure, it's a shame people have to move away and the real estate and rental market is grossly inflated, not only here but all over the Boston area. Something just bugged me about it. The guy isn't Archie Bunker but his comments smacked of ignorance.

After he was done, he asked me if he'd made a fool of himself. I decided to go the tactful route and said, "You made your point." Which was true. I was just irked by it. In any case, I have my own mixed emotions about this situation to deal with. I don't think every piece of vacant land in this city should be developed but there must be a way to make housing more affordable....

*****

Now that I've bored you about Peabody politics (don't even get me started about our Democratic state Rep. who is opposed to gay marriage), here are some records that are rocking my world, lately.

REPOS / FOURTEEN OR FIGHT—*Split* EP (Gloom)
REPOS LP (Fork Burn/Youth Attack)

A raging split, here, from two Chicago bands, both of 'em playing straight ahead hardcore punk. Each draws from the well of POISON IDEA, though not exclusively, and they sound different from each other. The REPOS have a looser, somewhat more unhinged sound—raw and full-speed ahead with sputtering guitar licks and barked-out vocals. FOURTEEN OR FIGHT recently called it quits and that's a pity. Their previous 7" and demo were ripping and their tracks here show no let-up. A furious, aggressive sound and lyrics that touch on larger issues ("Godless America"), as well as punk rock ones, such as over-inflated record prices ("Aggressive Collector"), but Frank shouts out his continued passion for the music on "Revenge Of The Latchkey Kids." POISON IDEA is an influence here, though not the whole deal, and there's nothing wrong with that, in my book. The REPOS LP was recorded in 2003 and came out not too long ago. The sound quality is superior and the songs have a little more focus. Short but sweet and it's about quality, isn't it? Who wants forty-five minutes of musical masturbation when about fifteen minutes of hardcore adrenalin will do the trick? And they cover JERRY'S KIDS' "Straightjacket" without fucking it up—bonus points. Limited to 1000 copies on vinyl so you better move on this quickly before it becomes one of those overpriced records that FOURTEEN OR FIGHT rails about. (Gloom: PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12212, www.gloomrecords .com/Youth Attack: distibuted by Ebullition, www.ebullition.com)

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TOXIC HOLOCAUST-*Deathmaster/Metal At-tack* EP (Gloom)

VOETSEK has a song called "If I Can't Read Yr Name, I'm Not Going To Buy Yr Record." TOXIC HOLOCAUST's logo is very difficult to read, but I'm willing to bypass that rule for music this ass-kicking. TOXIC HOLOCAUST is actually a one-man thrash metal wrecking crew from Maryland, and the sound is a combination of early SLAYER, POSSESSED and BATHORY. Nasty vocals and tight, straight-ahead arranging. The two songs here bring a fierce DIY hardcore approach to metal crossover and with a ruthless, economical barrage. TH's full-length, "Evil Never Dies," is also worth hearing and a re-press is due on Armageddon, as well as a possible tour with STRAIGHT TO HELL as Joel's backing band. (PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12212, www.gloomrecords.com)

THE SERMON—*Volume* (Alternative Tentacles, CD)

This one's been out for a while, but people shouldn't overlook it. The best thing Alternative Tentacles has put out in ages. Smokin' garage punk with an irresistible shake appeal. As in the songs get ya shakin' and twitchin' or whatever people do when listening to garage punk. Not too shy about influences here and there—"Latent Image" is basically a rave-up version of "My Generation" but the SERMON plays this sound with both soulfulness and wrecklessness. Guitars slash and burn with a fiery insolence and the vocals are confident but also nervous and a bit down in the mix—part of the overall effect. Russell Quan (MUMMIES, PHANTOM SURFERS, etc.) contributes some killer harp on "No Beast So Fierce." The SERMON keeps it raw and loose—true to the roots of the sound but there's a devil-may-care vibrancy and it doesn't come across as contrived. When I finally get around to putting together my "best of 2004" list, this one will have a spot. (PO Box 419092, SF, CA 94141, www.alternativetentacles.com)

Communication is always encouraged, as are records for review here and in my zine *Suburban Voice* (someday!!) or airplay on my radio show.... Al Quint/PO Box 2746/Lynn, MA 01903, suburbanvoice@earthlink.net. Sonic Overload radio show: http://sonicoverload.moocowrecords .com

ANONYMOUS BOY

Sadly, for me, I was told by Mike and Golnar that this is to be my last column for you readers of *MRR*. In a way I guess it's one less task for me to worry about. But I'm sad because there were so many ideas I hoped to share with you. If I'd been permitted to continue I think my only hurdle would've been knowing what to write about next. Good ol' punk rock? Reports of US forces using napalm against civilians in Fallujah? The growing evidence of Bush's election theft of Ohio and Florida and the promise of a re-count throwing him out? The intense rise of institutionalized Fundamentalist persecution of gay people? The over 70 million people worldwide infected with HIV and how the continued shortsighted negligence of it will cause global economies to collapse? Is there a difference between a Moon-Pie and a Scooter-Pie? I'd been wondering how I'd decide which story demanded urgent attention first. Now that decision has been taken away, but a million things are still crashing down all at once. Some are hopeful but most are hateful.

It is hard to live in a time of so much hate. Nowadays, I find myself depressed nearly all the time. There are times when I want to throw the hatred back in the faces of the haters. But what good does it do? Fighting fire with fire only creates infernos. It astounds me that so many people thrive on hate. How do they do it? How do these hateful people keep from exhausting themselves? I can't do it. I can't keep up. Hating drains energy, while accepting other people takes up so little.

Live and let live. How much energy does that sap up? But to the haters, it's unacceptable.

Why do I feel so despised? I'm despised by my own country. I'm despised by other countries. I've tried to defend myself as best I could. But how long can a puppy push back against a steamroller?

I went to a speech recently by a hardened old gay activist, Larry Kramer, who I've deeply respected for years. In his speech he said; "The only thing we are going to get from now on is years of increasing and escalating hate!"

It wasn't the message I was hoping to hear, but somehow I knew he'd deliver it even before I went to the hall. Now I've gotta grapple with how to handle it. Too much hate pollutes my life already. How do I deal with more? The upcoming years will test how much a human being can withstand. I'm seeing blatant examples of gay voices being erased everywhere. It's been reported that images of a gay rights rally will be removed from a video at the Lincoln Memorial and replaced with clips of an Anti-Choice rally. The major networks banned a commercial which offended only because it depicted gays being welcomed in a church. There was the recent 20/20 show which claimed Mathew Shepard's murder had nothing to do with hate and homophobia. After all, "homophobia" is just some nonsense word made up by gays to promote their political agenda. Right? Expect to see more of this hate.

You know, I get why people from other countries hate Americans and want them dead. We're on their "Holy" land. We're after their oil. We're killing their people. *"Okay…I get it."* I just wish there were some way to make the people from other nations understand how strongly I'm opposed to what my country's government does to them. But what power do I have to stop it? I can speak out but what good does it do? No one who has the authority to end this hateful foreign policy listens. They've always refused to listen to reason because they're unreasonable.

*

Although I understand why other countries hate me for being American, I'll never understand why Americans hate me for being gay. What have I ever done to any of them?

I swear that I've never tried to destroy anybody's life. Never.

My country hates me and I can't stop them. I've tried. No one listens. They don't want to. They just want me to shut up and go away. Somehow they sustain themselves on hatred. Hating them back exhausts me. Sometimes I want to just surrender. Because who listens to me? I'm gay. Gays are the last people in the world anyone'll listen to.

Do you ever notice how no one listens? Not even when Bin Laden speaks—and he's the one with a gun to our heads! Usually when someone has a gun everybody pays attention. No more. Every television program, newspaper, and magazine relayed only brief inarticulate snippets. I had to go to Al Jazeera's website to find a complete transcript. I suggest you do it too. Here's part of what he said:

"People of America; this talk of mine is for you and concerns the ideal way to prevent another Manhattan."

"Contrary to Bush's claim that we hate freedom—let him explain why we don't strike for example…Sweden."

"Just as you lay waste to our nation, so shall we lay waste to yours."

"Thinking people, when disaster strikes, make it their priority to look for its cause in order to prevent it happening again."

"But I am amazed at you. Even though we are in the fourth year after the events of September 11th, Bush is still engaged in distortion, deception, and hiding from you the real cause. And thus the reasons are still there for a repeat of what occurred."

Perhaps you wonder why I pay attention to the hateful ranting of a madman. I have a habit of listening to haters because I'm always searching for ways to reverse the cycles of hate. I have no power, so it's my only defense. I always listen because awareness of a haters' next move better defends against attacks. I know people say Osama can't attack again. They say if he could he'd would've just done it already and not "attacked us with a videotape."

That's the first fatal flaw of any conflict: underestimating the enemy. Bush underestimated this enemy since before 9/11/2001. Or has he? Maybe Bush too is so hateful he just doesn't care. Perhaps he expects only New York will get attacked, because Bin Laden speaks of "another Manhattan."

A heterosexual friend sent me an email recently. He's an older guy originally from the country. He moved to the city years ago, but he feels he retains a strong awareness of the country attitude.

"I believe I understand the people in the Red zones, and why they voted for Bush. In fact, the real reason is simple. Many country people hate urban dwellers because they feel inferior to them. They do not think they are as smart, and they resent their sophistication. They think the city-folk enjoy things they are too timid to try, or are unable to obtain. These people were guiltily pleased by the bombing of New York City, and were happy to see us screwed. They actually are willing to ignore their own self-interest to stick us with a government that makes it plain that city values and city people are fair game.

When you ask these people why they voted as they did, they could not articulate this reason, for it is too shameful. They would then grab at the nearest excuse available in the multiple-choice test being administered by the city-folk establishment and many no doubt felt it would really rub it in to call it 'moral values.' 'Moral Values?' - Not one of them believes that.

Gays are city folk. They feel uncomfortable around city folk. They feel more uncomfortable still with gays who are ipso facto non-conformist unless they are still in the closet. They hate gays because they think gays make them *feel* inferior and stupid. Sometimes they become what they *feel* they are."

I'm not sure if his theory is true but it explains lot. Perhaps you noticed none of the places where 9/11 attacks happened voted for Bush. I'm talking about New York, Washington DC, and Pennsylvania. Neither did many of the States with huge urban populations like California, Illinois, and Michigan. People should ponder the reason for this.

Most people living in targeted big cities like Los Angeles, Chicago, Detroit, and New York don't feel safer with Bush. It's for a valid reason. He didn't protect us the first time around in the face of urgent memos *like "Bin Laden Determined to Strike Inside The United States."* How could he read that without even a public alert, much less action? The recently promoted Condoleezza Rice said; "That memo was not a warning, but a historical document." Now here's a woman who gets promoted based on "Job Performance." What a performance! Did no one disbelieve her? Why didn't anyone throw it back in her face and roar: "Look here lady, if that was only a historical document, it would've said; "Bin Laden *was* Determined to Strike Inside The United States, But He Is No Longer a Threat!"

But I guess we all must be lost in the latest Disney attraction. It's called "Dumbo-World." (Ever notice how Bush has big ears like Dumbo?) The path in Dumbo-World winds in circles with no exit. The only featured characters are Dumbo, Goofy, and Dopey. What fun.

How can voting against Bush be anything but common sense? Even he said; "Security is the number one priority."

Imagine Bush is your Security Guard. Imagine the World Trade Center is your property. Imagine Osama Bin Laden is a criminal who threatened to destroy your property. Imagine your security guard was told to watch out for the criminal. Imagine the criminal destroys your property with your loved ones inside. What do you do next? Do you go re-hire the same security guard? Or do you fire him and get another one because the first one proved he couldn't do the job?

The last election makes me fear the Red states intentionally chose to express their hatred for big cities and New York by voting for Bush. They know full well he'd allow another attack on a city. Look how well the last one did for him. Bush got everything he ever dreamed of, so why the hell *not* another? CBS News reported that New York isn't being protected in proportion to the threat. Is this intentional?

"12 states bested New York on a per capita basis, the Associated Press tally showed. The $17.7 million sent to Wyoming worked out to nearly $36 per person, the most of any state. New York, by comparison, got nearly $17 per person, California $9. Less populated states have done much better, per capita, because the federal government has divided significant portions of the money into equal pieces for distribution to all states. The per-capita rankings disturb lawmakers from urban areas, who say the government should be less interested in keeping all states happy and more focused on targeting money to cities and states most at risk of terror attack. Rep. Carolyn Maloney, D-N.Y., said this week that 70 percent of homeland security grants have been distributed "under a formula that is entirely unrelated to where the terror threat is."She said the number could rise to 83 percent next year under legislation being considered in Congress.

"Our effort to protect the most likely targets of terrorism is moving bacward,"shesaid.

Is this intentional? Can the hatred of a suburban nation against its urban neighbors run so deep they'd actually drool over the prospect of New York's complete destruction? Do they dream their little towns will finally have the chance to grow and thrive economically once the big competition is out of their way? It's the ultimate "urban renewal."

Perhaps I live in a doomed city. Bush didn't protect us before and I had to watch those flaming monstrosities with my naked eyes. If you'd personally seen them vanish into thin air, you'd know it too. He didn't protect us before. He won't protect us now. He brought his convention here, used Lady Liberty like a whore, and made sure we'd get fucked unprotected.

Look, I know I'm gay and therefore the kind of "immoral" slime no decent American will ever listen to again. But as long as no one is listening anyway I might as well live up to *all* the stereotypes. Gays are also supposed to be more intuitive than the average Joe.

My intuition is buzzing like crazy. Now that we know Americans believe legislating "morality" must become the top priority—ahead of Iraq, unemployment, health care, deficit, education, Bin Laden, etc.—perhaps I shouldn't dare "offend" any of you truly "moral" American people by forcing you to endure my unacceptable presence any longer. Maybe I should just stay in New York.

Because my intuition is telling me New York may not be around forever. Boy, I sure hope my intuition is wrong this time. If I'm wrong about something unspeakable happening to New York, I wanted you to know I hope just as strongly that nothing horrible comes to you either. Because wherever you are, *I don't hate you.*

Goodbye everybody. I especially wanna thank Chris of The Hecklers for sayin' the reason I got axed was because I gave The Hecklers a good review. *"It's not you; it's the curse of The Hecklers."* I hope y'all know I cherished it while it lasted.

ARROGANT
BASTARD
MANTOOTH
APT. 213

Jingle Balls

My peculiar ability to milk, so to speak, the cow and the goat at the same time—and then peddle the results as ginger ale—has seldom produced anything more arresting than this month's column. I don't remember much of what I wrote last time, as I spent most of the month of November drowning my worries in expensive, snobby beers, listening to Man is the Bastard, and thinking of ways to hijack James Baldwin's thoughts and peddle the results as my own. I vaguely remember something about rivers of gore and spiders, but I would rather not think about it since it involves spiders and spiders are fucking creepy.

I was talking THE Mike Thorn just the other day over the glorious invention of AIM. For those of you have been sleeping on this totally brutal release of AOL, then I suggest you put this back in the magazine rack, speed home violating as many traffic laws as possible, and download this thing. It is so kewl 4 pwning l33t ppl n shit. See, that's secret internet code you are missing out on if you don't join us.

Anyhow, back to Thorn. He was acting kind of strange and as a journalist who wears a snappy hat and always on the look out for my "scoop," I present to you this shocking conversation between the Grand Poobah of MRR himself, and your beloved columnist…

PhishFann69: Dude, I threw my back out working at the Prank Records sweatshop!

Mantooth: L

PhishFann69: Yeah, totally. Ken is such a slave driver. I wish I could just sit around doing nothing all day, being smart, like you.

Mantooth: J

PhishFann69: So now I've become addicted to painkillers and cake.

Mantooth: Seek solace in our lord and savior Jesus Christ.

PhishFann69: What kind of advice is that? That's not cool. It's also not cool that you are making people think I am a fan of Phish and deviant sexual positions.

Mantooth: LOL

PhishFann69: Are you drunk?

Mantooth: Drunk on my own sense of power!

Phishfann69: Just get on with the goddamn column.

Shocking, no? Mr. Thorn went on trying to instigate fights between myself and other columnist such as Mitch Cardwell. I knew fully well no rationally thinking person would try to match muscles and wits with a man such as myself. So I dismissed his rabble-rousing and threatened him with all manner of ill treatment. The other columnists and I are planning a coup d'état of *MRR*, or at least a complete and utter asswhooping, so intense that perhaps his own mother (whom we pity for ever hatching such a vile beast) would feel it. But I digress…

Over the past few months I've been trying to develop my own style to distinguish myself from other columnists. Most of this style revolves around unnecessarily talking shit. But a lot of it entails writing about something in which has little to do with the introduction. I think this is pretty funny, but really it is not at all funny. In fact, I'm sure it's caused less people to laugh and more people to frown, fathers to abuse their children for not liking sports, and/or John Kerry not being president. Anyhow, let me partake in the grand tradition of the punk rock boy's club and talk about something extremely, if not unnaturally, intimate to my person. Yes dear readers, let us discuss my testicles. Well, just one.

I guess I was about seventeen when I went to see my doctor for my annual check up. I was always a healthy boy. I've never broken a bone. And up until this point, I'd never even had stitches. Yes, I was in the prime of my youth—picture perfect health. Except that, of course, my left testicle was the size of a baseball.

Unlike the sport of baseball, my testicle was not so fun, nor was it given endearing nicknames like "Shoeless Testicle," or "Barry Bonds." Nor was it considered integral to our national pastime. Nor was it the subject of many whimsical songs and ditties such as "Take Me Out to the Ballgame," or "Symptom of the Universe." So what was the use of this giant gland? I had no clue. I thought it had something to do with me being so much more of a MAN than everyone. Perhaps I thought it contained pure gold and the only way to extract this precious metal was to commit the sinful act of self-love. Sometimes three times a day.

Conventional mining methods would not prevail, so I thought I'd ask my doctor to use one of his many medical instruments to help retrieve the mother load. I would share the profits with him, I said. He gave me an odd look. In hindsight it was probably because a) I believed I had gold semen, b) I had dropped my pants immediately upon entering his office and demanded he help me get said gold sperm, and c) my testicle was the size of a baseball.

"How long has that been like that?" he asked.

"Why, jealous?"

"No, nauseous."

The good doctor then explained to me that my ball was not filled with gold and lectured me on the many other wondrous aspects of the human anatomy, all of which I immediately forgot upon sinking into depression over the fact that I would not be ejaculating gold nuggets. Not anytime soon, that is.

I'll save you the gory specifics, as any description of the human body makes me blush painfully. Besides, I think most of us have seen testicles. Or at least one. So just imagine that really big or something. Just don't tell your parents you've been thinking about balls. Apparently, around every testicle is a thin membrane of fluid called a "hydrocele" that is *not* gold (I asked). Mine just had a shit-ton of this fluid. I have no clue what this does, but it probably prohibits the brain from asking itself why the hell its testicle is so big.

Before I went under the knife, I had to go get an ultra-sound on my most holy of organs to make sure there wasn't any damage, and/or pregnancies, and/or harboring mischievous genies, and/or terrorists. Please choose one of the latter you find most funny and pretend I'm not floundering for absurd descriptions of my testicles. They wheeled me into a dark room lit only with computer monitors and I felt like I was on the Star Trek Enterprise. A middle aged, red haired woman with thick glasses slathered a warm goo all over my secret baby-making components (please email me with synonyms for "balls"), turned on the ultra-sound device, and I exclaimed "WARP SPEED, MR. SULU!" The woman didn't acknowledge me, snapped a pair of rubber gloves on her hand, and sharply pressed a medical device the shape of a bingo marker against my….er…you know…thingie. "DAMMIT JIM I'M A DOCTOR NOT A BINGO CARD!" Nothing. Not even a smile. Tough crowd!

So what *do* you say to a woman, your mother's age, who is probing your deepest, dankest twigs and berries? Does this mean I have some sort of Oedipal Complex? Did I get to third base? All these questions raced through my mind as this woman studied, and no doubt judged accordingly, my genitals. But the only thing that would come out of my mouth were more Star Trek references, all of which totally fell flat at the feet of this cold, and indifferent woman. "HEY, WHAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH MY TRIBBLES?!?"

Not a lot happened in the following weeks. I had to tell my teachers and classmates I would probably be out of school for a week because "I was getting a nose job." Everyone was quite upset that I was so unhappy with my personal appearance that I would consider plastic surgery. All the girls said, "Oh Mantooth, you are perfect the way you are!" I would then ask them out on a date, to which they quickly declined, telling me that they don't date boys with a freakishly large testicle AND whose sperm is not 24 carats. Foiled again!

Anyhow, the day of my surgery I felt just like Captain Kirk when he was on that planet with all that scary shit going on and was afraid something would happen to his balls or wiener because he was always getting chicks and stuff and not that I was like Captain Kirk or anything because I sometimes forget about sentence boundaries and punctuation and stuff but hey I'm a guy just like anyone else worried about the well-being of his anatomy n'at.

The last thing I remember was lying on an operating table without any pants saying, "hey, I don't think this gas is working." Then I remember waking up without any pants, wearing some weird jock strap that exposed my wienis. For some reason I didn't have a blanket covering me and a bunch of nurses were standing around my bed laughing as if they had just told a dirty limerick. I did *not* feel like the captain right then. I sure hope they weren't beaming me up or something equally vague and euphemistic. *Dear MRR, I never thought it would happen to me…*

My recovery was pretty much a blur. They pumped me full of percocet so that I learned to see through the eyes of that drugged out San Francisco hippy Mike Thorn. I wanted so badly to hang out on Haight Street and perform my juggling act, wear my Dr. Seuss hat, and learn to juggle. But the painkillers made it so I could sleep on my back for an entire week and not really give a toss. My mom gave me frozen vegetables to put on my crotch. Not really sure why. Something about vitamins and ministers or something. I don't know. I was trippin' balls, man!

My recovery was a complete success, and when I returned to school, everyone knew I didn't get a nose job. That's because my friend sent a card around the school telling them I had my asshole amputated and that I would now be shitting out my mouth for the rest of my life. And he was pretty much correct. Now if that isn't the true meaning of Christmas, I don't know what is.

Endnotes:

1) I know many of you may be struggling for cash this holiday season. I suggest you take a few hints from CrimethInc and perform DIY gynecological exams on family and friends for Christmas. All you need are some crushed up Certs, a healthy can-do attitude, and a shit-ton of bad ideas. Give someone the gift the gift that keeps giving—the sight of their own cervical infection!

2) I sing for a band called WARZONE WOMYN. We just released a demo and a split tape with local d-beat band F.L.A.K. If you're interested in either of these, e-mail warzonewomyn @gmail.com.

3) Apparently there has been a shortage of flu shots this year. If you are in need of a flu shot, please contact me at: gregory. mantooth@gmail.com. I've recently been dabbling in the medicinal arts, and I believe I've concocted a fool-proof treatment. I wouldn't be dumb enough to include the ingredients here, lest one of you vultures pilfer my idea, but I'll just say the main ingredient is the COLD SWEAT—*Blinded* album on Manic Ride records. The best record of 2004. I can't believe it beat the IRON LUNG *life.iron lung.death* LP.

4) Speaking of Manic Ride, I know some of you may think I have some sort of problem with said label. And I don't want to dredge up issues on the internet message boards (which amount to nothing more than bathroom walls). But while I more or less despise the trend of mixing 70's rock and punk, they've put out a ton of great records and run one of the best and reliable distros in the US. While I don't like some of the records in question, I still respect and admire the label for this and more.

5) In addition, My War records is an equally quality label who have consistently put out awesome records. I'm fairly excited for the new DIRECT CONTROL full length, FIT FOR ABUSE reissue, and VIOLENT MINDS 12". Again, there has been pretty stupid internet drama surrounding myself and Matt Summers, but this doesn't mean I don't try to track down almost everything he releases. Even though he called me a fairy, I still think he runs a great punk label.

FELIX HAVOC
FIN DE SIÈCLE ANGST

I'm currently in the process of booking a tour for Finland's hardcore greats RIISTEYT. Since I brought DS 13 over in 2001, it seems like the gates have opened for bands touring the USA from Europe. It's gone from about one or two a year in the 90s to one or two a month today. Certainly there is nothing wrong with this. American bands have been touring Europe with far greater frequency for a long time, and it's about time that a greater level of parity was established. This means, though, that the days when a band coming from Europe was something really special, exotic, and exciting are coming to a close. Depending on the band, a tour for a European band these days can be less of an event and more of a routine tour than in the past. The difference of course is that an international band touring has huge expenses compared to a domestic band. Airfare, van, and gear rental add up to the kind of overhead that will run most DIY hardcore tours into the red quickly. This coupled with the fact that a lot of bands only want to tour for a week or two makes it extremely difficult to meet expenses with fewer shows.

I have spent much of the last four years booking and driving touring bands from Europe, and there are some principal differences in touring the US and Europe that our European readers who are considering coming over should be appraised of. Let me say, that I'm not trying to be negative or talk anyone out of touring the USA. I just want to point out some major differences and illustrate what can go wrong to help in planning.

The main factor you have to take into account when touring the US is a total no-brainer: geography. The USA is a fairly large country and distances between cities you want to play are so great that you will have to suffer extremely long and costly drives or play quite a few "in between" cities with less organized scenes. There are hundreds of cities in North America that you can play shows in. But to do a tour of only the very best places in just a few weeks is impossible. I've looked at some tour plans from European bands that were hilariously idealistic, like New York on Monday, Chicago on Tuesday, Seattle on Wednesday, LA on Friday, Dallas on Saturday, back to NYC on Sunday. Although CLUSTERBOMBUNIT's tour was actually this crazy. This means you have two main choices. Do a really long tour and hit everywhere, or pick one region like East Coast, West Coast, or Midwest. There is actually a third option, and that is to play a few East Coast shows, then fly to the West Coast, but this double air fare expense is beyond most bands. GAUZE managed to get some special tickets from Japan that included domestic airfare to any three US cities. And a few bands have flown between coasts, but this still cuts out huge parts of the US. To do a good US tour with some Canadian and possibly Mexican gigs I think takes a minimum of six-eight weeks. Very, very few bands will tour for eight weeks. A few will go for six, but even then you can barely do both coasts, the Midwest, and South East in that time.

With every tour I book, I get tons of mail from people who wonder why the band I'm booking isn't playing their town. I will refer you last month's column. If bands could quit their jobs, leave their families and spend unlimited amounts of time on the road, they *could* play everywhere. But for a band playing for gas and food money on their vacation, don't expect more than a few weeks; you can't hit everywhere in that time. To get from one coast to the other you will have to play a lot of "in between" type cities with less organized and smaller scenes. I'm not ragging on smaller cities with smaller scenes, but there is a serious "brain drain" on small and mid sized Southern and Midwestern scenes. The best and the brightest tend to leave for larger scenes, leaving these towns permanently crippled in terms of band and venue development. There are bright spots of course, and some cities rise and fall with the careers of local bands or DIY promoters. You have to be on your toes to know what town is happening for your band at what time, because it changes from year to year.

You will probably have someone in the US setting up your tour for you. Keep in mind that who you choose (or who chooses you) will possibly determine the geographic nature of your tour. It should not be surprising that tours booked by Yannick, Shari, or Max Ward would be on the West Coast primarily, while those booked by myself, Ken Sound Pollution, or Anton Underestimated would concentrate on the Midwest and Rustbelt. And of course, the RATTUS tour booked by Bob Suren had five shows in Florida. Most likely, your US label or a band you toured with in Europe will be booking your tour. Make sure that you know how much they plan to do for you and what you are expected to do yourself. And don't expect a two-week tour booked by someone from Detroit to be mostly made up of West Coast shows.

Very, very few bands come into the US with work permits or visas to play legally as musicians. This means there is a potential hassle with customs entering the country. We all know the tragic story of INTENSITY being deported from the airport before they could start their US tour. A lot of bands come over with no gear or merch at all, shipping this ahead or buying gear in the US. I would note, that gear in the US is very cheap compared to Europe and buying new guitars here can be a win/win situation since you can always sell the guitar back in Europe for more than you paid for it in the US. Make sure you have an airtight story for customs, names and addresses of friends in the US you will be staying with and some cash and or credit cards to show that you are coming over as a tourist and not to make money in the US. If your label or booking agent can get you visas to play legally, that's great. But this seems to be rare at the level of touring common to DIY hardcore.

Don't expect to get food or beer at gigs. This is the main thing that bands seem to point out that separates Europe from the US. In Europe it's a given that there will be beer and food for the bands at gigs. While in the US this request is often treated with incredulity as some sort of throwback to arena rock culture. I always request food for the bands I'm booking, but I can't say we get it that often. I also must admit, I rarely get around to cooking for a lot of the bands I book here. I would say this to DIY show promoters everywhere. Bands really appreciate a meal before or after a gig. The chow at America's truck stops is pretty sub par and over priced. Taking a few bucks from the door to make some soup or pasta is going to save the band more in the long run. It used to be quite common when playing bars in America for the band to get free tap beer. This has become increasingly rare. I rarely ever buy beer for bands, but then again I was recently called a "straight edge jock" in the pages of this magazine.

The gas in America is cheap, but the drives are much longer. If you are doing a full US tour, your fuel expense is going to be something like $1,500. That's probably close to what you spend on a tour of half the distance in Europe, as it's twice as expensive over there. Consumer goods are generally cheaper and American thrift stores and pawn shops offer bargains rarely found in Europe, especially with the dollar at such a low against the Euro. If a band does make any money here, they are probably better off spending it on musical equipment, records, and shoes than taking it back to Europe and changing it for Euros. Guitars, effects pedals, and cymbals cost a lot less here and can easily be resold in Europe if you don't want to keep them.

I wrote a column about choosing a tour van a few years ago so I won't go over that. But the main choices for transportation are touring with an American band or renting a van and gear. This is the same quandary that faces American bands going to Europe. Touring with another band doubles the expenses and increases the logistical complications, but provides the van and backline for free or cheap. Renting a van and gear eliminates the need to pay a second band, but adds a lot of daily overhead and expense. One thing Europeans should know, is that here in the US, bands are always expected to show up with *all* their own gear. Unless prior arrangements have been made, you will almost never see a band show up and expect to be able to play other bands gear. This seems quite common in Europe but it would be considered ridiculous here for local bands to show up with no gear and expect to play the touring bands backline. Sure if there is a crisis, you can probably borrow a snare drum or head, but expect to show up with gear or make arrangements with local bands to borrow it. I know of several occasions where touring bands have had to end their show because they broke a snare or bass drum pedal and none of the local bands would lend them one. I'm sure in Europe that would be a huge insult, but sad to say I've seen it happen.

Guarantee is a four letter word in DIY hardcore. Shows are booked independently of one another and promoters almost never set aside money to help cover shows that tank. Your show will either be good and pay well, or be bad and pay poorly. You can try to push for a guarantee but you will find that payouts for gigs one a tour can range from a few dollars to almost a thousand. In years on the road, I've learned to weed out the promoters who think $16 is pretty decent pay for a band from Sweden. You can't, however, rule out a show that bombs due to external events like a snowstorm, the Superbowl, all the local bands canceling, or the show moving at the last minute. American shows can also get horribly overbooked. Two shows happening the same night will be combined and then a bunch of bands will try to "jump on" the bill. A well attended six band show winds up pretty dismal at the end of the night when the promoter realizes that 30% of the crowd got in free and they have to split the money six ways. So don't be surprised if the pay out from the door at a lot of shows is barely enough to cover what gas cost in 1982. Door prices are low, turnouts can be small, especially on weeknights, and often there are a lot of expenses and bands to pay.

This means you have to rely on merch sales to make most of your money. I would hypothesize that much of the bemoaned commercialization of DIY hardcore in the last ten years has been driven by poor paying gigs more than any other force. Bands are desperate to come up with more "merch" to sell on the road, shirts, hoodies, hats, patches, pins, records, CDs, bottle openers, anything to make an extra $10 a night to get from city to city. Cool shirts make a big difference, and having a new release or special tour edition record to sell can be absolutely decisive. I try to time tours around the release of a new record. The band sells their royalty copies on tour and usually comes out way ahead. Of course, if your band doesn't have a record out yet, I strongly suggest putting the damn thing out *before* you tour.

Which brings me to this, a lot of bands from overseas are totally unknown in the USA. Bands without records, or with no releases on US labels, are really unknown here. Don't expect people to show up for a band they've never heard before. Unless you are touring the bar circuit where attendance is driven by having an excuse to drink rather than music, no one is going to show up just because "some band from Italy is playing." You have to have releases available in the US and some publicity for your tour. The only way around this is touring with an established US band that people would come to see regardless of if your band was playing or not. I would advise not being in a rush to tour. Take your time, tour Europe first, make connections with US bands that come to play in your town in Europe. Put out records on US labels, write to US bands, labels and zines and try to make some friends and get some exposure in the US. I would give this exact same advise to US bands who want to go to Europe.

As I said in my introduction, so many foreign bands have been touring the US that it's no longer much of an event, unless the band is quite well known to begin with. So make sure your tour is well planned, realistic in its goals, and being handled by people with experience.

No.

Can we hate New York again? It's been three years since it blew up. Now it all seems like hearing that someone you vaguely know lost a leg after getting hit by a drunk driver on his bike, and it turns out to be the asshole that cornered you at every really fun party or show to talk about how much everyone else at the party or show sucks, and when you tried to ignore him he just smugly leaned against the wall and gave everyone else dirty looks. You think about how you drive drunk sometimes, and feel bad that he lost his leg and all, but he's still an asshole. Now its three years down the line, and everyone's afraid to ignore him because they think *they'll* look like assholes, until someone finally just comes out and tells him off. Then, everyone else breathes a sigh of relief that they didn't have to be the ones to break the chain of guilt. I'll just come out and say it: New York, you are a one-legged asshole.

The rest of the country (especially the West Coast) has always had you beat, and when you start whining that you invented the game in the first place you sound about as stupid as Al Gore saying he invented the internet. RICHARD HELL AND THE VOIDODS tried to be all scary with their artfully ripped t-shirts, junkie posturing, and "edgy" lyrics but all they got was a bunch of gallery owners saying "Aww! How cute!" and Malcolm McLaren standing backstage, coming in his pants. The same goes for all 1970s New York punk rock. Can anyone name one TELEVISION song besides "Marquee Moon?" And how many people even out of those have listened to that entire fucking song, anyway? The only stuff that anyone listens to now is the RAMONES and BLONDIE, who were as non-threatening as they come. New York didn't start making sorta scary music until AGNOSTIC FRONT and the CRO MAGS began to mercilessly rip off BLACK FLAG, the only genuinely scary band in the USA until NWA hit the scene and were even scarier. The fact is that New York will never be as scary as LA, no matter how hard they try or how many episodes of *The Sopranos* are filmed. Even the bunk-ass MISFITS were from New Jersey, and the ANGRY SAMOANS were way funnier than the MISFITS, except that they actually meant to be funny.

Protopunk and New Wave? Ohio totally kicked your asses with the ELECTRIC EELS, ROCKET FROM THE TOMBS, and DEVO, and nobody even gave a fuck about No Wave (VON LMO??) until ERASE ERRATA (West Coast, thank you very much) ripped it off it and played it 5000 times better than anyone in New York ever did. What has New York really given us in the last few years? Electroclash? LES SAVY FAV? In fact, New York has to take the blame for this whole shitty New Wave/Electro/80s revival in the first place – and yes, most of these terrible, terrible bands were reviewed at some point in their development in this very magazine. The truth is that most of the current high-profile New York hipster musical output isn't even as edgy as shitty New Wave, it's more akin to the New Romantic stuff (FLOCK OF SEAGULLS, DURAN DURAN, KAJAGOOGOO, etc.). Even as someone who was just a little kid in the 80s, I remember how much the 80s sucked. Cocaine? New York, especially king-turd-of-poo-hill *Vice* Magazine, brought that back too. Greeeeeeat. Thanks to New York, I now get to watch my friends slowly turn into pathetic, self-obsessed cokeheads who say the same five things about themselves, over and over, until seven AM even though no one is listening anymore. Then they start having heart attacks at age 26. Way to go, New York. So what kind of ridiculous shit are you trying to revive now? Psychedelic folk "punk" or something? I'd sell you my aunt's old COUNTRY JOE AND THE FISH records for $75 each, except that she still listens to them (along with Dave Matthews) and would totally notice. Pathetic. Hell, you guys don't even have George Tabb anymore.

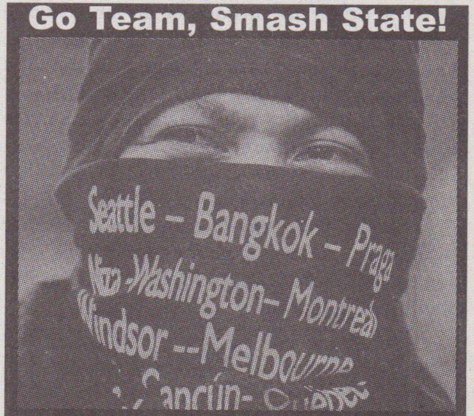
Truth is, New York, you've become an even bigger asshole since you lost that leg. People like the RANDOMS ("Let's Get Rid Of New York"), FEAR ("New York's Alright…If You Like Saxophones"), and BLATZ ("Fuk New York") used to make fun of you, and it took a while but eventually you'd get the hint, shut up, and go sulk in the corner like Lou Reed on quaaludes. Now we all feel guilty so you just keep on talking, on the front of every magazine (including the punk rock ones) and all over the TV, and no one has the balls to tell you how much of an idiot you sound like.

Let's make this clear: New York, no one really cares what you have to say. Your clothes are ridiculous, your music sucks, and the fact is that you are the reason George W. Bush is still our President, no matter how pissed off you claim to be about it. Really, the best thing would be for you to take off for a while. Go on some spiritual journey and find yourself, or maybe get back into heroin and just stay home more often. It'll be for your personal betterment, I assure you. Oh, and while you're at it, stop humping my ex-girlfriends!

—Johnny Poot, P.O.Box 3026 Oakland, California, 94609 USA. johngeek@hotmail.com

(OK, Reagan Youth was pretty amazing. And I like the Shemps, Mykel Board, and Lydia Lunch. Other than that, fuck New York.)

Go Team, Smash State!



"Lefty" Hooligan • What's Left?

If shit becomes valuable, the poor will be born without assholes.

Henry Miller

I ain't a communist necessarily, but I been in the red all my life.

Woody Guthrie

It's that time of year. The holiday season, the season for giving. I went to the bank the other day and withdrew a hundred dollars in five-dollar bills. I'm giving away the twenty fives between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day to the homeless, street beggars, anybody poor who asks if I can spare some change.

That's my only rule; they have to ask. Even with that rule, you'd be surprised how hard it is to give away all twenty fives before the new year. Partly that's because of the way I've learned to walk through my busy urban environment—fast, looking straight ahead, with a minimum of eye contact—in order to avoid hassles. So I slow down and actually look at the street people instead of past them. And there are plenty of destitute folks on the streets of San Francisco. Many of them are so down and out though they don't even beg, just sit lifelessly or shuffle listlessly staring off into space in their grimy rags next to their shopping carts filled with junk. *I* have to hustle about the city, scouring the streets looking for beggars to give my money to, contrary to the paranoia of middle class San Franciscans who passed Gavin Newsom's "Care Not Cash" proposal that prohibits "aggressive panhandling" around ATMs, freeway off-ramps and anywhere else these good folks feel uncomfortable seeing an unwashed face and an extended hand. These jerks make me sick. Not the desperately poor but the well-off assholes who get freaked out when someone asks them if they can spare a quarter.

One reason I give money to the poor is to hold up a middle finger to all these middle class fucks and the mayor they elected to protect them from having to deal face to face with the homeless on the streets. In past columns I've written that I was developing a grudging admiration for Newsom due to some surprising actions on his part—the whole gay marriage thing, walking Hunters Point to underscore that area's murder rate, joining the hotel workers' picket line, etc. It's the issue of the city's poor and homeless that always brings me back to the reality that our mayor remains *bourgeois* scum, ultimately no different from the rest of his parasitic class.

I don't give out of do-gooder liberal guilt. Handing out money to the poor is fun. Aside from the clichéd satisfaction that comes from giving, there's the enjoyment of watching somebody who really needs the money react to getting a five-dollar bill. Then there's the fact that I was once poor myself, not just once in my life but twice. I was three when my parents came to this country, Polish refugees from Europe's displaced persons camps after the second World War. Thanks to my father's facility with languages, he was recruited into the US Army while in Europe, eventually winding up teaching at the Monterey Language School. At the conclusion of his tour of duty, he moved the family from Germany to San Francisco. He went to college by day and worked as a Pinkerton security guard by night. We shopped in grungy basement stores, the original bargain basement discount outlets where items were stacked in bulk on the shelves. One of the houses we lived in was so old and rickety we ran outside every time a heavy truck passed on the street, thinking it was an earthquake. I never realized as a kid that we were poor however. I was happy, loved and having fun, so to this day I don't associate my early childhood with poverty.

My parents proved to be the quintessential American success story, going from this honest working class poverty to upper middle class affluence soon after I left for college. A large part of that had to do with my parents being ambitious, willing to work hard, smart about planning for their future, all those Horatio Alger type virtues. Yet an equally important factor was government benefits in the form of the GI Bill. The GI Bill paid for my dad's college education. And thanks to the GI Bill we always owned our own home, no small thing in California where real estate is such a valuable commodity. A good deal of the post-war Truman/Eisenhower/Kennedy era middle class owed its existence to such government largesse by the way.

My own personal experience with poverty came about when I took to heavy drinking after breaking up with a girlfriend of six years and did a swan dive out of graduate school at UC San Diego, finally winding up living from office to office on the UC campus before camping out in the eucalyptus groves and manzanita chaparral behind the Central Library circa 1980. I was homeless for nine months before getting back on my feet with a shit job and tiny apartment in San Diego. Then I spent another ten years in miserable working class one-paycheck-from-the-streets poverty living and working in a place I absolutely detested. The punk rock appellation of Slow Death fits San Diego to a T. Both in recovering from homelessness and in getting my break to move to San Francisco to find a better job and a happier life, I relied on the help of good friends and the generosity of my family. I was lucky I had such resources.

In my experience of homelessness and poverty then, pulling oneself up by one's own bootstraps is a myth. In addition to hard work the kindness of friends, financial help from family, philanthropic giving, even, dare I say, government assistance is needed to move up from being abjectly miserable and poor. That's when the archconservatives in the audience pipe up that I'm doing the homeless no good by giving them five-dollar bills for the holidays. The homeless will only buy drugs with the money, they contend.

Before I address this, let me point out that I give an equal amount to the San Francisco Food Bank to balance out my panhandling generosity. An all-volunteer-run organization, the Food Bank guarantees that every dollar I contribute goes to feeding the poor, and they're able to take advantage of bulk buying and in-kind donations to multiply the value of my gift. That said, let me ask what the fuck is wrong with buying drugs? To be able to momentarily anaesthetize yourself and temporarily blot out your own desperate misery and grinding poverty is not a bad thing at all. At least with my five, the homeless can afford a Happy Meal with their bottle of Thunderbird.

I do admit that the archconservatives among us are right to argue that people don't really value anything unless they work for it, put time and sweat into earning whatever they desire. I simply don't think folks should have to work so hard just to survive. Work hard to write that song or build that house or raise that child, and make sure everybody has enough for a decent life. I'm for a guaranteed income for all, if not from each according to ability, to each according to need. I really am a commie, you know.

It's a paradox. When I have no money I'm poor, when I have money I'm a communist. And a central tenet of my kind of communism is that workers have the ability to emancipate themselves as a class.

This capacity for self-emancipation doesn't make workers or the working poor or the poor in general into saints. I have no starry eyed illusions that being poor or working class somehow makes someone better or worthier or even more interesting as a person. On the contrary, invariably such folk are way more fucked up, with more than their fair share of psychological problems and personality disorders thanks to their poverty. It's truly disheartening to watch a street bum—frayed rope holding up his pants and duct tape keeping his shoes together—spend his last few coins on cigarettes. Most of us are still just one paycheck away from the reality of that street bum. What I'm saying is that society's working majority has the power to end such misery by organizing and acting as a class, ripping the capitalist ruling class a new asshole in the process.

All of which could provide excellent grist for the mill of a future column, except for one thing. I'm no longer sure myself of the way forward.

"The reason for the collapse of the left could not be clearer—or more fundamental," writes Martin Jacques in "The Only Show in Town" in the British *Guardian* (11-20-2004). "Its confidence, its mode of organization, its narrative, its very being, depended on the existence of the labour movement. And it is the latter that has effectively disappeared. The trade unions are a shrunken and wizened version of what they were, pushed to the perimeters of political life, while the party itself has, in its New Labour guise, been reconstituted, such that in style, funding, and apparat, it looks much like what a modernised Tory party might be. Labour has been shorn of its roots and meaning.

"The collapse of the labour movement is not just a British phenomenon, but one shared with much of Europe. There are two underlying reasons for its demise. The first is the loss of agency, the decline of the industrial working class and its consequent erosion as a meaningful political force. It was the working class—in terms of workplace, community, unions and party—that invented the labour movement. The second reason is the collapse of communism. Of course, the mainstream labour movement in the UK never subscribed to its tenets, but both the social democratic and communist traditions shared, in different ways, the vision of a better society based on collectivist principles. It is that vision that was buried with the interment of communism. For over a century European politics was defined by the struggle between capitalism and socialism: suddenly capitalism became the only show in town, both in Europe and globally. The result was the rapid deconstruction of the left such that it now exists as but a rump of its former self—not just in Britain, or Europe, but everywhere."

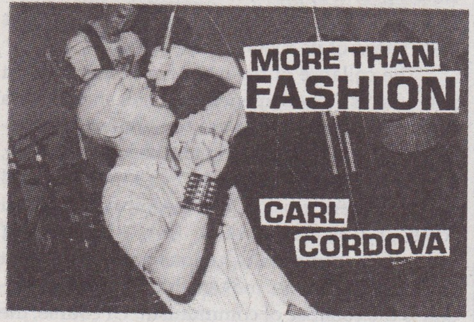
It does no good to proclaim that, from an ultraleft perspective it was always a game of global capitalism even when the Soviet Union was alive and well, and that the traditional left—whether social democratic or Communist—was merely the left-wing of that global capitalism, with labor unions and labor parties ultimately serving to shore up the existing *bourgeois* order. The collapse of that traditional left and of a "vision of a better society based on collectivist principles" has had a deleterious impact on the ultraleft as well, which is itself faced with the problematic questions of revolutionary agency, organization and strategy.

Whereas Marx's agent of social revolution, the industrial proletariat, has been effectively marginalized in the advanced economies of Europe and North America, the working class as such is in no danger of disappearing. Indeed, as capitalism deindustrializes the west and decimates its middle classes, the working class in terms of service, information and nonstandard workers if anything is expanding. Thus I can still defend the proposition that the working class as society's ever increasing majority is capable of emancipating itself as a class, even while I don't have a sense of what is to be done. The reason why I'm concentrating on labor issues and struggles nowadays is because I'm unsure of the applicability of the old ultraleft formulas to the task of working class self-emancipation. I'm trying to figure out where to go from here.

Date to print: 12/15/04

For MRR #261 (2/05)

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (PO Box 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligan3@mindspring.com.



New Releases

Forget the introduction and let's cut straight to the chase. There's a couple records that have just been released within the last month that deserve your attention:

MIND ERASER—*Cave* LP is now out on Painkiller Records. If you long for the days of 1990 when bands like CROSSED OUT, INFEST, and NEANDERTHAL ruled (sic) southern California, then this Boston band might be just what you are looking for. Members of the self-proclaimed "New England Brutality Cartel." MIND ERASER give you fourteen songs of pure, pent up, brutal fastcore. Are we allowed to use the term powerviolence again? 'Cause that's exactly what this is. Order your copy from Painkiller Records, 8 Burney St. #1 Boston, MA 02120. Also, check out some of their MP3s at www.painkillerrecords.com.

TRIPLE THREAT—*A New Chapter* EP is now out on Livewire Records. A lot of people are already making comparisons to BL'AST and BLACK FLAG with this band, and while I can see the similarities, I still don't think TRIPLE THREAT strays that far from Tim McMahon's previous outings. Rest assured that if you were a fan of MOUTHPIECE and HANDS TIED, you will not be disappointed. Still, there is definitely something different enough about this band that will appeal to people who are otherwise turned off by the more traditional straight edge hardcore sound. TRIPLE THREAT combines most of what I like about true-to-form hardcore with hints of a skate-thrash sound eminating from the guitars not unlike, well…BL'AST or BLACK FLAG. The only drawbacks that I could find with this record were with little things like deciding on a logo font that looks a little *too much* like BLACK FLAG. You can obtain your copy by writing to Livewire Records, c/o Peter J. Russo, 2308 Colston Dr. #201 Silver Spring, MD 20910 USA. Or you can check out the details at www.livewire-records.com.

"California Here to Stay, USA Go Away!"

V/A - California Thrash Demolition: It's hard keeping up with 625 Records now that Max defected to the Worst coast. Thankfully with an all-California comp CD coming out by the time you read this, Max clearly shows that his heart still belongs on the Best coast. This 72 minute CD comp contains all three of the now sold-out 625 comp EPs that covered the SoCal and NorCal scenes. It also compiles eighteen new submissions from all over California. Bands that make this compilation worth picking up are BROKEN NEEDLE (first official released tracks!), FIND HIM AND KILL HIM (+extra tracks), LOVE SONGS, SCHOLASTIC DETH, LIGHTS OUT, LOOK BACK AND LAUGH, DESOLATION, HIT ME BACK, and a whole mess more. Order this from Ebullition, or check the web at www.625thrash.com.

This Just In…

More California news brought to us by Lynwood's own MORE TO PRIDE. After tearing up the California scene with a great demo, MORE TO PRIDE will be releasing their debut 7" on Rivalry Records sometime in February. Aptly dubbed the Latino CARRY ON, MORE TO PRIDE will surely please anyone into well-produced, fast hardcore like INTERNAL AFFAIRS or ALLEGIANCE. If you own the demo and already know what this band is about, then I should let you know that after hearing one of the tracks off the new record entitled *Jackmove*, that this band has only gotten better (especially the drumming). MORE TO PRIDE are sincere guys playing great hardcore, so pick up this up when it drops. Check www.rivalryrecords.com for updates.

Record Score of the Fucking Century

Pardon my French, but I just scored huge this month. I bought someone's collection for pennies on the dollar. You know that record score you dream about all your life? Well, it happened to me. I got some KBD type stuff, some rare international stuff (including four records off the first *Killed By Hardcore* comp), as well as some MISFITS singles. So I am looking to do some trading once I get a list made up. I am looking for the usual: Xclaim!, Touch & Go, Dischord, early Revelation, and other early American hardcore classics. You know, the records everybody else wants. If you have doubles of any of that stuff, then send me your trade lists.

Euro Trip

Attention European punks and hardcore kids: I am still planning my first trip out to Europe via London. Because of my band's stateside tour this winter, my trip has been pushed back to probably March. I have already received some great responses from people, so I am stoked. I am still looking for advice on records stores, vegetarian restaurants, and slimy tourist attractions worth visiting. The Euro and the Pound are killing the Dollar right now, so if you have a place for me to stay or can point me in a cheap direction, that would be sweetballs. I am trying to plan for a month, so I am going to try to hit up the Netherlands and Sweden as well if I have enough time. Once again, I don't drink or do drugs, but that doesn't mean I can't watch you do it while I party like its 1999! Write me via the email address posted below.

Top Ten Songs for Valentine's Day

"Love" by UNITY
"Love in the Ruins" by THE FEEDERZ
"Girl Problems" by SOA (anyone with the first press for trade?)
"Kiss of Death" by CORROSION OF CONFORMITY
"Skulls" by the MISFITS
Everything by RITES OF SPRING
"Sacred Love" by the BAD BRAINS
"Care" by BEYOND
"Love Rat" by GENETIC CONTROL (I want this record too!)
"Jealous Again" by BLACK FLAG

That's it for this month. Also check out my top ten of 2004 in this issue. Please send trade lists to ih8thekids@gmail.com.

On Veteran's Day, Kyle Burns of Laramie, Wyoming lost his life in Iraq. At his memorial service, the Associated Press reported, he was remembered "as a marine who died for his country." Another fallen American was honored in Topeka the same week. Clinton Wisdom, said a reporter for Channel 13 news, was "a soldier who had died for his country." There was another service in Belington, West Virginia, for Romulo Jiminez, killed at age 21 in Fallujah. "He not only died for his country, he died for each one of us individually to preserve freedom," said the funeral director. Wisconsin lost three men in Iraq that week, including Todd Cornel, 38. "What he did was what he wanted to do, and he died for his country, for our freedom," said his father.

Did he? Have any of the Iraq war dead really "died for their country?"

At a time when every other Arab oil-guzzling SUV bears a yellow "support our troops" sticker and probable antiwar liberal Dan Rather "salutes fallen heroes" of Iraq on the evening news, the red-blue divide hasn't altered traditional perceptions of military service. But with 1,500 US soldiers dead in Afghanistan and Iraq and influential Bushists calling for invading Iran, the question bears asking: What does it mean to fight (or die) for the United States?

When we hear that soldiers fight for our country, we immediately think of their role guarding our borders, protecting us from invaders. Yet the US has only been invaded twice, when Great Britain attempted to bring us back into the colonial fold during the War of

1812 and in 1846, when Mexico launched a brief incursion across the disputed Rio Grande. During the ensuing 158 years, no member of the US military has fought or died while repelling an invader. 9/11 demonstrated that the Pentagon doesn't consider a foreign incursion a major threat; that's why they assigned twelve "ground-based" Air National Guard jets to guard the entire country.

If you participate in a war of retribution, are you "fighting for your country?" There have only been four attacks on American soil by a foreign power. All were carried out by Japan during World War II: Pearl Harbor, the now-forgotten submarine strafing of a California oil refinery, balloon-borne bombs dropped without casualties on Oregon, and Washington state, and an air raid on Dutch Harbor, a remote US outpost on Alaska's Aleutian Islands, in which 43 residents died. Japan and Germany's declarations of war intuitively appear to justify the sacrifice of 291,557 American soldiers in World War II, but were those deaths necessary to defend us? There is no evidence that the Axis intended to invade the US, nor did it possess the logistical capability to occupy it. The defeat of Nazism liberated millions from tyranny, but that was a happy byproduct of a war we fought to expand our military and economic influence. Right or wrong, World War II was a war of choice against Germany and one of retribution against Japan.

What about avenging an attack, not on US soil, but against an American facility overseas? In 1986 President Reagan ordered bombings in Libya in retaliation for the bombing of a German disco that killed off-duty American soldiers. Moammar Khaddafi's young daughter, among others, were killed. Subsequent intelligence proved that Libya had had nothing to do with the nightclub attack, but—even setting that aside—it's a stretch to argue that the pilots who bombed Libya were "fighting for their country." Moreover, even retaliatory strikes don't occur frequently. The most recent bona fide assault on a foreign asset by another country took place in 1979 when Iranians took over the American embassy in Tehran. US overseas assets are rarely attacked.

The truth is, US troops are hardly ever called upon to defend the territory of the US or its outposts—military bases, embassies and consulates. Of the approximately 250 deployments of US armed forces since 1798, the majority have been preemptive actions against possible future threats, or wars of aggression waged to advance American geopolitical interests.

81,243 American soldiers died in combat during the Korean, Vietnam and first Gulf wars. True, had the US not gotten involved, a unified Korea might be suffering under the dictatorship of Kim Jung Il and Kuwait could be Iraq's 19th province. But those problems wouldn't have been ours. The snuffing out of over 80,000 young lives didn't do anything to make the US safer, but that wasn't the point. We lost Vietnam and made a friend; we won in Korea and created our most dangerous enemy today.

For one American president after another, winning or losing doesn't matter. For an empire, military action is its own reward. Our willingness to wage war intimidates adversaries and their neighbors into giving us what we want: cheaper oil, military bases, favorable trading terms. When American sailors invaded the Falkland Islands in 1832, it was "to defend American interests." Ditto for 1855, when US forces stormed Fiji. Ditto for the 1903 Dominican Republic action (where defending US interests meant suppressing a popular revolution), Honduras in 1911, the Soviet Union in 1918, Lebanon in 1953…you get the idea. The soldiers who fought in those invasions were told they were fighting for their country. Those who lost their lives were called heroes.

Repeating a lie doesn't make it true.

Now we're at it again, this time in Iraq, a nation that would never have invaded us. Everyone, even the Bushists who manufactured the war from whole cloth, admits that Iraq never had weapons that could hurt us or means to hit us with them if they had. And we know that they didn't attack us—not on 9/11, not ever. Our soldiers may be doing their duty, fighting fiercely, and giving their lives in the bargain. But since Iraq neither threatens our freedom nor our borders, they're neither protecting our freedoms or fighting for America. The best anyone can say is that they're fighting for our country's geopolitical interests, and what those are is subject to interpretation.

"Private ______ died for his country's geopolitical interests." Huh. Doesn't quite have the same ring.

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NEW BOOKS: *Wake Up: You're Liberal!: How We Can Take America Back From the Right* (Soft Skull Press, 336 pp., price $14.95), is out now, available everywhere. *Generalissimo El Busho: Essays and Cartoons on the Bush Years* (NBM Publishing, 208 pp., $19.95 hardback/$15.95 paperback) is also out. The speaking tour is over but if you're at a high school or college with a budget for bringing in speakers, I'd be happy to come to your city.

My Mother Wears Combat Boots
Jessica Mills

About a year ago, I ranted in this column something along the lines of *I gave my daughter free reign over her clothes choices and I wound up with a wanna-be-beautiful-all-the-time princess.* Reducing the sage down to a sentence takes away all the background and particulars, rounded out with philosophical and psychological musings. And that's my intent this time.

I realize now, a year later, that what it all comes down to is this: Her absolute love of clothes goes hand in hand with her desire to be looking sharp, stylin'-fancy and stain–free all the freakin' time. Her obsession certainly can not only be a comfort issue.

What? This isn't supposed to happen for years!

When packing her suitcase for a weekend trip to the grandparents', she packs at least a week's worth of changes. She brings along a change of clothes when she's going to the park for the afternoon. This kid of mine begs to go to the laundrymat so her favorite shirts can get washed, and only a week after we last did laundry! She asks her friends if she can "borrow forever" certain items of their clothing that suit her fancy. Her want-list of presents this holiday season is all clothes! I can't take it. A four-year-old is supposed to want toys, dammit, and the toys she wants are not supposed to be Barbie Fashion Dolls!

Rainbow shirts and butterfly shorts, pink tight pants and velvet party dresses, zipper calf boots and beaded purses. And don't forget the rainbow-colored lipstick and the Barbie Fashion Doll.

OK, so those aren't clothes, but that crap isn't supposed to be happening yet either. Yeah, it's all my fault because I allowed her to play with the makeup and Barbies that she got as presents starting at age two. It had nothing to do with the constant barrage of societally enforced gender coding rules, corporations' deliberate and incessant marketing to children, or the peer and self-policing effects these two phenomena bring to the preschool playground.

Last year, her mantra to me was, "Mom, your clothes are not beautiful. Change, please." I admitted it hurt my feelings a bit, like I was being told by my own parents who still give me hints when they'd like me to change. This year, she's lightened up a bit. Now, when she likes something I'm wearing, she asks me to save it for her for when it will fit her. I'm flattered and promise to do so. I am, after all, a queen of hand-me-downs. And I secretly dig that she even remotely wants to cop my style instead of the flavor of the season style that's being bought and sold all around her.

But I don't dig that lately she's been asking to "do her makeup" as part of her "getting ready" routine. I say no, that she doesn't need it. She protests, "But I want to look beautiful!" I tell her that she's already beautiful without it, that it's not how you look that makes you beautiful, it's the things you say and do that make you beautiful. She pleads, "Mom, pleeeease?" I say no again, that I'm not wearing it either. And I ask her if she remembers telling me I looked great just a minute ago. She says, "Yes, you do look great, but I just really want to wear make-up. You don't have to wear it if you don't want to, but I want to. Pleeeeease!"

Mean Mommy me whisks her out of the bathroom after a quick swipe of lip-gloss and says, "Sorry, more make-up is not a choice right now. The choice is staying home or coming with me." She's bummed at me for a little while but recovers quickly once in the car and her favorite tape begins to play.

I seriously don't get how she is such a teenager already, seemingly trapped in a preschooler's body. My gotta-look-good-girl consciousness didn't kick in until age ten and lasted until I was about seventeen. Does that mean she'll be over it by the time she's ten? Or could it be with her until she's seventeen, too? Longer than that even?

I'll hope for the best. She'll figure out on her own time that the whole appearance package is a bunch of bunk, that corporations profit off of the insecurity they sell, and that it eats away at her time that could be better spent on learning something new or asserting herself. She'll discover that her desire for things that make her beautiful and to be beautiful can be created and realized through her art and community, right?

But wait, there's more. Two months ago, she started taking ballet and tap dancing classes. I'd been dragging my feet, hoping her requests to learn ballet would fade. They started after she announced she didn't want to do acting classes anymore. She had done two eight-week sessions, at her request. Price was right (I scored her a 90% need-based scholarship due to our student loan "income"), the playhouse was bike-riding distance from our house, and she genuinely seemed into it. But at the end of that second eight-week session, that was it and she said she wanted to do ballet instead.

I cringed. Ballet is absolutely the only activity I swore she'd never do. But after eight months, I gave in to the requests that never did let up. Blame it on the kid's activities section of the City Newspaper, but for $27 a month, I've given her an opportunity to learn something that she seriously loves. I've never seen her so excited, proud, disciplined, and yes, wanting to look beautiful, too.

See, it's my fault again. Not only do I have a preschool-aged fashion conscious diva on my hands, but a ballerina on top of it all. Moms like me are supposed to absolutely forbid this girly gag-a-rama, aren't we? I only have myself to thank for allowing it, for patronizing it even, right?

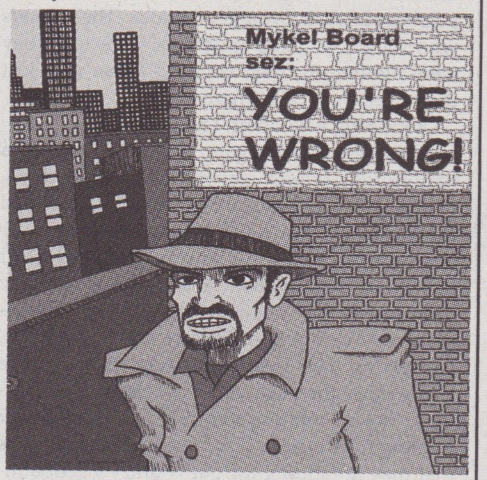
Forgive me for going into this parenting thing with the idea that if you forbid nothing, kids will have nothing to rebel against. Forgive me for lacking the foresight to see that kids are gonna choose what they want for themselves no matter if you forbid it or not. Forgive me for facilitating her embrace of gender-coded girlhood.

I'd rather have a girly-girl by choice, for whatever reasons and for however long she's choosing it, than a girly-girl who is one out of some need to rebel against my lame ass.

I can live with ballet, I guess; it can have its merits as long as I continue guiding her towards healthy ideas of body image and nutrition. The clothes thing seriously irritates me, but whatever, it's not like we really shop anywhere but the thrift stores, yard sales, and bags of hand-me-downs. And the make-up, well, I'll keep being a thorn in her side as to ward off her sure-to-be future embarrassment over having traipsed around looking like a badly painted clown. She hates clowns.

Hopefully, when she does get to her real teenage years and her world will turn upside down without her understanding why, we'll have built a relationship based on mutual respect and we'll get through it with our sweet mama-daughter bond intact. I can dream that though she's certain to rebel in some way against my nothing's forbidden ways, she won't think I'm a totally uncool, full-of-shit, grubby, know-nothing, wingnut and be embarrassed to be seen with me, right?

Punkparents, get in touch. Yardwide yarns@hotmail.com or PO Box 220331 Hollywood, FL 33022.



"Redefining the role of the United States from enablers to keep the peace to enablers to keep the peace from peacekeepers is going to be an assignment."

—GW Bush in a *New York Times* interview, January 14, 2001

SCENARIO ONE: The air is heavy with human sweat. A conductor shoulders his way through the car. A woman in a long, black dress presses against me to let him pass. Another, older, woman, her thinning grey hair escaping in wisps from a bun, slips as she's pushed by the shuffling crowd. The pressure of the bodies around her keeps her upright.

"Next stop Toronto!" shouts the conductor. "Hold your tickets high so I can clip 'em... eh?"

My ticket is already in my hand. My arm is locked up by the multitude around me. I can't imagine how a poor passenger with a pocketed ticket can shift to retrieve it.

The conductor moves slowly through the car, forcing his way through the human cattle. He *clip clip clips* with his punch as he reaches for each ticket over the heads of the mob.

"Now listen up," he says. "When you get out at immigration, make sure you stand in the correct line. If you don't, you'll have to go to the end again."

"What lines?" comes a bass-voiced shout from the back. There is no reply.

The train slows. With a jerk, it stops. We're propelled forward. Something hard hits my chest, knocking the wind out of me. It's a second before I realize I've been walloped by a suitcase wedged between me and a sick-looking pregnant lady. I try to use my arm to push it away, but the pressure of the crowd still has me pinned.

Suddenly, the doors open.

Like Coke spraying from a shaken can, the great horde sprays from the car onto the platform. Then we turn down a long hallway toward Canadian immigration.

On makeshift stages on either side of the hallway are women in uniform, one on each side. They wear severe-looking black clothes with red maple-leaves emblazoned on their armbands. They each have a bullhorn and take turns giving orders.

"All right," says the one on the right, a very butch woman, about 35 years old, built like a football player. "Make sure you get in the correct line. On this side, that's your right, are the drug seekers. Please have your prescriptions ready with your passports."

"And on this side," says the dark Indian-looking woman on the left, "we want all those seeking asylum. If you're here to escape deployment to Iraq, you'll need to go to window 1B. If you're here as a Muslim seeking relief from the *Muslim Internment Act*, you need to go to window 1K. That's K like in Koran." She laughs at her joke.

"Qur'an starts with a *Q*" mumbles a man from somewhere in back.

Ahead, the crowd slowly forms itself into lines.

The darker woman continues, "Other asylum seekers: war protestors, civil rights activists, Democrats..." She lowers the bullhorn to clear her throat. Then she says, "and all others claiming political persecution. Make a line at window F"

"For freedom?" I ask the bespectacled guy next to me.

He shakes his head. "Fucked!" he says.

The butch woman again takes up the instruction giving. "Women seeking abortion," she says, "should line up at window D. Be considerate! Women more than 6 months pregnant can and should move to the front of the line."

The crowd slowly makes its way through the hallway, dividing into proper lines, waiting for entrance to a new country.

SCENARIO TWO: It's 3:30 PM. On the way home for lunch, I decide to check my PO Box. I place my hand on the entrance to the Post Office. The scanner reads my fingerprints. A latch clicks open and the door slides back.

I pass through the metal detector. *Beep! Beep! Beep!*

"Please stand back!" Booms a loud mechanical voice. *"Hold your hands up. Do not move or you will die."*

I wonder how to both raise my hands and not move at the same time, but I say nothing. I just freeze in place and slowly put my hands up.

An armed guard comes over to me, his revolver drawn. "It's the key to my PO Box," I tell him, referring to the metal detector's beep. "It happens every time."

"Yeah, I know," he says. "I seen you here before. But you can't be too careful, ya know? Consider da alternative."

He uses his gun to motion for me to continue toward the box. I insert my key in the hole and take out the three or four envelopes. They've all been slit open and resealed,

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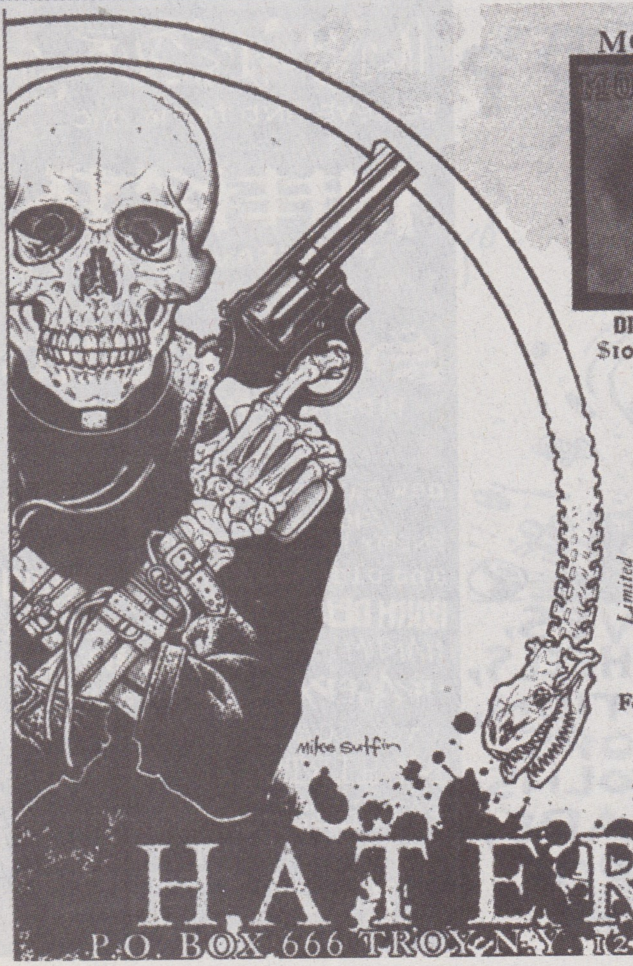

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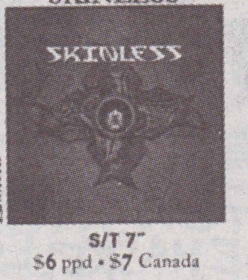

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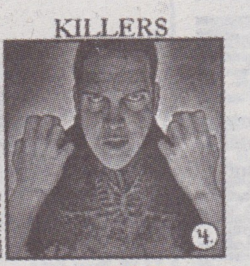

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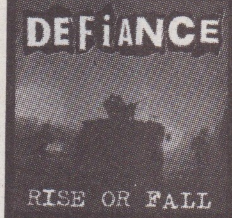

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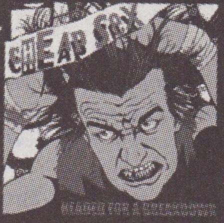

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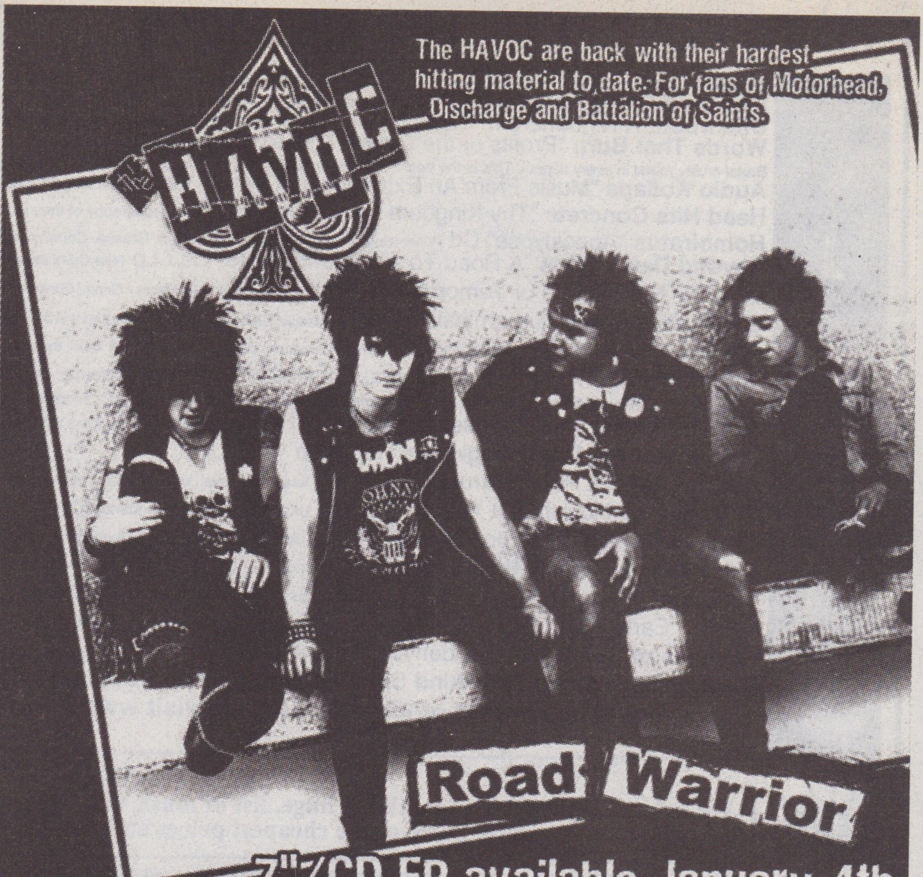

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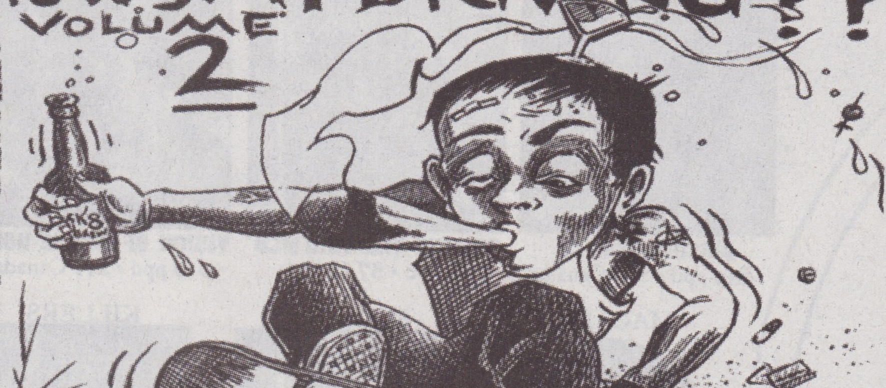

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stamped in black ink with "CLEARED AT HOUSTON." In addition to the envelopes is a small pink sheet of paper.

"Notice," it says on top. The rest is a form with various parts filled in. "A package from The Anihuman Company was received by the Post Office. It is too large to fit in your PO Box. Please claim it, with Photo ID, from Special Claims Window 5.

I've never heard of The Anihuman Company and I'm not expecting a package. Still, I walk over to the window with my pink form. I slip it under the bullet-proof glass.

The woman seated on the other side of the glass is a huge Negress, in her middle twenties. She takes the paper and looks me deep in the eyes, narrowing her glance. Then she maneuvers her roller chair to a cabinet in the back of the office. Her enormous buttocks fold over the edges of the seat.

She takes a handful of large envelopes and ruffles through them. Pulling a single envelope from the pile, she returns the rest to their cubbyhole. Then she steers the chair back to the window, using her legs with the smallest possible movement.

I slide my driver's license and Federal Native Citizen Registration Card under the glass. She looks at them.

"OK," she says, "press your eye against the retinal scanner."

She indicates a machine on the counter that looks like a microscope. I look into it. A bright light flashes at the other end.

"You pass," she says, handing me the envelope.

Walking home, I wave to the TV cameras embedded in each Walk/Don't Walk sign. Reaching the front door of my building, I unlock it. I pass the massive GWB portrait on the wall and go to the elevator. The automatic playing of GOD BLESS AMERICA no longer irritates me as I enter the elevator and go up to my floor.

After the short ride, I enter my apartment. Closing the door, I hang my coat over the webcam in the hall and open the large envelope.

Inside are half a dozen pictures. I can tell they're photographs simply from the smooth feel of the paper. I pull them out.

The top one, in color, shows a pair of tabby cats. One crouches on what appears to be a kitchen table. On her back is another cat, similarly colored—a kind of orange and white. The upper cat's teeth are deeply embedded in the cat beneath. The lower cat has her head turned, lips drawn back in a snarl. The upper cat seems to be penetrating the lower one, but it's hard to tell.

Looking at the next photo, it is not hard to tell. There, in graphic detail, is a tiny cat penis, poking through fur, embedding itself in a tiny cat vagina below.

I take the top photo to shuffle it to the bottom.

BANG! My door crumples.

"OK, hands up!" comes the voice from the uniformed officer, now inside my apartment.

Actually, there are three officers now in my apartment. A small guy, about my size, has his gun drawn and aimed at my belly. His gray-flaked mustache twitches as he steadies his right hand with his left.

To his right, is a Hispanic-looking woman, also short, with an ass, that, in other circumstances, I'd pay $50 for. Her gun is also drawn and pointed somewhere at my middle.

Speaking, is the senior officer, a tall man with greying sideburns and a hint of a Brooklyn accent. They all dress in dark blue, with bright yellow vests that read: *Decency Unit.*

"You're under arrest," he says, ripping the cat pictures out of my hand. "Possession of kitty porn."

"I was set up," I tell him. "Somebody mailed this to me then called the cops. It's obvious."

"We mailed it," says the head cop. "We wanted to make sure you were guilty before we arrested you. We've had reports from The Church Squad. You haven't been attending."

"Aren't you going to read me my rights?" I ask.

"Rights? Rights?" he says. They all laugh. "Just what year do you think this is?"

SCENARIO THREE

I huddle in the shelter with the dozen or so others of my neighbors. As far as we know, we're the only ones in the area who made it. Despite the air filters, the smell of burning plastic permeates the small space.

I squat to retrieve a can of Bumblebee Tuna from under my bench. Using a pocket knife, I saw it open. Reaching into it with blackened fingers, I take a pinch and put it into my mouth. Then I pass it to a little girl sitting next to me.

In the far corner, a skinny guy, about 30, fiddles with a transistor radio. Occasionally a few words come through, New York, Houston, Des Moines. But mostly it's static.

We sit on long wooden benches around the wall. There are a few gallon jugs of water and piles of canned goods under the benches.

"Mommy, I want to go home," whines the little girl tugging on her mother's skirt. Her mother, a thin, forty-ish woman with pasty skin and giant brown eyes, does not respond. Sitting frozen, her hands in her lap, she stares at some horror invisible to the rest of us. In silence, she rocks back and forth.

An older man sits near the radio operator. He has been injured by flying debris. A gash in his temple steadily drips blood plop...plop...plop...onto the floor.

I tear the sleeve off my flannel shirt. Crumpling the cloth, I hand it to him.

"Here," I say, "try pressing this against your head. It might help."

Silently, he takes the material and holds it against the wound.

The skinny guy working on the radio has it open now. It's spread out like a body in an operation. The man probes it with a screwdriver and a pair of pliers. Suddenly, it crackles forth. It's The President.

"These deaths will not go unavenged," he says. "The terrorists will not win. Americans are tough and we pull together in times of trouble. We are God's people. God loves us. And God Bless what's left of America."

THE REALITY:

Yeah, Bush was reelected. Everyone has her own horror story of what's going to happen. More terrorism. The draft. A police state.

I can understand it from the youngsters, those of you of the iPod generation. But what about the rest? Is your memory fading like the hairs on my chest?

America lived through Reagan. We lived through Nixon, for G-d's sake. We'll live through Bush. It won't be great, but we'll live.

Yeah, the government and the media are gearing up for the next war. Every day there's something new about the threat of Iran. Weapons of mass destruction...again. Americans are such suckers. They'll believe it...again.

On the other hand, I hear hand-wringing liberals whining. They don't want their kids to be drafted.

Wake up! There's not going to be a draft. Drafts make people oppose war. If Vietnam taught the conservatives one thing, that was it. Only liberals want a draft. They know that Americans will only contest a war that they—or their family—might die in.

And abortion? Abortion will remain legal, though individual states may get the right to decide. A complete ban would ruin the Republicans forever. Liberals are hoping for Scalia II to really turn the country around. Republicans are not going to give in to their wishes.

Speaking of liberals. Oy vey! If I hear another one say "we have to *understand* America," I'll join the Army...the al-Qaeda Army.

I hear them saying. "Americans are not just a bunch of ignorant know-nothings, who don't care about others. They are real people with real concerns. And we have to understand them." Excuse me while I puke.

Wake up and read the papers. Americans *are* a bunch of ignorant know-nothings who don't care about others. Americans are *dumb*. Americans are *evil*. You've just seen it at the polls. Want more? 80% of Americans have never been outside the country! Can you get dumber and more ignorant than that?

No, Bush won't be fun. More people in other parts of the world are going to die because he is president. You or I might spend some time in jail that we wouldn't otherwise spend. There might even be a few attacks, mostly on Americans abroad. Ultimately, not a lot will change.

It's my guess that the only major effect this will be some decent punk rock. Somehow, when assholes are president, the punk rock gets better. And, considering where we live, what else is there to hope for?

ENDNOTES: [*Visitors to my website: mykelboard.com or subscribers (email to: god@mykelboard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with.*]

—>Bulgaria on vinyl dept:

Yeah, I'm glad to see the folks from weird places still doin' stuff. A while back I forgot to tell you about Bombheart records. They released the first ever punk-hardcore vinyl from BULGARIA. Yowsah!!

The bands—whose names go together as perfectly as their sound—are INDIGNITY and OUTRAGE. You can get more info from www.bombheart.com. There's a whole world out there, start your collection today!

—>*A job for the Bush2 era dept:* Someone pays you $2.00 to visit a store and buy something. Then, the purchase price is refunded. You also get to keep what you bought. Next, you go to another store and do it again.

That's the idea of www.mysteryshop.org. It's an organization of freelance "mystery shoppers." Stores pay them to keep tabs on customer service. Go to the website for tips on how to set yourself up as a mystery shopper. It's free, and you could be $2 richer for only an hour's work.

—>*We're number one... er... number two... er... number three... er...dept:* The Associated Press reports that the United States is now 10th among the world's countries in the number of High School graduates. Don't expect a government-encouraged rise to a higher number. If you're educated, are you gonna vote for Bush? Maybe number ten is too high.

—>*Oh yeah? Then, why don't you live here? dept:* An email tells me that neo-con Larry Livermore wrote the praises of Rudy Giuliani in *Punk Planet.* Larry, as far as I know, still lives in London. Maybe his million dollars in the bank isn't enough to let him afford $3000 a month for a studio apartment. Or maybe he has enough Starbucks right were he is.

In any case, Larry certainly hasn't had to face jail for a can of beer on the street or a bullet shot by a trigger happy police force. Crime? There wasn't less crime when Giuliani was mayor. It was only that while he was mayor, the criminals were better dressed, white, and had the law—or at least the mayor—on their side.

—>*I am killing Microsoft dept:* According to the Dec. 2005 issue of *PC World,* an internet worm, called the AMUS-A Worm talks to those whose computers it infects.

It says, "How are you? I am back. My name is Mister Hamsi. I am seeing you."

Then it deletes Windows files and spreads using your email address book.

This is not quite like the Microsoft Worm that doesn't speak, but means "How are you? I am back. My name is Bill Gates. I am owning you." Then it deletes your wallet, spreads using monopoly marketing, and crashes your computer.

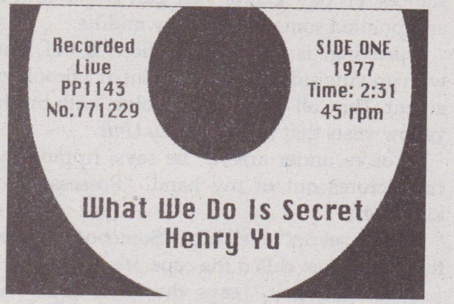
—>*Speaking of Microsoft dept:* New Scientist Magazine (May 15, 2004) reports that Microsoft is developing a "whitelist" of spam producers they will allow to bypass the filters in its HOTMAIL and MSN programs. How do you get on the whitelist?

$400-$10,000 should get you started. That's what Microsoft is asking from the spammers.

—>*A Texan in the Whitehouse and a Whitehouse in Texas dept:*

According to the NCAC Newsletter, Texas state "educators" rejected a textbook, because it "failed to adequately present the oil and gas industry's position on environmental issues and did not reflect the conservative values of most Texans."

A public interest group brought action against the state for such idiocy. A Federal judge ruled that the state can do what it likes. What a surprise, eh?



Time Stands Still

Well, missing last month's column has led to a big backlog of submissions to cover this time around, so no random musings, thankfully.

I saw Chris D.'s DIVINE HORSEMEN just once, on an LA junket, plus or minus the day D. Boon from the MINUTEMEN died on the highway, mid-80s when I was thirsty and miserable. It was at the Club Lingerie. The HORSEMEN played in between the LEAVING TRAINS and the headlining CRUZADOS, Tito Larriva's PLUGZ bid-for-something-bigger. The power of Chris D.'s voice in a countrified framework, with Julie Christenson's soothing backups to shape it into stark compelling vivid storytelling, as country music should be. First out on Restless Records, *Time Stands Still*, the best Horsemen document, is now out with a handfulla extras on Atavistic's continuing streak of Chris D. worship. Cynics may cry pussy whip, with a song like "Tenderest Kiss" being obvious Julie/Chris D. goo goo eye shit, but that never appeared on the original release, which had all and out classics like "Past all Dishonor" and "Hell's Belle" that combine great lyrics, singing, and playing. Those looking for a testosterone boost look elsewhere: this is punk all grown up.

SWANS alumnus Jarboe is alive and well at http://www.thelivingjarboe.com with re-releases of her post-Swans career. Her solo debut *Thirteen Masks,* recently reissued on Atavistic, first came out in '91. With fellow ex-SWANS, including Michael Gira, and James "Foetus" Thirlwell, as well as Tony Maimone (ex-PERE UBU) and a host of others, she spews forth an industrial faerie goth, a tribal chanteuseian cabaret. She comes off as the edgy equivalent of Heather Nova on "The Never Deserting Shadow." "Wooden Idols" is an updated talked-in-cadence "Fever," while "Red" is a twisted "It's the End of the World as We Know It." "I Got a Gun" cleverly cops Donna Summer's "I Feel Love," replete with the orgiastic yelps. Her experimental side comes out on "St John," with its ambient whoops and animal noises and noodling. While somewhat a patchwork of styles, it's inimitably Jarboe.

Followup was Jarboe's 1993 *Beautiful People Ltd* on which she collaborated with Lary Seven. It's more cohesive stylistically than its predecessor, a moody and lush atmospheric set that shows her strong intimate vocals. It's so well done it sounds practically mainstream, not unlike Sara McLaughlan. The extra half-dozen or so tracks are all mixes, with a pulsating industrial feel that brings the darker side back into her music. Expect two more Jarboe reissues in the not-too-distant future, also on Atavistic (www.atavistic.com).

A chanteuse of a less dramatic feather is cover queen Angel Corpus Christi, who clocks in with two (re)releases on the Gulcher label. Originally issued in 1990, *The 80's* compiles songs from her various releases during that decade. The underlying beauty of songs like Alice Cooper's "18" and Lou Reed's "The Day John Kennedy Died" are wrought out by Angel's simple, innocent voice. However, she also has a penchant for some Casio-driven post-trio cum THE NAILS' "88 Lines About 44 Women" stuff. On "John Cassavettes," this works. Her "Theme from Taxi Driver" is a hoot, with SUICIDE's Alan Vega interjecting whoops.

If only Gulcher would provide more in the way of liner notes or press releases…but even Angel's website (www.angelcorpuschristi.com) fails to elucidate any further…perhaps on purpose? *Divine Healer* is an undated release, tho' given the fact it is composed of tracks mixed by no fewer than four different people, it may be yet another compilation of sorts rather than a proper album. It holds together quite nicely, thank you, even with covers as disparate as "Home Sweet Home" (Motley Crüe), "Eve of Destruction," and "I Want Everything" (Luna). While we get more fun "88 Lines about 44 Women"-styled wavers and some good time rockers like "Rock and Roll Shoes," things get transcendent with her most personal songs, the melancholic "You", and the uplifting "She Said." A particular mention should be noted for her cover of "Eve of Destruction", replete with an accordion "Taps" lead-in, a faux helicopter backdrop / backbeat, and *Rushmore*-esque special effects. Definitely my favorite release of hers on Gulcher, whenever or wherever it was recorded!

THE MAD's "We Love Noize!" is an essential recording on Japan's Captain Trip Label. We get all the tracks from the two original 45s on their Disgusting label, as well as the tracks from the Brain Transplant releases. A live set at CBGB rounds things out. Liner notes in Japanese, but repro's of the lyric sheets in English. A vehicle for Screaming Mad George's orgiastic visions of gore and blood and snarl punk. Punk full of imagination, in three chords form, but they be of twisted form, with a proto-Gwar-ian stage presence to match.

Meet Me In The Time Tunnel: Obscure Powerpop From the Land of the Lost 1978-1985 is another in a long line of way-too-many-words-in-the-title CD comps, from our favorite compiler Keith "Earl" Grave, best known for his Shielded By Death series. This one's a Japanese import on the Wizzard in Vinyl (tho' this is a CD) label. And fug-if-it-ain't pretty dodgamned redeeming! We got reps from Keith's specialty area of Connecticut and Western Mass, like stalwart Dennis Most, but then this comp stretches across the US from NY (TV NEATS) to San Francsico

(MATCHEADS), then international with Scotland's THE ZIPS, Denmark's DUNDERHEADS, Tokyo (THE SHAMROCK) and Australia too. While *KBD*-ers may froth over the MATCHHEADS, HEADACHES' and ZIPS tracks, there is so much more! Dennis Most's brother Mark makes and appearance with his band from the day BUTCH MINDS THE BABY, and even do their version of "Destructive Love" (Mark wrote the song, after all). Harder edged punk by the SILENCERS, THE TV NEATS come up with a ringer with the mod rocker "Who's courting Who," in-joke band FOREIGN OBJECTS kicks unexpected ass with the heavy "You Go Home". Arguably the best track (and listed as a "bonus track" on the CD) is the surprising THE SHAMROCKS's "She's Flying" (1980) with astounding Beatles-esque inflections and soaring harmonies all infused with fast extra power pop energy. One of my favorite comps of the year, and real good if not always consistent, liner notes. (www.wizzard-in-vinyl.com)

Freak Accident?

Uncharacteristically melodic and straightforward as far as a record label like Alternative Tentacles goes, is the new release by FREAK ACCIDENT. At least, that what the all-important lead-off track sounded like. A step sideways from post-major-label-HÜSKER DÜ worship. It's all downhill from there, however, and it's a very slippery slope. FREAK ACCIDENT appears to really be one Ralph Spight, who might have done right as a member of VICTIM'S FAMILY, but here he has embarrassed his record label, and himself. It's lyrically bad ("Synthetic fabric touches my synthetic skin / I am an android but they call me alien," and there are gobs more to choose from). The songs are bad. Skid Roper without the humor? Tom Waits in waiting? Gimme indie rock! Next!

Also out on Alt Tentacles is a reissue of last year's *The Red, White and Black* CD by THE BELLRAYS. The live BELLRAYS is not something to be missed: hard driving MC5 influenced rock by punk rock stalwarts fronted by the woman with crazy hair, too tight everything…and let's not forget the lungs, *the lungs, the big black lungs* of Lisa Kekula, the soul of a woman wailed out, purged, sputtering madness with eyes bugged out to *there*. On record, it's the challenge of translating that onto tape. While you can't reproduce her sticking her face into yours with a mouthfulla growl, the attitude is all there.

Who woulda known that a formative LAZY COWGIRLS (Vicennes, Indiana circa 1978), would get drafted to back up the proto-punked vision of one Bill McCarter? Driven by an effervescing VU undertow, the "Secrets" EP, never before released, had it been, woulda been one of those lost nuggets ripe for rediscovery many years later. Four songs of simple majesty that belied neither Bill's later foray into recorded history with Eddie Flower's wigged out CRAWLSPACE, nor the LAZY COWGIRLS' dive bar punk rock-isms. In 2001, a post-CRAWLSPACE McCarter would realize a bigger vision in his Stalingrad Symphony and "Struggle", their free rock opus that is shared in this release. A 40-minute instrumental mindfuck, the sort that would make Wayne Rogers (Twisted Village) weep at the loins. Worthy stuff on the Gulcher label (www.gulcher.gemm.com)

MR KITE was one of those enigmatically cool Japanese punk bands on the Tokyo Rockers Compilation LP, which came out in 1979 along with its companion comp Tokyo New Wave '79. I was lucky enough to track down both of them (in mint condition for $15 apiece!) in the late 80s at a little record store in Alameda, California and they immediately captured my imagination with crazy-looking and crazily named bands, killer cover art, and intense art-punk visions. Mr Kite's lone contribution was "Innocent", reprised here on *Live Innocent*, out on Captain Trip Records, does little to dispel the enigma: liner notes and lyrics all in Japanese. From various live recordings, as early as Feb '78, the playing is excellent. Who are their influences?

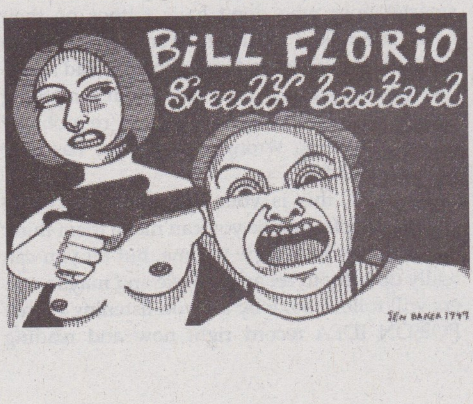
Kiss Mah Ass

More travails on the record scum front. A year-plus back, my friend-at-the-time and I each decided to get this really cool punk rock memorabilia item. Someone we knew had a small bunch of 'em. $40 or $50 per. Friend-at-the-time wanted to do it as part of a record trade he was doing with the guy, so he said he'd trade for both of our memorabilia's and I could pay him later. Well, somewhere in the middle of everything, friend-at-the-time became ex-friend. Save *that* for a to-be-published in the all-too-distant future primer on scumphilia, cos it's a doozy.

So now, some year plus ex-post-facto, ex-friend comes out of the woodwork and wants to be friends again (or something). In doing so, ex-friend sends the memorabilia. That gets followed up with some email… "By the way, please pay me $75 for the <memorabilia>." Hmmm, did my brain just fall outta my head? Has my lobotomy kicked in yet? Well, we all know the memorabilia's are still available from our acquaintance for $40 to $50 per. So what the fuck. Go to a party and act like an asshole. Don't do it here, dude. Contrary to what some desperados might say, no fuck is better than a bad one. So kiss mah ass, fuck-o. Scum builds in layers. Pathology runs deep and viruses keep mutating. Or, they are really the same as they ever was. Don't take any wooden IV's.

Dead In the Suburbs

New submissions address: Henry, 46 Roosevelt Circle, Palo Alto, CA 94306 or email terasearch@yahoo.com. No more renting from evil slumlords in San Francisco, which we will chronicle in an upcoming column.



SORRY FOLKS THIS ONES NOT FUN

So I'm standing there at some trendy bar talking to someone about why I do what I do. Why do I like to stir shit up and cause trouble for "nice guys just trying to make a living?" The truth is, up until this night I sort of convinced myself that it's boredom. People are fucking boring, and fucking lame and take themselves too seriously, and to some extent that's not totally false. But shit, I've been doing this stuff since I can remember, but that's not true either. I've been doing it as far as I want to remember…

I'm standing in the doorway to some crappy bar talking to someone and someone comes up to me, I see a familiar face in front of me, one I haven't seen in a number of years and I smile and put out my hands to get a hug or a shake or something. It's big, tall Tim from AVAIL.

"You wrote shit about me, you said I was a racist! *Put your fucking hands down! Stop fucking smiling!"*

I see stars as his fist connects hard with my cheek and the back of my head hits the stone wall. What the fuck is going on? Why do I feel the adrenalin? Why did the room fall silent? I'm not in this shit bar anymore… I'm in my parent's backyard.

"Look at what you wrote about us, you piece of shit," fat twelve-year old Mike Zani says to me as he holds a piece of the twelve-foot billboard I hung on the school fence earlier that afternoon. He drives the splinters of the cheap wood paneling into my stomach and I feel the splinters tear like a hundred dull razors.

"You gonna write shit about my friend motherfucker, we should fuck you up right now," Beau Beau says.

For a second Beau Beau turns back into twelve-year old Mike Irapoli the next second I see the shine of the aluminum bat as it connects with my face. I'm on the grass blood gushing from my mouth, I taste it, I feel the teeth and pieces of teeth roll around in my mouth. The bat connects again and again as I lay there covering me with bruises as I make myself into a ball and just wish them away.

"Get the fuck out of here now," says my mom, or the bouncer, and the assholes that ruined my life run a little down the street only to glare at me from the corner as my mom tries to help me into the kitchen. I limp there and she holds a washcloth on my bloody face.

A minute later I'm standing in front of the club in complete shock. I look behind me and twelve or so people with hate in their eyes are glaring at me. I've seen this scene before, in front of CBGB in the late 80s. Usually someone would end up in the hospital with stab wounds and head trauma. I hail a cab and I get out of there. Beau Beau tries to explain why I got punched before I take off. I'm still sure that if I chose to walk away, I would lose my teeth and perhaps my life while all the rest of the gang glare at me from behind him. I yes him and get the fuck out, he says something like "We're cool now." I never got a "we're cool" from the five or six of my former good friends. I never got much sympathy from my mom. I learned a very big lesson that day. People are cowards.

The next five or six years I spent friendless and toothless. I went to Catholic High School so I didn't have to see those people on a day to day basis. But maybe one heated phone call was made by my mom and my mom pretty much agreed with the Zani's and the others parents that I had asked for it. Yeah I spent three or four years getting picked on by the kids in the neighborhood without fighting back, without doing anything except falling into my own self pity, and the one time I try to stand up to my self, to try and give back a little bit of the humiliation, I get pummeled and my mom and sister share not an ounce of sympathy. My mom never went and said, "Hey better you have no friends than both of us having no friends," my mother is good at thinking positive about things, and this was not a fight she was willing to fight. That being, not going with the flow, not joining up for baseball, not having a drink with Mike Zani, as my sister still does from time to time. Not accepting what the culture and everyone expects of you even if it is lame, even if it is wrong.

So I didn't. I spent the next five years reading books, staying up until four or five AM and discovering angry music to fit with the hatred I had for everyone. I had no friends, my friends had all beaten me and the new ones were sure to do the same. I did make friends, but I have always kept my distance, I still feel like I will be cast out and bloodied by many of them given the right scenario. And at some point I started writing. Sure I have never been good at it, but the truth is, I never finished that damn fucking billboard with the cartoon of Fat Mike Zani and Monkeylooking Irapoli and Pizzuto and Ferrante and Euvino and all the other kids who were nice to me until they felt they had to grow up and do things like drink and beat their girlfriends and get jobs on Wall Street. They were all cowards. They all didn't wanna end up like Bill Florio with his braces and his fake teeth that made his first kiss throw up all over his lap. The kid, who couldn't play basketball, didn't look good with his shirt off with his man-tits. If they questioned what they were expected to do by their parents and friends and everyone else they too would end up a friendless loser who bought noisy records at the flea market and walked the streets alone staring at his feet.

My mom is still clueless, when moronic Mike Irapoli broke his neck because he was fixing roofs for cash on the side she demanded I go to his funeral. I screamed at her, *"Fuck him he will rot in hell."* She didn't get it.

So this is where I am at. I am constantly trying to get people to prove their humanity. That they aren't what we all hate. We all have darkness in our past, and many of us have dealt with it in a positive way, we have made it into something good. I'd like to think that we hate the sort of violence that has scarred us all and have vowed to not accept it. I like to think that most of us are better than that. But I guess I am wrong. Getting punched in the face wasn't really that big of a deal but seeing how people are petty and stupid enough to cheer such things on is. Getting beaten by all my friends sucked, but being told by my mother that I deserved it was what changed my life to something dark and vacant.

One evening I'm doing my Myspace thing for THE SHEMPS and I sent this message to a girl from NYC who has Artie Philie (our front man) on her friends list.

Me: Know what, you would probably like the SHEMPS

Her: Aren't you the one who works for Maximumrockandroll? And, yes, I do like the SHEMPS and RT very much.

Me: Yes, you're are perceptive as I am

Her: "Yes, you're are perceptive as I am," You're = you are hence, the "yes, you're are perceptive as I am," isn't correct. Along with the "facts" in your AVAIL story.

Me: I just woke up. What facts? Ok now this is getting weird. The only AVAIL story I have is getting punched in the face. :(

HER: It's stupid and the guys have taken care of it in their own Richmond way. As far as I know, everyone who was involved is over and done with it. You do know why you got punched, don't you?

Well ya know what? I don't know what I did, and whatever it was it didn't deserve me to get assaulted and possibly killed for. I think he punched me for something that was in the gossip column six years ago. But ya know what, even if he's wanted to punch me for six years he could have given me a call and found out what the story was first, we have plenty of friends in common. He could have come up to me and asked me like a civilized human being why I wrote what I wrote, maybe he would have found out that I didn't write everything in that column, maybe he would have found out that he wasn't called a racist, that he was called someone who punches people with no good reason. Maybe he could have even proven that statement wrong. Maybe he could have come off like an intelligent person instead of a stupid redneck.

All of us have our own failures and weaknesses and I'm a pretty understanding person. I emailed Tim afterwards and asked him to call me, he did not. I can understand being drunk, (tho' I don't drink), I can understand being angry, the woman who sent me those Myspace messages saying that violence is part of southern culture and I should be accepting of it made me plenty angry. I've seen my friends beaten to near death for coming out of the closet here in liberal New York City, I've seen people shot dead for having long hair. I'm not going to accept violence for "talking shit." I like to hold my punk rock peers above the stupid kids that beat me and spit on me, and I'd like to think they are above being cowards and thugs. At least the smarter ones who don't have tattoos on their faces. I've talked to fifteen or so zine people in the past few weeks and everyone has had someone get angry and in their face about something they wrote; (hey if they haven't they're probably doing something wrong) but no one has ever been punched.

Anyhow, this is your life. You can't really change people, maybe you can make them think about things from time to time, but all you can really do is try to set an example and maybe others will follow. So, why are you listening to that POISON IDEA record right now and reading *MRR*? Chances are it's for similar reasons that I am. Or who the hell knows, maybe it's because you saw some cute guy ya like have the right patches on his jacket and suddenly decided yer doing this because its cool. What I'm saying is, there are clear lines between us and them, and it's up to you to define which you are. bill@candids.com

Zombie Picnic
elliott lange

Let me offer a word of advice that I'm sure you can't figure out on your own: never, under any circumstances, eat anything from the "restaurant" Togo's. Particularly not the pastrami. It'll leave you in a day long state of incapacitated gut rot, thus making it very difficult to, say, write a column on deadline. Squinting through the fog of my food coma then, here's what else is on my plate this month.

First up, I received my first zine from a reader this month—*Obscene Emission,* coming from the unfortunately incarcerated Neil Wiener, self-proclaimed "Warlord of the Cabal Queer Crust Anti-Priest." I don't know how one goes about getting zines published from prison and for that he deserves no small accolades; apparently it has something to do with the Fanorama Society zine distro, which Neil has at least some hand in operating. Again, all this effort from behind bars is admirable. The zine covers a pretty even mix of hardcore and metal terrain, with highlights including features on VICTIMS, GRIMPLE, the origins of DISCHARGE, a black metal primer, and a report on the Swedish hardcore/grind scene. Copious editorializing abounds and Neil definitely doesn't mind sharing what's on his mind from his rather unique perspective as a metal-loving, queer, incarcerated punk. The review section is a tad thin, but Neil can hardly be blamed for that as he's not exactly in a good position to keep up with new releases. Do this guy and yourself a favor—send him some new tunes and a couple bucks for this worthwhile tree corpse (Obscene Emission, 109 Arnold Ave, Cranston, RI 02905).

On to the wax, Sandro (of long-running German grind veterans SKRUPEL) from RSR took pity on my insolvency (or stinginess) and sent me a welcome sampling of the bloodiest split 7" slabs of terror he's released lately. If you haven't noticed by now, RSR (that's Regurgitated Semen Records, kiddies!) has been steadily accruing a stellar roster of releases (50 so far) and is quickly becoming one of the top labels for grind in Europe or anywhere else today. I finally got to hear the Swedish side of the REGURGITATE / NOISEAR 7". It's great to hear REGURGITATE still going as strong and fast as ever, though the ultra-low toilet bowl gurgling vocals that we all hold so dear seem to be missing. NOISEAR is of course just as jaw-smashingly devastating as I remember. I've said it before, the drumming on these songs is fucking *insane*. Definitely one of the most intense bands going in grind these days.

Certainly in the same ranks is THE KILL, who has a not-to-be-missed split EP with BIRDFLESH, which is also on RSR. THE KILL hails from Australia and once proclaimed themselves "single kick-pedal grind," which I always thought was pretty badass, especially given the velocity of said beats. They have a number of EP releases so far and they've all been great, but this really is a step up for even them. The perennially great BIRDFLESH deliver once again on their side as well, though my attention has fully been on SAYYADINA this past month in the almighty Swedish grind category (see last month's review and my year-end Top Ten list elsewhere in this issue).

Lastly, in the thrash department, Japan's CONGA FURY team up with Russia's GEORGE HARRISON, so named apparently solely so that they could rip on CHARLES BRONSON on the cover. CONGA FURY deliver insanely blown-out noisy feedback-ridden thrash while GEORGE HARRISON churn out more straightforward but no less energetic skating—and bombing—obsessed thrash that maybe I wouldn't like so much if it weren't from Russia. But they *are* from Russia and that's fucking cool no matter how you slice it. After all, as the liner notes say, "remember—Russian hardcore before GEORGE HARRISON was emo semen!" Check out these and more at: RSR c/o Sandro Gessner, Str. es Friedens 45, 07829 Mittelpoellnitz, GERMANY, http://mitglied.lycos.de/skrupel.

Speaking of finding punk in unlikely locales, inspired by a recent article in this very mag and my own recent travels (well, a year ago for both), I tracked down a 7" from quite probably the only punk band in Nepal, RAI KO RIS. Anyone interested in grindcore and grindcore only can take a break and maybe eat some Hardees' Thickburgers or something cuz this isn't even sorta grind. It's melodic, fast-paced punk with trade-off male and female vocals, but the novelty of finally hearing a punk band in a country with immediate oppression and the very real threat of on-going civil war should be lost on no one and certainly serves to add conviction to their well-informed and fiercely confrontational lyrical delivery. Perhaps most importantly, the members of RAI KO RIS are actually taking a courageous and risky stand by playing shows and releasing their music to the public. Their anti-government stance unexaggeratedly amounts to sedition in Nepal and could not improbably land them in a Kathmandu prison—or worse. Musically, this record, *Himalayan Frostbite* (BatAttak Records, PO Box 153073, Tampa, FL 33684, www.batattak-records.com) is extremely well done, catchy, and completely pissed protest punk that's all the better with the sung/shouted lyrics in Nepali (with translations and lots of info on the insert). Get in touch and find out a bit about the plight of the Nepali people at: RAI KO RIS, PO Box 21778, Kathmandu, NEPAL, www.geocities/raikoris.

Lots of good 7"s to get through this month, and so next up is Washington DC's EXOSUS with their "Feed the Furnace" EP on Reptilian Records (www.reptilianrecords.com). Winner of the best packaging concept of the year, the sleeve boasts a die-cut, razor blade, wrist-slashing gatefold that you're just going to have to see for yourself to truly appreciate. And surprisingly the music is just as sharp: brutal metalcore that rises above the endless chum of similar sounding bands with memorably ferocious riffing, brutal double-bass breakdowns, blast beats, and a few of those CONVERGE-y extra-measure odd-time riffs that I can't get enough of. They've got some connection to CRISPUS ATTUCKS and THE INDEX too, and that's a good thing. Two good things.

Also from the DC/Virginia area comes the new CD from post-PG99 outfit MALADY. I've been racking my brain trying to think of bands to compare these guys to and I still can't think of any, except for of course their previous bands (they also have ex-members of CITY OF CATERPILLAR). PG99 were one of the very few bands that could infuse real melody into their songs without losing a bit of intensity. Also, singer Chris Taylor in particular deserves credit for being basically the only singer in hardcore or grind who could actually sing in such a way that was not only *not* annoying but was in fact better than the obligatory screaming (his screams were pretty mean too). The whole MALADY album is basically the logical extension of such beautiful PG99 tracks as "Richmond is a Hole," off their split with MAJORITY RULE. It's dark and catchy and heart wrenching and edgy- Taylor's voice still cracks into manic screams from time to time, but it's always in sync with the music and there are specific and highly memorable songs here. In the last three days alone I must've played the first two songs (and #6, a song called "Heroine") a couple dozen times. I don't even miss the fast crazy element at all. In its place, MALADY have developed a completely unique style that will be one of the very few records metal and grind heads can sing along to. An easy favorite of the year for me.

In still darker musical waters swims Belgium's AMEN RA who has a monstrously heavy one-sided 12" "From Birth to Grave/Ritual" on new label Grave Escape Records (www.grave-escape.com). Basically Belgium's answer to ISIS, the two lengthy songs on the 12" (the other side is a crucifix screen print) will definitely appeal to anyone interested in all things oppressively heavy, e.g. PELICAN, NEUROSIS, and of course ISIS. The songs really take their time to build and the tension release is more than worth it when the massive riffing finally kicks in; but the quiet build-up parts are equally compelling. Definitely a promising introduction to the band, I can't wait to hear more.

Speaking of PELICAN, I've been meaning to review their off shoot band TUSK for the last four issues now, and finally I shall overlook it no more. First hearing them on their split 7" with fellow Chicagoans HEWHOCORRUPTS, and further piquing my interest with my full-blown obsession with PELICAN, I was looking forward to hearing this new album *Tree of No Return* (Tortuga Records, PO Box 291430, LA, CA 90029, www.tortugarecordings.com). It's been in my CD changer pretty consistently since. Differences between PELICAN and TUSK are many—vocals for one—but essentially TUSK is the stranger, acid-damaged bastard grind cousin whom the musically clean and clinical PELICAN doesn't want to leave alone with its daughter. Plenty of feedback, hallucinatory sound effects, pained vocal screams, blast beats and paranoia-inducing guitar tweeking infect each second of this maniacally demented album. Apparently it's also a semi-conceptual album, loosely about someone being lost, starved and—you guessed it—crazy, among a cursed forest. Definitely one of the single weirdest records of the year and you know that's a good thing.

Finally, remaining in the drug-addled cornucopia of sounds department, it's due time to give the Bay Area's own progenitors of prog-metal-grind, KALMEX AND THE RIFFMERCHANTS their due. In my first column, I mentioned hearing the rough mix of their latest effort, *Electric Bukkake* and now that I have the finished product in my hands, it of course sounds even better. In case you don't know, the RIFFMERCHANTS contain ex-members of such West Bay legends as PLUTOCRACY, AGENTS OF SATAN and NO LESS, and are basically the result of five guitar players locking themselves in the studio for years at a time, coming up with an endless array of riffs (hence the name) and weaving them all together in dizzying arrangements while still maintaining the classic sound of their previous bands. Add to this a predilection for prog-rock keyboards (like TARANTULA HAWK or the mighty YETI), left-field samples, racing blast beats and death threats to cops, and you get a truly original and exceptional record. Get in touch: Intolerant Messiah Records, PO Box 6162, San Mateo, CA 94403, intolerantmessiah.com.

Well, that's it for this month. As usual send whatever you got to: Elliott Lange, 701 Broderick St., San Francisco, CA 94117, cromlaughs@hotmail.com. Sorry to anyone who's written and hasn't gotten a response yet—it's coming, I'm slow.

"You complain about the system.
Sounds cool, help to keep some friends.
Grab any shit on TV, anything on papers
You are Mr. Shit!"
—"Safe Rebellion", RAI KO RIS

GUEST COLUMN

by Mike Joyce

LIVE FROM DOWN THE STREET FROM BUDOKAN

A few of you may remember me, Mike Joyce, as the guy who used to ghost write John

Ringhoff's "Pierre Le Pew" column of a few years back. I say "may," but in all likelihood you don't. So, for those who don't know famous Mike Joyce: in brief, I live in Tokyo. I "teach" English at a University here, and my hobbies include drinking excessively and freestyle rapping. None of which makes me qualified to be writing for this magazine but a total lack of qualifications has never stopped me in the past.

A lot of people have asked me about adjusting to life in Japan; they want to know about culture shock, homesickness, and shit like that. The truth is, I've been too drunk to notice any "cultural differences" and I'm far too popular to be lonely. I've almost convinced myself that I am in fact Japanese, so homesickness is the least of my worries.

I was, however, *shocked* to learn that many of the longstanding beliefs I'd held about Japan were totally incorrect. What the fuck! I was more than just a little pissed when I realized I'd been misled. For the benefit of those of you who don't live in Japan and have yet to be enlightened, I'd like to dispel a few of those lies.

Lie #1: "Wow the Japanese are sooooo tiny and efficient."

Bullshit! Tiny? Yes. Efficient? They are most certainly not, my friends! The Japanese have mastered the fine art of looking really busy and whatnot, but the fact of the matter is, it's all a sham. They're not doing anything important, really. For example, if you want to get a Sausage Egg McMuffin Set from McDonalds, there will be 30 people running around individually preparing each part of the set for you, and a few additional people helping out with the tucking and folding of the various bags they put everything in, and by the time they're finished its no longer breakfast and you've been fired from your job because it's like the fifth time you were late for work. Do they really need that guy whose job is to place a single strand of pubic hair on each sandwich? That's one Japanese custom I will never understand. Fuck that guy, he should be fired.

Lie #2: "Japanese people are so fucking polite."

Bullshit! If Japanese people are so goddamned polite, why do they keep trying to push me in front of trains? That's pretty fucking rude, in my book.

Lie #3: "The Japanese 'salaryman' is the new samurai."

Bullshit! In the 1980s, a lot of people talked about how the Japanese "salaryman" was the new samurai and how he was going to make Japan the mightiest nation in the world. The reality is, sensitive indie-folk troubadour Elliott Smith was far more of a samurai than these guys ever were. Because when the going got tough, Elliott totally went for it and stabbed himself in the gut hara-kiri style, while the average businessman just throws himself in front of trains, totally fucking up my morning commute. You have to give Elliott some respect for going out like a champ, even though I didn't really care for him when he was alive. Recently, the salarymen haven't been doing this as much, ever since the train companies have started billing the families of the victim for the cleanup costs. But these guys are still chumps.

Lie #4: "Holy shit!!! Japanese girls have vaginas in their armpits!!!!"

Bullshit! So I have had the opportunity to check out a number of Japanese vaginas in the two plus years that I have been living here, like the time that I went to the Japanese National Museum of Vaginas and Penises in Tokyo's Roppongi district. It was an eye opening experience, to say the least. Japanese vaginas are not located anywhere near the armpit. They are actually located surprisingly close to where normal vaginas are, around where the average white butthole would normally be. Loverboy wrote a song about Japanese vaginas once, sung to the tune of "Hot Blooded." That song is called "Twat Butted:"

Well I'm Twat Butted, check it and see,
I got a beaver where my asshole should be
Come on baby take a look in my pants,
I'm Twat Butted, Twat Butted.

This song was never released domestically, due its explicit lyrical content and controversial subject matter. It was only released in Japan as the B-Side to "Hot Blooded," and these days fetches a pretty penny on various online auction sites and Christie's and shit. Good luck finding a copy; it's a *collector's item*.

One thing that I was told that was true was that the punk and hardcore scene over here is great. Mostly I'm in it for the drinking but I've seen some amazing bands as well. If you ever end up in Tokyo, here are five to see:

UG MAN: Even though I think Mr. Taniguchi is the only original member, these guys still destroy. Nowadays they sound like a vaguely psychedelic INFEST with a bit less powerviolence, and Mr. Taniguchi makes the best guitar faces of just about anyone in Japan. Their tracks on the *Terro-Rhythm Vol. 2* comp CD on Dan-Doh Records (no website—write to "K-Klub"; 2-I-26 Honmachi; Kochi, 780-0870, Japan). Also, check out www.lessthan.tv, for minimal info about Mr. Taniguchi's record label "Less Than TV."

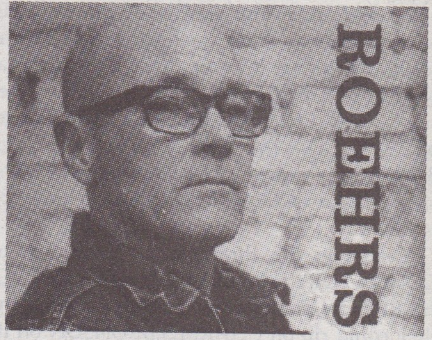
QUILL is a total spastic mess! They were a fast core band at one point, but have mutated into this vaguely progish chaotic mess; it's totally entertaining to watch. Visit them online! http://f14.aaa.livedoor.jp/~quill/menu.html

DEEP SLAUTER are young Tokyo dudes who have improved a lot since I first saw them last summer and are totally killing it these days. They play fast, loud, modern thrash that's vaguely melodic as well. . Some might be put off by the occasional ska-ish breakdown though. They have a website!
http://members.jcom.home.ne.jp/2117765301/

IDOL PUNCH: This band is an ear-splitting combo of screechy violence and pretty melodies. Say what you will about the music, but live they are unbeatable, and usually naked. They recently released a collection of 10 years' worth of recordings, on Thrash On Life records. http://www2.odn.ne.jp/idol-punch/

KEEN MONKEY WORK: This band is totally lazy, hence the title of their first CD *Slow Pork*. I thought it was some sort of sex reference but I think lots of things are sex references, including but not limited to words like "blogging." I prefer fast porks anyway. Their two tracks on Needle Records' "King Sized Needle" omnibus are great. Live, they are a little more sedate than I usually like but in all they are a fantastic KBD/'77 influenced band without being Civil War re-creationists about it or anything. Great modern garage punk. http://keenmonkeywork.hp.infoseek.co.jp

Questions? Comments? Beef? Send to: mikemoyce@yahoo.com or 162 0801; Tokyo To, Shinjuku Ku, Yamabukicho 263 JAPAN



Even the Score

Fuck yes! Two great bands, BLOWN TO BITS and DEATHTOLL, from the San Francisco Bay Area, have teamed up for a destructo-phonic split LP! The new Despotic Records LP is absolutely raging punk rock for you headbangers! BLOWN TO BITS kicks off the festivities with an attack that will fuck up your mind! This shit is so goddamn heavy your brain will leak out your friggin' ears! Check in on this list of songs to mangle your face and rip out your throat! "World of Lies," "Mass Suicide," "Bullshit Records," "Dust and Bones," "Lifeless Shell," "Pathetic Apathetic," and "Ing Skulla." Whew! Fucking heavy-duty hard punk atrocities perpetrated on unsuspecting souls here!

Side two of this brilliant Despotic Records split LP brings you a band that has devastated every member of every crowd that has witnessed its cruel punk stab-and-eviscerate method. Fuck! DEATHTOLL has reintroduced the scorched earth policy! These men will burn the ears off your skull! DEATHTOLL begins with "Even the Score." Read this fucker's lyrics: "Today is the day / That I even the score / And become the person / You just can't ignore / Your dreams they change / Into nightmares / When you got to sleep / Making you regret / The day you fucked with me / The day will come / Redemption time / Nowhere to run / Nowhere to hide you fool / You are running out of the time / Today is the day / I take it all back / Not going to take / Anymore of your crap / Your dreams they change / Into nightmares / When you go to sleep / I will make you regret / The day that you fucked with me."

Holy crap! That song will fuck you up for sure! In these times of senseless war DEATHTOLL offers "Reduced to Ash" and "Prophecy of Death." Read on, punk: "The world is on fire / Destroying all living / A world stripped of its beauty / Nothing left but darkness / Human flesh reduced to ash / How could things go wrong so fast / And now there is nothing we can do / This world is so cruel." Fuck yes! DEATHTOLL drops the hammer on the fucking warmongers!

"Worth Shit" is the next song — a bitter statement about someone who let you down but dares to show their face. Next up is "Living a Lie," about a betrayal by a friend — this is heart-rending emotion pouring out of the record! Read: "You just can't seem to find out / What you feel / Burnt out dreams of others / You can steal / Take it or leave it / That's the way it is / And now you have gone too far now / Don't call yourself a friend / You're living a lie / Live your life not mine / You've been this way / For too fucking long." Whew! "Worth Shit" and "Living a Lie" undermine the ability to trust and care for one's fellow human beings on this fucked-up planet!

Next we have a very strong anti-war, anti-religion message. Read "No Good Side to Death": "Preacher man / Take a look and see / Religious fundamentals / Destroying land and see / Terror fills hearts / With hate / As religious wars / Exterminate / Since the dawn of time / Man has killed for god / Nothing compares / To the hate we see / There is no good side to death." Yes!

Next up, DEATHTOLL offers their take on a common theme amongst punks and skins — DEATHTOLL hates the police!! Feel the venom pouring out of this number, "Bastard Police": "With your power trip / We can never be free / You're a disgrace / To the human race / With your attitude to feed / Why won't you let me live my own life / Big brother is watching you / And there is nowhere to hide / Kick in my door / Violate my rights / If I had things my way / You would be shot / Just one bullet straight to the head / Your days of corruption have come to an end." Fuck yes!

DEATHTOLL has participated in one of the most significant split LPs to come out of the San Francisco Bay Area in many years. DEATHTOLL has harnessed anger with the hard-hitting punk sound in a way that very few punk bands have ever accomplished! Fucking excellent! For your copy of the BLOWN TO BITS / DEATHTOLL LP, write to Despotic Records, PO Box 832, Long Beach, CA 90801, www.despoticrecords.tk. Contact DEATHTOLL: info@deathtoll.net, www.deathtollnet.

The REPOS from Illinois have some excellent product for you this month. In spring of 2003, the REPOS recorded an album comprised of fifteen songs — 14 originals and a cover of "Straight Jacket" by JERRY'S KIDS. This is hectic punk rock with shouted vocals and urgent guitar bass and drums. You don't get a chance to catch your breath — the minute the needle touches down on this slab, total mayhem ensues! Check out this list of song titles and you will get the idea: "Attack from All Sides," "Comedy Joke Time," "OK," "Voice in My Head," "We Yell," "Laughing in My Sleep," "Are We Dead Yet?" "Buried Bones," "Go Faster," "Repossessed," "The Kids Don't Care," "Straight Jacket," "Waiting for Death," "Bathtub Methlab," and "Certified Cult Band."

Check out some of the lyrics to the lead off song one, side one, "Attack from All Sides": "Watch out you dumb fucks / I've got a brand new outlook / And it's not pretty / I'm gonna tear down this city / I've been so bored / Complacent no more / My only goal is to tear shit apart / Who can stop me? / You and what army? / You can't touch me when my crew comes storming / Run and hide from the crimson tide / This is your demise / Wave of death takes." This punk rock is furious, frantic and edgy — bound to make you sedate punks uncomfortable! The *Attack from All Sides* LP fucking burns a ridge in your cranium! This shit is available from Fork Burn Records in association with Youth Attack Records.

The second punk rock treat this month featuring the REPOS is a split with FOURTEEN OR FIGHT. This fucking great record on the Gloom label starts out on side A with that amazing bunch of punk rockers, FOURTEEN OR FIGHT, whom you have heard on Martin's Lengua Armada Records. FOURTEEN OR FIGHT rips into "Revenge of the Latchkey Kids." This song has some strong feelings lurking in the lyrics. Read these words: "So what if we've wasted our youth / On going to shows and staying out late? / For your whole life you've always followed the rules / But look at the uncreative life you have to show for it / I may be 30 but you're the one who's old / A worldwide network of rejects / We take chances because we're idealistic, not brave / And we've paid our dues sleeping on hardwood floors / I wouldn't trade a second for the fucking world / And we'll finally get revenge / Revenge of the latchkey kids / Somehow I survived."

FOURTEEN OR FIGHT clobbers you with "Aggressive Collector," about record geeks missing the point, and "Comp Amp A Go-Go" about going on the road with a band playing in "exotic basements and VFWs." The final FOURTEEN OR FIGHT song is a strong kick in the gut. Read these lyrics to "Godless America": "The shopping mall's sign says / 'Our White God will win' / Because they are backwards, poor and dumb / It's all so red, black and white, and blue / You're either with us or them / God bless America / And fuck the assholes aren't like us / God bless America / In order to save democracy / We had to destroy it / Patriotism means no more questions / They know what's best for us / Just keep your mouth shut / It's almost over now / We're killing hearts and minds / God bless America / May his steady hand guide our M-16s / God bless America / They'll either welcome us / With tears in their eyes / Or on their knees / Where they can never fight back." Fucking excellent!

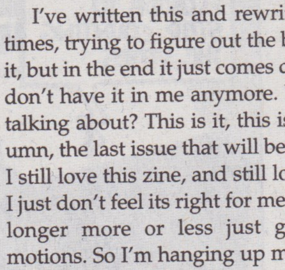
Side two of this fucker features the aforementioned REPOS. With a hard-charging set of seven blistering punk nuggets, the REPOS slam right into their first killer punk tunes, "No Control" and "One Last Time." Two great songs! Read this shit: "No control / In packs we run through darkness / In blood we're unified / Destroy what lies before us / No control / You're gonna die / We split the night like lightning / We strike in waves of pain / Whirlwind of bastard power / We will decide your fate one last time / Lying paralyzed spitting out teeth / Losing blood / Track marks on my feet / Here's one last time / We'll play our last set / A real crankfest for you sadists / Fuck you / Here's one last time you'll smile while we bleed / Four more minutes of pain is all you need / Here's to one last time / Goodnight this time / I'll bash my head apart one last time / I'll smash my face on the floor for you this time / I'll cut my wrists one last time / Cuz this is it / Let's fucking go."

Excellent! The REPOS continue with five more rocking songs: "Fugitive Family 2," "Ha Ha Hardcore," "Alright!?!" "Fast Decline," and "Hollow Trees." This is a really good record! For your copy of the REPOS/FOURTEEN OR FIGHT split, contact Gloom Records, PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12212.

Attention punks! A bunch of no-good fucks from New Orleans, Louisiana have fucking treated you with complete disregard! These cretins call themselves DIE ROTZZ and they have released the absolutely mesmerizing *Tugboat* EP. This is primitive, stripped-down punk rock not unlike the SHIT DOGS in 1978. This is that kind of visceral punk played from the heart without pretensions. On side A, DIE ROTZZ chugs through "Goring El Matador" and "No Change," and conjures up visions of the CORPSICLES playing at a high school dance. This is great! Side B starts with "Tugboat," a catchy little punk rock number that might have you digging out your DESPERATE BICYCLES 7"s. DIE ROTZZ finishes you off with a fine number, "Knife from Behind," proving that these evil fucks are channeling dead punk bands from beyond the grave! Fucking amazing!

Until next month—

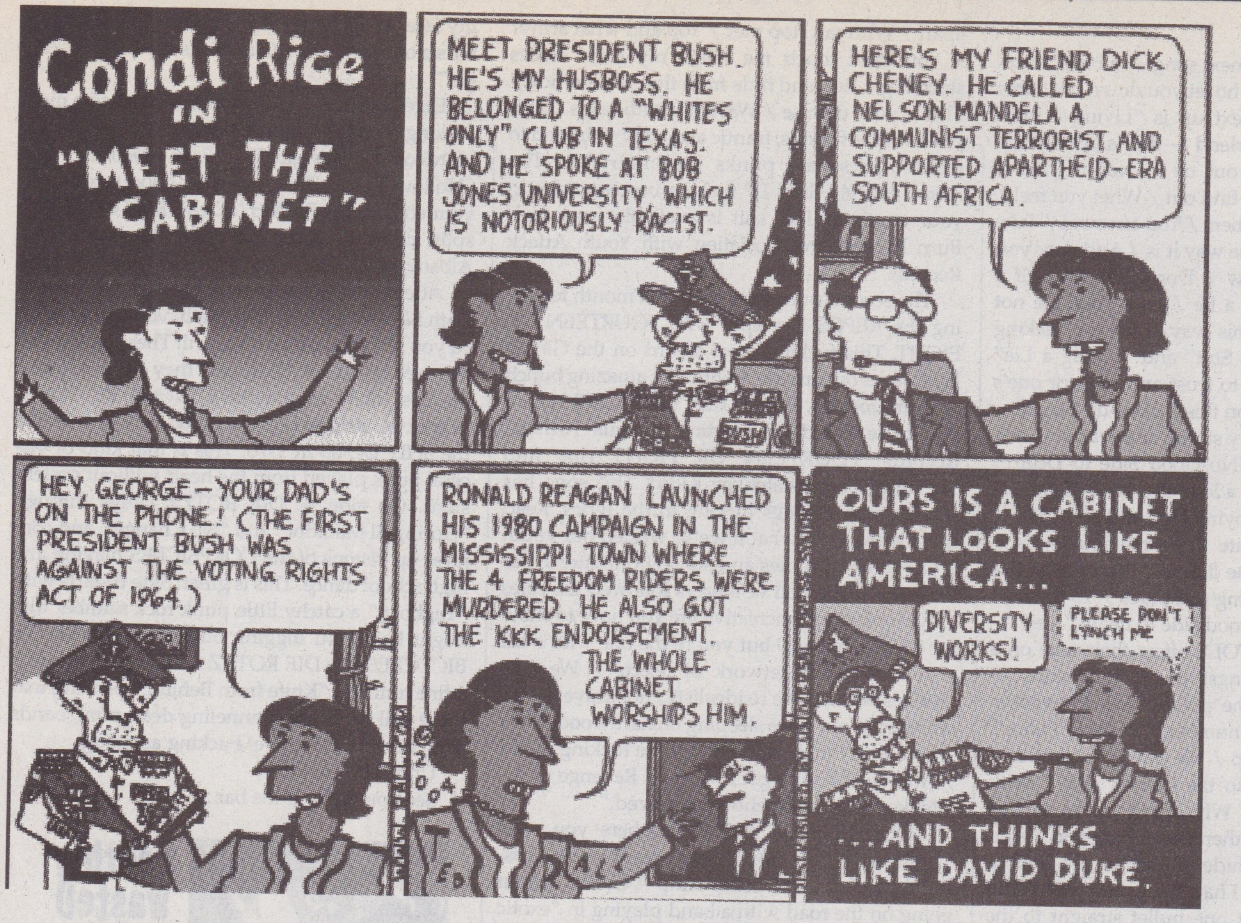
See you fucks at the bar...

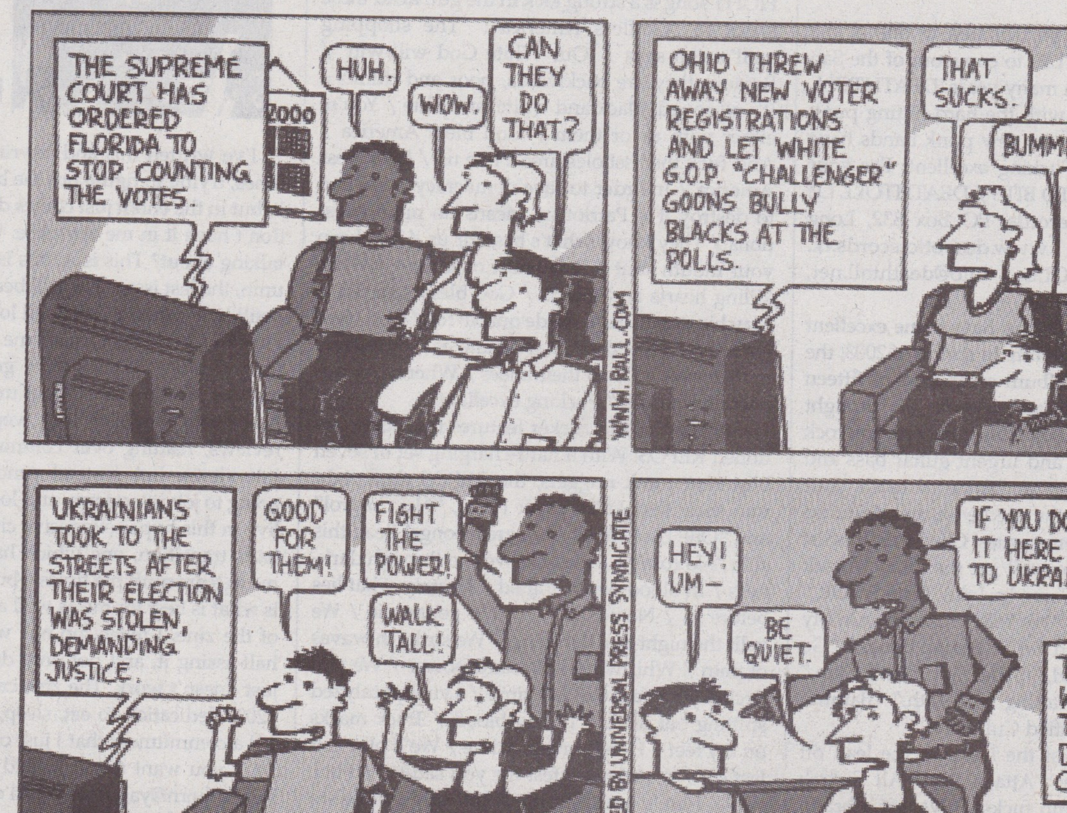


Another wasteD NIGHT with

MIKE THORN

I've written this and rewritten this too many times, trying to figure out the best way to explain it, but in the end it just comes down to this—I just don't have it in me anymore. What the hell am I talking about? This is it, this is my last *MRR* column, the last issue that will bear my name. While I still love this zine, and still love the punk scene, I just don't feel its right for me to continue on any longer more or less just going through the motions. So I'm hanging up my proverbial boots. I've spent the last few weeks not inputting reviews, reading over columns, and laying out interviews, but instead sending out resumes, going to job interviews, and looking for a place to live in this hyper-expensive city. Its going to be a hard transition, one which has already brought me to tears multiple times—but in the end I feel it is what is best for me as well as well as the future of the zine. I mean, no one wants a coordinator half-assing it, and not only don't you want it, it just doesn't work. The zine can't work without a 120% dedication to eat, sleep, and breathe *MRR*. It's a commitment that I just can't make anymore. So if you want to get a hold of me you can via mikedthorn@yahoo.com and offer me jobs, places to live or mountains of free money. Cheers.


Condi Rice IN "MEET THE CABINET"
MEET PRESIDENT BUSH. HE'S MY HUSBOSS. HE BELONGED TO A "WHITES ONLY" CLUB IN TEXAS. AND HE SPOKE AT BOB JONES UNIVERSITY, WHICH IS NOTORIOUSLY RACIST.
BUSH
HERE'S MY FRIEND DICK CHENEY. HE CALLED NELSON MANDELA A COMMUNIST TERRORIST AND SUPPORTED APARTHEID-ERA SOUTH AFRICA.
HEY, GEORGE—YOUR DAD'S ON THE PHONE! (THE FIRST PRESIDENT BUSH WAS AGAINST THE VOTING RIGHTS ACT OF 1964.)
RONALD REAGAN LAUNCHED HIS 1980 CAMPAIGN IN THE MISSISSIPPI TOWN WHERE THE 4 FREEDOM RIDERS WERE MURDERED. HE ALSO GOT THE KKK ENDORSEMENT.
THE WHOLE CABINET WORSHIPS HIM.
©2004 TED RALL
OURS IS A CABINET THAT LOOKS LIKE AMERICA...
DIVERSITY WORKS!
PLEASE DON'T LYNCH ME
...AND THINKS LIKE DAVID DUKE.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HEY! UM—
BE QUIET.
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THANKS FOR WATCHING THE DEMOCRACY CHANNEL.
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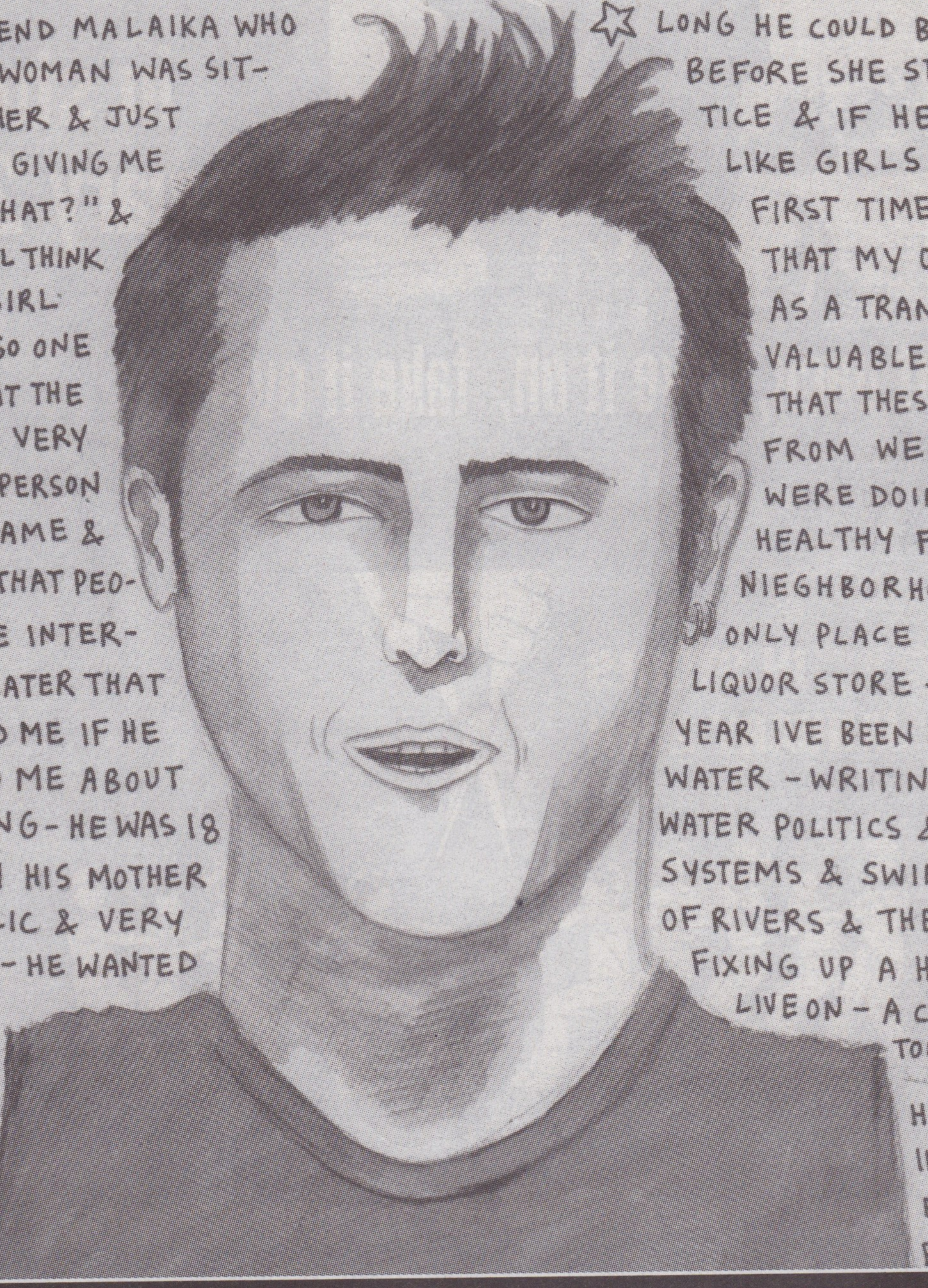
I HAD SURGERY (TO CHOP OFF MY TITS) - I WAS AT THIS RETREAT TO PLAN AN URBAN ROOTZ CAMP - A SUMMER CAMP FOR HIGH SCHOOL KIDS INVOLVED IN FOOD JUSTICE ORGANIZING - I TOLD THE OTHER ORGANIZORS (WHO WERE MOSTLY STRAIGHT & FROM PRETTY DIFFERENT BACKGROUNDS FROM ME) THAT I WAS TRANS - THEY WERE CONFUSED BUT SUPPORTIVE - THEN A YEAR LATER I HELPED RUN THAT CAMP AGAIN & IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS ANTI-OPPRESSION WORKSHOP I CAME OUT TO ALL OF THESE KIDS - AFTERWARDS AT DINNER THIS WOMAN WHO WAS AN OLDER ACTIVIST - A FORMER BLACK PANTHER - WANTED TO TALK TO ME ABOUT IT - SHE SAID "I HAD NO IDEA THAT YOU WERENT JUST A NORMAL GUY" SHE ALSO SAID "YOU JUST OPENED MY MIND UP TO SOMETHING IVE NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT BEFORE" - MY FRIEND MALAIKA WHO MET ME AS A WOMAN WAS SITTING NEXT TO HER & JUST STARING AT ME GIVING ME A LOOK LIKE "WHAT?" & I SAID "YOU STILL THINK I LOOK LIKE A GIRL DON'T YOU?" - SO ONE OF THE YOUTH AT THE CAMP WAS THIS VERY BUTCH LOOKING PERSON WITH A GIRL'S NAME & A BOY'S NAME THAT PEOPLE WOULD USE INTERCHANGABLY - LATER THAT WEEK HE ASKED ME IF HE COULD TALK TO ME ABOUT TRANSITIONING - HE WAS 18 & LIVING WITH HIS MOTHER WHO IS CATHOLIC & VERY HOMOPHOBIC - HE WANTED TO KNOW HOW ☆↗

☆ LONG HE COULD BE ON HORMONES BEFORE SHE STARTED TO NOTICE & IF HE WOULD STILL LIKE GIRLS - THAT WAS THE FIRST TIME THAT I FELT THAT MY OWN EXPERIENCE AS A TRANS PERSON WAS VALUABLE TO THE WORK THAT THESE YOUNG PEOPLE FROM WEST OAKLAND WERE DOING - TO BRING HEALTHY FOOD INTO A NIEGHBORHOOD WHERE THE ONLY PLACE TO SHOP IS A LIQUOR STORE - FOR THE LAST YEAR IVE BEEN OBSESSED WITH WATER - WRITING A BOOK ABOUT WATER POLITICS & GRAY WATER SYSTEMS & SWIMMING IN LOTS OF RIVERS & THE S.F. BAY & FIXING UP A HOUSE BOAT TO LIVE ON - A CHINESE DOCTOR TOLD ME THAT TRANS PEOPLE OFTEN HAVE AN IMBALANCE IN THIER WATER ELEMENT & THAT BEING AROUND WA-

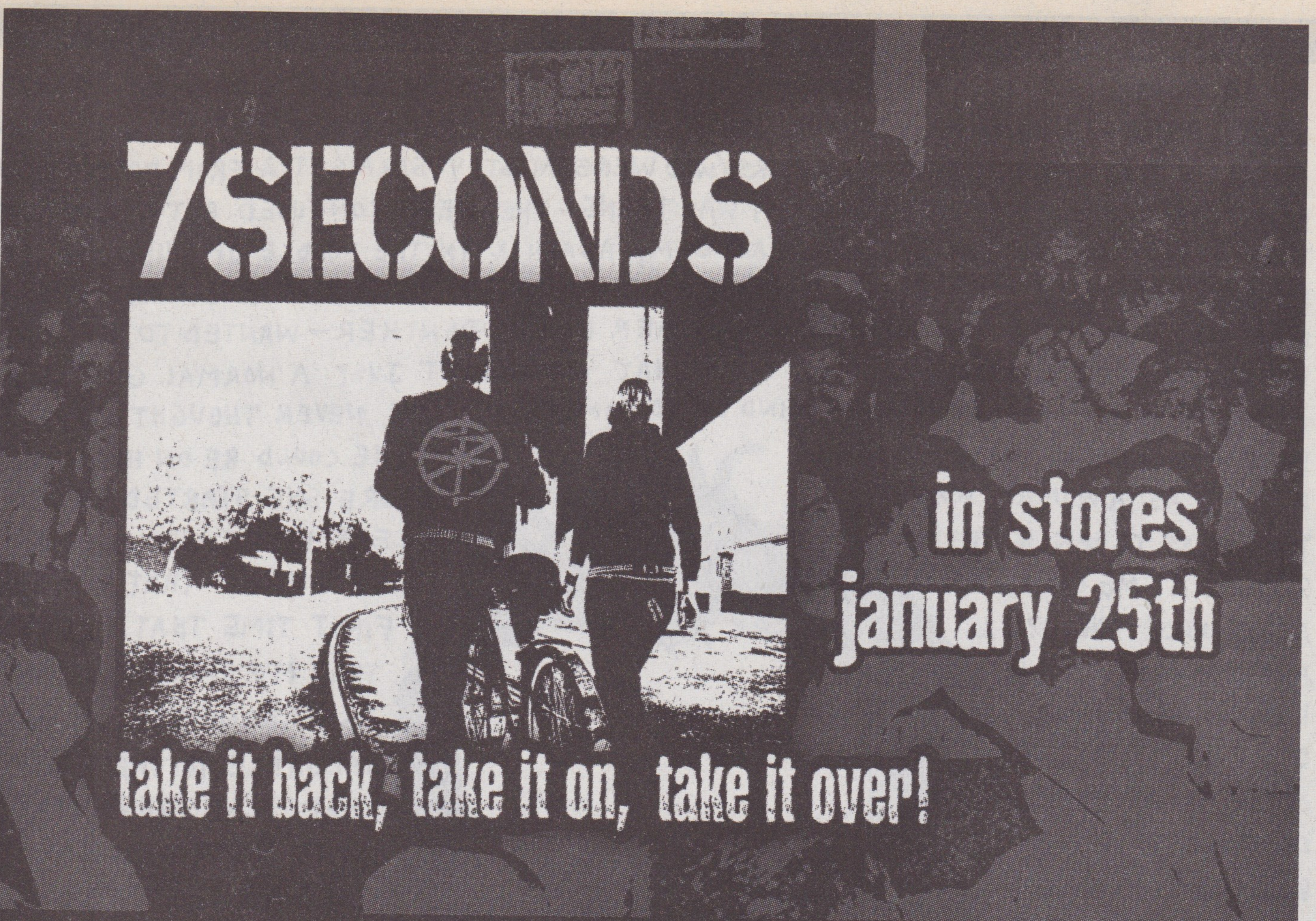


29/2K4

CLEO - 11/29/2K4 - LOWER EAST SIDE NYC

WHEN I FIRST MET CLEO YEARS AGO HE WAS A GIRL NAMED CLEA & WAS PASSING THROUGH NEW YORK & GAVE ME A COPY OF A ZINE HE HAD WORKED ON CALLED THE GUERRILLA GRAYWATER GIRLS GUIDE TO WATER—WE HOOKED UP AGAIN OUT IN OAKLAND WHERE HE LIVES & WORKS ON COOL PROJECTS LIKE A BOOK CALLED URBAN WILDS: GARDENERS' STORIES OF THE STRUGGLE FOR LAND & JUSTICE—WWW.URBANWILDS.ORG—RECENTLY CLEO HAS BEEN FIXING UP A HOUSEBOAT TO LIVE ON & HAS JUST FINISHED A PROJECT WITH ANNIE DANGER CALLED SINK OR SWIM: A HISTORY OF SAUSAL CREEK—HE IS ALSO WORKING ON A BOOK CALLED DAM NATION WHICH WILL BE OUT IN MAY PUBLISHED BY SOFT SKULL—INFO@URBANWILDS.ORG

TO CONTACT FLY PLEASE EMAIL FLY@BWAY.NET & PUT MRR IN THE SUBJECT SO I KNOW IT'S NOT SPAM—THANKS!!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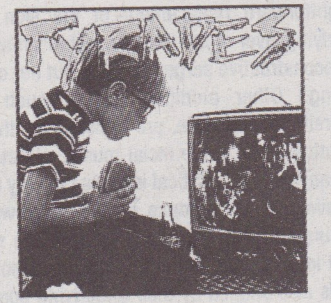

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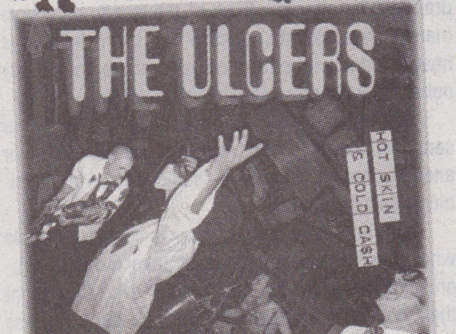

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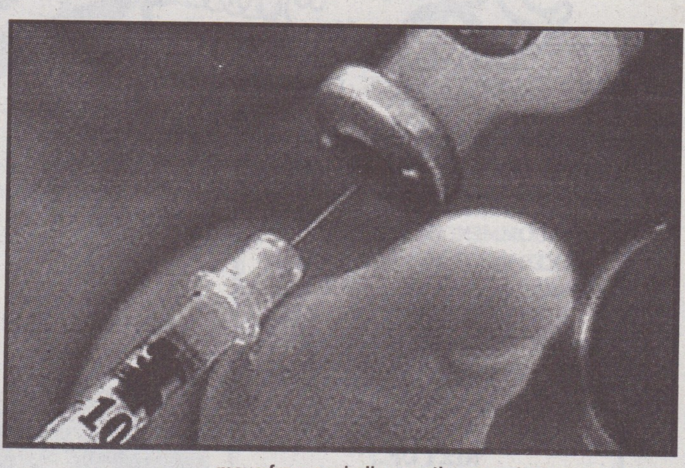
FACE TRANSPLANTS: DEAD MEN WALKING?

By Paul Taylor, *Globe and Mail*



Gwendolyn Arrington is not a pretty sight. When she was a young woman, her face was horribly burned in a natural-gas explosion in her home. In the 15 years since the accident, Mrs. Arrington has undergone more than 30 operations to restore her appearance. But the end result is far from ideal. Her face is a patchwork of skin grafts and tissue flaps taken from other parts of her body. She can't go out in public without attracting the unwelcome attention of strangers. "I receive a lot of stares. Little toddlers might say: 'Look at the monster.' Or, people just walk into walls," said the 37-year-old, who lives in Cleveland, Ohio. So, when the renowned Cleveland Clinic recently announced it was preparing to do face transplants — which would be a world first — Mrs. Arrington quickly called for more details. "It actually gave me a sense of hope to look somewhat normal," she said. If the procedure goes ahead as planned in the not-too-distant future, a disfigured person could have his or her face surgically removed and replaced with one from a dead donor.

But the revolutionary procedure, which could dramatically alter the lives of thousands of people marred by accidents, disease and birth defects, is heavily laden with ethical issues that are being hotly debated by experts in a wide range of fields.

After all, our face is intrinsically linked to our sense of identity. What would it be like to wear another person's face? And would it be even possible to find suitable donors?

There are also medical issues to consider. People who undergo transplants must take immune-suppressing drugs for the rest of their lives to prevent their bodies from rejecting the new tissue. These powerful drugs increase the risks of organ damage, infections, cancer and premature death. In the case of a heart transplant, it's clear the patient would die without it. But a person doesn't need a face transplant to survive. It would essentially be a lifestyle choice.

From a purely technical point of view, doctors have had the ability to do face transplants for many years, said John Barker, director of plastic-surgery research at the University of Louisville in Kentucky. When surgeons completed the first hand transplant in 1998, it was indirect proof that a face could be transplanted, too, said Dr. Barker, who is working on a joint face-transplant proposal with a team at his own university and researchers in the Netherlands.

The microsurgical skills required for both operations are similar, such as stitching together tiny nerves and blood vessels, he explained. Furthermore, the same drugs that prevent rejection of the hand should also work for the face. (Both body parts contain highly immune-reactive skin, the first line of defense against foreign invaders.) Researchers also have performed the operation on animals. The successes are in a lab at the Cleveland Clinic where the faces of brown and white rats have been swapped. The biggest hurdle to overcome could be gaining public acceptance for the controversial procedure, which stirs a sense of morbid curiosity in some and revulsion in others. Earlier this year, the Royal College of Surgeons of England concluded that further study was needed before a face transplant could take place in that country.

The hospital plans to select only the most extreme burn cases for the first potential transplant patients. The surgery would involve the relatively straightforward replacement of the skin and an underlying layer of fat. (Mrs. Arrington's many previous reconstructive surgeries could put her out of the running.) Other medical centers, such as the University of Louisville, are considering the transplantation of the entire facial-muscle structure.

For many people, a critical issue is the very idea of a face swap. Will it produce a "dead man walking?" The surgeons say it's highly unlikely the recipient would look like the donor because a person's likeness is also shaped by their underlying bone structure, which won't change. To get a better idea of possible outcomes, Dr. Barker has been conducting transplant experiments on cadavers in his lab at the University of Louisville. The preliminary results suggest the person would resemble neither his old self nor the donor. "They look very different," Dr. Barker said.

But a radical change in appearance raises another issue: Some experts are concerned that such a major transformation could have unpredictable psychological consequences. "I do believe that there will be a lot of internal turmoil," as the person adjusts to their new visage, said Françoise Baylis, a professor in the departments of bioethics and philosophy at Dalhousie University in Halifax. But she also noted that the initial disfigurement itself would have had a profound impact on the person. And a new face might not be enough to wipe away the old emotional scars. "It is not clear you are going to move from a wholly negative experience in the world to a wholly positive one."

And even if face transplants prove to be medically successful, they could have a dampening effect on transplants in general. Many people might be reluctant to donate their organs if they thought their face would be part of the mix. "People might think twice ...[if] their face will be taken off," Prof. Baylis said. "One needs to have carefully thought through and anticipated...the possible consequences."

Facial disfigurement can happen in many ways — a bullet, severe burns, cancer's ravages. Surgeons, however, currently have limited means to repair such devastating injuries. They can try to reconstruct the face using skin grafts and flaps (thick pieces of tissue containing blood vessels) taken from other parts of the person's body. The material might come from the back, an arm, even the buttock. As might be expected, the matches are usually far from perfect for the highly visible skin of the face. What's more, scar tissue and adhesions can restrict facial muscle, creating a mask-like appearance and limiting facial expressions. Some patients must endure scores of separate surgeries. Confronted by such surgical limitations, some experts are convinced a complete face transplant would be a better option.

"You would go to a brain-dead individual...in perfect condition," said Dr. John Barker of the University of Louisville. "You would cut away all the tissue you need...and then drape it over where you need it" on the transplant recipient. Tiny blood vessels and nerves could then be connected using microsurgery. "Technically, it is easier to transplant a face than what is done today," he added.

TROOPS PUT THORNY QUESTIONS TO RUMSFELD

CNN

U.S. Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld faced tough questioning from troops about to be deployed to Iraq. Soldiers at Camp Buehring, a staging area in the Kuwait desert, peppered Rumsfeld with queries about the standard of equipment they would be using and about the Pentagon's "stop-loss" policy, which prevents troops from leaving the military service even if they are eligible to retire or quit.

One soldier, identified by The Associated Press as Army Spc. Thomas Wilson of the 278th Regimental Combat Team, a Tennessee National Guard outfit, asked Rumsfeld why more military combat vehicles were not reinforced for battle conditions. "Why do we soldiers have to dig through local landfills for pieces of scrap metal and compromised ballistic glass to uparmor our vehicles?" Wilson asked.

The question prompted cheers from some of the approximately 2,300 troops assembled in the large hangar to hear Rumsfeld deliver a pep talk at what the Pentagon called a town hall meeting. Rumsfeld said armored military vehicles have been brought to the region "from all over the world, from where they're not needed to a place they're needed."

In Washington, Pentagon spokesman Larry Di Rita said about 450 armored Humvees are being produced each month. This is up from August 2003 when only 15 per month were made. That's about the time commanders in Iraq started asking for them because of the increased use of roadside bombs by insurgents.

"It's essentially a matter of physics, not a matter of money," Rumsfeld said. "It's a matter of production and the capability of doing it." In April, the Pentagon said it was spending $400 million to replace the Army's thin-skinned Humvees in Iraq with the so-called "uparmored" reinforced versions. "As you know, you have to go to war with the Army you have, not the Army you want," Rumsfeld said. He added, "You can have all the armor in the world on a tank, and it can [still] be blown up."

Rumsfeld's response to the question drew quick criticism from one Democratic legislator. Sen. Chris Dodd of Connecticut said he sent a letter to Rumsfeld asking whether the military met a self-imposed July 31 deadline to fully armor the troops. "I understand how you may be forced into a situation earlier than you'd like where you might not have everything you want, but it's now going into the third year," Dodd said.

Initial war estimates said U.S. forces might need as many as 800 heavily armored vehicles in Iraq, but current estimates call for as many as 6,000, said retired Air Force Maj. Gen. Don Shepperd, a CNN military analyst. "The command over there basically distributes the armored vehicles to those they think that need them the most," Shepperd said. "Everybody would like to have one, but there's simply not enough in theater right now."

Maj. Gen. Gary Speer, deputy commanding general of U.S. forces in Kuwait, told the AP that as far as he knows vehicles going to Iraq from Kuwait's Camp Buehring have at least "Level 3" armor. These vehicles would have locally fabricated armor for side panels, but not necessarily bulletproof windows or protection against blasts through floorboards, according to the AP. Speer said he wasn't aware of anyone looking through landfills for scrap metal and glass, the AP reported.

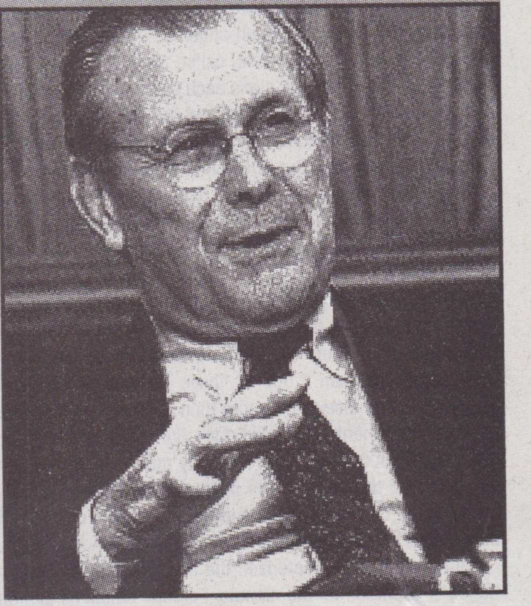
Maj. Gen. Gus L. Hargett, adjutant general, or commander, of the Tennessee National Guard, disputed Speer's comments. "I know that members of his staff were aware and assisted the 278th in obtaining these materials," Hargett said in a news release. About 19,000 armored Humvees are in the Central Command's area of operations, which includes Iraq and Afghanistan, Di Rita said. That is about 2,000 short of what commanders have requested, he said.

Di Rita pointed out it is Pentagon policy that troops driving Humvees into Iraq drive only armored vehicles. Unarmored Humvees are transported into the country on flatbed trucks and used only inside compounds and other relatively safe areas, he said. The Army has about $1.2 billion in its budget for armored Humvees and armor kits, Di Rita said.

Another soldier asked Rumsfeld about the stop-loss order. Critics of the policy have called it a "backdoor draft." A group of soldiers filed a lawsuit this week challenging the policy. "My husband and myself both joined a volunteer Army," said the woman, who identified herself as a staff sergeant in a logistics unit from Fort Bragg, North Carolina. "Currently, I'm serving under the stop-loss. I would like to know how much longer you foresee the military using this program."

Rumsfeld said the policy "is something you prefer not to have to use in a perfect world." "It's based on unit cohesion," Rumsfeld said. "The principle is that — in the event there is something that requires a unit to be involved in, and people are in a personal situation where their time was ending — they put a stop-loss on it so cohesion is maintained." He did not specify how long the stop-loss order would continue. "It's basically a sound principle. It's nothing new; it's been well understood" by soldiers, Rumsfeld said. "My guess is it will continue to be used as little as possible, but that it will continue to be used."

About 7,000 U.S. soldiers have been affected by the stop-loss order, Army officials said.



BRITISH GOVERNMENT ORDERS EMAIL PURGE

From an article in Herald Sun

Millions of emails to British government staff will be automatically wiped out 11 days before freedom of information laws come into force. The Cabinet Office, which supports Prime Minister Tony Blair and co-ordinates government policy, has ruled that emails more than three months old must be deleted from December 20, according to The Times.

Its 2,000 civil servants are being told to print and file emails that should be disclosed under the Freedom of Information (FoI) Act, the newspaper said. It will be up to the individual which emails are printed, with no monitoring from heads of department. Many officials, who receive about 100 emails a day, will have at least 3,000 items in their mailboxes, it said.

Although the deleted emails will be stored on back-up systems, these have been declared off limits to freedom of information requests because of the cost of accessing them, it added. The Conservative opposition party said Blair's Labour government was deliberately trying to destroy embarrassing information. "This begs the question how much more does the Labour administration need to hide," Michael Fabricant, the Shadow Minister for Industry and Technology, was quoted as saying.

The decision also raises questions about whether the trail of correspondence which brought down David Blunkett, the former home secretary, would have surfaced.

The Cabinet Office insisted that the exercise was not related to the Freedom of Information Act but was "good records management practice," to stop files blocking the system.

TURKEY TO JOIN EUROPEAN UNION?

from a Reuters article
By Sebastian Alison and Zerin Elci

Turkey's Prime Minister is keeping the EU waiting on whether he will accept the terms of its historic offer to start accession negotiations, leaving late-night talks with the bloc's presidency without a deal. The European Union's 25 leaders agreed to offer Ankara talks aimed at joining the wealthy bloc, starting on October 3, 2005, but insisted Turkey must move towards recognizing Cyprus by then, a step Ankara has rejected until now.

"It was a business-like conversation," Dutch Prime Minister Jan Peter Balkenende, whose country holds the bloc's presidency, told reporters after two hours of talks with Turkish Prime Minister Tayyip Erdogan. "We all know that this is of great importance and because of that it is important to exchange opinions." Erdogan told reporters they would resume their talks.

EU leaders agreed the aim of talks would be membership rather than any privileged partnership but no outcome would be guaranteed, diplomats said. If talks failed, the EU would seek other ways of tying NATO member Turkey, viewed by Washington and others as a key Western ally, into European structures.

Neither Balkenende nor Erdogan revealed the substance of their talks, with Balkenende saying merely that they had "talked in detail about several aspects." Asked if he was optimistic about the next round of talks, Erdogan replied: "Let's wish them well," as he returned to his hotel. "After the meeting we will see the result."

EU leaders agreed to offer a date to start accession talks more than 40 years after Ankara signed an association deal as a first step to membership in 1963, and clearly felt the terms were good. "The European Union has opened its door to Turkey," European Commission President Jose Manuel Barroso told an EU summit news conference. "I genuinely believe that this is an offer that Turkey should be glad to accept."

Turkey's supporters see a chance to bridge a divide between Europe and the Islamic world by incorporating a vibrant Muslim democracy. Opponents say Turkey would be hard to integrate and that the EU would risk "enlarging itself to death" by extending its borders to Iran, Iraq and Syria. The most sensitive issue was Cyprus, the east Mediterranean island divided into Greek and Turkish sectors which has eluded 30 years of diplomatic efforts at a solution.

The EU leaders stipulated Turkey must extend its existing EU association agreement to the bloc's 10 new member states, including Cyprus, giving Nicosia de facto recognition, before starting talks. The 10 joined on May 1 this year when the EU expanded eastward. A senior Greek official said Greece and the Greek Cypriot government were fully satisfied with the terms.

Balkenende acknowledged there were differences among member states on the candidacy of the poor, agrarian nation of 70 million on the hinge of southeast Europe and the Middle East. Polls show Turkish accession is deeply unpopular in West European heavyweight states France and Germany.

One core issue — whether to provide for a permanent emergency brake on labor migration from Turkey — was left for a decision on Friday.

Turkey, which plunged into its worst recession since 1945 after twin financial crises in 2000-2001, cannot join the EU until 2015 at the earliest but hopes entry talks will encourage foreign investors. Earlier this week Ankara struck a deal with the International Monetary Fund on a new $10 billion loan.

SIGNATURE ON DEATH LETTERS FUELS RUMSFELD CRITICISM

CNN

Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld faced renewed criticism Sunday from lawmakers, including one prominent Republican, after he said he has not personally signed letters sent to family members of troops killed in action. Rumsfeld made the acknowledgment in a statement to military newspaper Stars and Stripes, saying that he would begin signing such letters.

Stars and Stripes had reported that Rumsfeld's letters carried a mechanical reproduction of his signature, which angered some military families. Sen. Chuck Hagel, a leading GOP critic of Rumsfeld, called the news about the letters "astounding," and noted that President Bush signs each of his letters to military families.

"I think it's very reflective of how out of touch this crowd is," the Nebraskan said on CBS' "Face the Nation." "My goodness, that's the least that we could expect of the secretary of defense." But Bush chief of staff Andrew Card said Rumsfeld enjoys the president's confidence, and Sen. John Cornyn of Texas said Rumsfeld's dismissal would be "a gift to the jihadists and the insurgents" in Iraq. "Secretary Rumsfeld is doing a spectacular job, and the president has great confidence in him," Card said on ABC's "This Week."

"He is helping to lead our troops as they meet an awesome responsibility to protect us and to bring freedom to others. He's also transforming the military. And any time you do that, there are controversies." More than 1,300 U.S. troops have died in Iraq, and more than 1,000 of those have been killed in combat. In fighting in Afghanistan and elsewhere, more than 60 have been killed in hostile action.

In his statement published Friday, Rumsfeld said he "wrote and approved the now more than 1,000 letters sent to family members and next of kin of each of the servicemen and women killed in military action. "While I have not individually signed each one, in the interest of ensuring expeditious contact with grieving family members, I have directed that in the future I sign each letter."

But his critics characterized the flap as another failure of Rumsfeld's leadership. Hagel, a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, said some fellow Republicans have argued that the dispute over Rumsfeld is a matter of style over substance. "I would suggest that those who believe that, in my party and elsewhere, they better wake up and smell the coffee," he said.

"We're isolating ourselves in the world ... And I think that the leadership of the Pentagon has done that in many ways to us," Hagel said. "This issue of a secretary of defense not personally signing these letters is just astounding." And Sen. Jack Reed, a Rhode Island Democrat, told CBS he was "shocked."

"We ask these young men and women to sacrifice themselves, to give their lives," said Reed, a member of the Senate Armed Services Committee. "I believe it's part of that leadership of that department that the secretary of defense would personally write these letters, personally sign them at least."

Some lawmakers have complained that Rumsfeld failed to adequately plan and equip troops for the resistance in Iraq. Those complaints increased this month when a soldier asked Rumsfeld directly at a town hall meeting in Kuwait why some troops were not provided with armor for vehicles. Rumsfeld said armor was being produced as quickly as "humanly possible" — which turned out not to be true. Some lawmakers said they have long been telling the White House that manufacturers were not working at capacity and were offering to make more. Sen. Evan Bayh, an Indiana Democrat, said on CNN's "Late Edition" that he was among them.

Although Rumsfeld has agreed to sign the letters, Bayh said, "What's most important here is that we do what it takes to minimize the number of letters that have to be sent." He accused the administration of failing to recognize its errors. "We have to learn from these mistakes so that we do better to minimize the number of casualties to win this thing," Bayh said. "It's the lack of any introspection that I find to be very troubling."

Republican Sen. John McCain of Arizona has said he has no confidence in the defense secretary, but Bush has said he wants Rumsfeld to stay. Republican sources told CNN before the presidential election last month that some top GOP figures were holding off on criticizing the Bush administration until after the vote — but would then give the president an earful.

Still, some Republicans remain supportive of the secretary. Sen. Richard Lugar, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, told reporters Sunday that Rumsfeld is learning from the criticism.

"To go through another secretary of defense set of hearings and nominations and all the turmoil of this would be very destructive in my judgment to the momentum of what we need to do," the Indiana Republican said.

NEW MONKEY SPECIES FOUND

By Cornelia Dean *The New York Times*

Scientists from India working in the Himalayas have discovered a new species of monkey, a stocky, short-tailed, brown-haired creature they have named the Macaca munzala, or Arunachal macaque.

Though new species of insects and other tiny creatures turn up from time to time, discoveries of primate species unknown to science are unusual. The last macaque monkey species to be identified, the Indonesia Pagai macaque, was discovered in 1903, according to the Wildlife Conservation Society, the parent organization of the Bronx Zoo. The society was a supporter of the expeditions, this year and last, in which the monkeys were observed.

Scientists for the society, the Nature Conservation Foundation and other organizations traveled to the mountainous Indian state of Arunachal Pradesh, which borders Tibet and Myanmar, to inventory the region's wildlife. They found 14 troops of monkeys, most with 10 or fewer animals. The monkeys differ from other macaques in the dark hair on their heads, their distinctive facial markings and, in particular, the relatively short length of their tails.

The researchers, who describe their discovery in a paper to be published in The International Journal of Primatology, said the monkeys sometimes lived close to villages but were wary of people. In undisturbed forest areas, the researchers wrote, "they seemed extremely shy, rapidly disappearing through the undergrowth as soon as they sensed human presence."

People in the area call the monkeys "mun zala" or deep forest monkeys. In recent years, other expeditions to Arunachal Pradesh have turned up several species not known to exist in India. Colleen McCann, curator of primates at the Bronx Zoo, said these discoveries suggested that despite the destructive activities of people, there were still "tiny pockets of habitat that have yet to be discovered."

THERE SHE IS—CHINA'S FIRST MISS PLASTIC SURGERY

Reuters

China chose its first Miss Artificial Beauty, giving the crown to a 22-year-old from the northeastern city of Jilin who couldn't have done it without the help of her plastic surgeon. Twenty contestants aged 17 to 62 competed in the final round of the "man-made beauty" pageant at a Beijing opera house Saturday, all having gone under the knife to improve their appearance.

When the result was announced, it was a buoyant Feng Qian who had doctors to thank for four procedures that added a fold to her eyelids, liposuctioned fat from her belly, reshaped her cheeks, and injected botox to alter facial muscles. Feng, wearing a flowing gold evening gown and a bright smile on her resculpted face, said she hoped the event would remove some of the stigma associated with plastic surgery.

"I hope this pageant will give a positive sign to the public," she said, adding that the secret of her victory was confidence. Rising urban incomes have made extreme makeovers fashionable in China, and many women are going under the knife in search of movie-star looks — raising concern about the nation's rapidly growing, but unregulated plastic surgery business.

The first runner up, Zhang Shuang, also 22, from the southern city of Changsha, underwent 10 procedures — more than any other contestant — including fixing her eyelids, nose, ears, breasts and upper and lower jaw as well as softening her skin and removing body hair. Shanghai's Cheng Lili, also 22, second runner up, had six procedures including nose and breast augmentations. Organizers dreamt up the pageant after a contestant in a regular beauty contest in May was disqualified after it was discovered she had spent $13,000 on improving her looks.

China banned beauty pageants after the Communists swept to power in 1949 and took decades to revive them. It first entered the Miss World Competition in 2001 — but has hosted the pageant for the past two years on the southern island of Hainan.

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CUBA WRAPS UP DEFENSE EXERCISES

MILITARY, CIVILIANS PREPARE FOR POTENTIAL ATTACK BY UNITED STATES

From an AP Press article

Cubans awoke to air raid sirens Sunday, and practiced shooting, putting on gas masks and doing duck-and-cover drills as the communist nation wrapped up a weeklong series of defense exercises to prepare for a potential attack by the United States. The activities, called the Strategic Bastion 2004 Exercise, were aimed at evaluating how prepared Cuban society is to face possible military action against Cuba during a second term by U.S. President George W. Bush.

State-run newspapers reported Sunday that the exercises were a success, and that Cuba's "capacity to resist and overcome an imperialist aggression" was demonstrated. Since even before the United States launched its attack on Iraq last year, Cuban authorities have insisted that a similar U.S. strike on their country is possible.

"The risks of a [U.S.] aggression are real," President Fidel Castro said Sunday on Cuban television, which showed the Cuban leader checking in with officials throughout the country, via teleconference, on the status of operations. American authorities have repeatedly rejected that idea, saying there are no plans to attack Cuba. Last week, the U.S. State Department said the large-scale exercises in Cuba were really to distract people from the hardships of their lives. Cuban army troops, reserves and militia spent the week firing rockets, launching grenades and practicing drills with civilians. Soldiers put up barricades in Havana neighborhoods as fighter jets flew overhead.

Thousands of Cubans took to the streets, taking their prearranged places under the doctrine of "The Peoples' War," in which every citizen, young and old, participates in the defense of the country. Children were sent to schools early to practice duck-and-cover drills. Civilians performed shooting exercises in makeshift ranges, as well as conducting first aid and putting on gas masks. Factory workers ran for underground shelter during evacuation drills. Work groups gathered to discuss how to guarantee food, water and health care for the population in the event of an attack, as well as to plan evacuations, arrange security for personal property and set up a system for getting information to civilians.

State media reported that a total of four million Cubans participated throughout the week in the exercise, which began Monday and was the biggest of its kind on the island in 18 years. International news organizations were not given official access. Cubans from defense organizations that include much of the general population participated, as well as defense forces of the Interior Ministry, which oversees internal security.

Media images showed other top Cuban officials, including Vice President Carlos Lage and Parliament Speaker Ricardo Alarcon, wearing military garb.

During televised remarks earlier in the week, Raul Castro said the exercises were "for [the United States] to observe closely, so it doesn't make the same mistakes it made in Vietnam and is now making in Iraq." Raul Castro, the younger brother of the Cuban president, said preparing for war and showing the island's strength was the best way to actually avoid war, "so that no blood spills."

GERMAN DOCTORS USE STEM CELL TO REPAIR SKULL INJURY

an AP Press article

Surgeons have used stem cells from fat to help repair skull damage in a 7-year-old girl in Germany, in what's apparently the first time such fat-derived cells have been exploited to grow bone in a human. The girl had been injured two years before in a fall, which destroyed several areas of her skull totaling nearly 19 square inches, the German researchers reported.

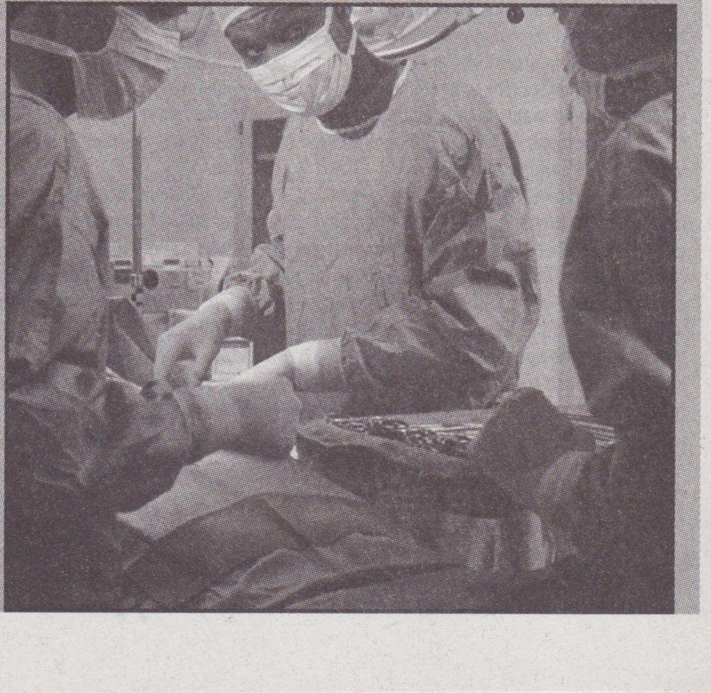
Other surgeons had failed to correct the defects, and the girl wore a protective helmet. Her brain could sometimes be seen pulsating through the missing areas of her skull. But several weeks after the stem-cell surgery, she was able to leave her helmet behind, the researchers report in the December issue of the Journal of Cranio-Maxillofacial Surgery. The skull is now smooth to the touch, the missing parts replaced by thin but solid bone, said Dr. Hans-Peter Howaldt of the Justus-Liebig-University Medical School in Giessen, Germany. The child was not identified.

Howaldt, who performed the surgery last year, said the damage was too extensive to be repaired with bone grafts from her body. He said the hope was that if bits of the child's bone were mixed with stem cells, the cells would turn into bone-building cells that would create additional bone. That appears to have happened, Howaldt said in a telephone interview Thursday. "I cannot prove that our success comes from the stem cells alone," he said, "but the combination of the two things simply worked."

In August, other German doctors reported growing a jaw bone in a man's back muscle and transplanting it to his mouth to fill a gap left by cancer surgery. The researchers used bone marrow, which also contains stem cells, to help grow the bone. But it's not clear whether the stem cells were responsible for the bone growth. So Roy C. Ogle of the University of Virginia, an expert in skull reconstructive surgery who has been studying bone regeneration from fat-derived cells, said he considered the new report to be the first indicating that any kind of stem cell had been used to grow bone in a human.

"It is a very big deal," said Ogle, who called the study a landmark. He agreed that the study didn't prove that stem cells provided the new bone. But it also indicates that the implanted cells did no harm, which has been a concern with using stem cells in people, he said. Ogle said many surgeons would have augmented the child's bone with a mineral paste or collagen instead of stem cells. Howaldt said he believes it's better to use the body's own tissue.

Howaldt and his colleagues treated the skull in the same operation that recovered bone from the girl's pelvis and about 1.5 ounces of fat tissue from her buttocks. The bone was milled into chips about one-tenth of an inch long and placed in the missing areas of the skull. Then surgeons added the stem cells to the bone chips.



RAFFARIN OVERHAULS 35-HOUR WEEK TO BOOST JOBS

An AFP article

French Prime Minister Jean-Pierre Raffarin on Thursday announced a major relaxation of the controversial 35-hour working week, the key socialist reform that has come under attack for helping create the country's stubbornly high unemployment. At a televised news conference in Paris, Raffarin unveiled a government action plan dubbed "Contract France 2005", whose main provision is to make it easier for staff and companies to get round the last left-wing administration's compulsory cut in working hours.

Introduced in 1998 by then prime minister Lionel Jospin, the law is blamed by the ruling Union for a Popular Movement (UMP) of President Jacques Chirac for forcing up the cost of labour, while many French workers are frustrated by their inability to earn more by working longer hours. Under Raffarin's proposals, which he said will be put into law early next year, the number of overtime hours employees can work per year will be increased from 180 to 220. In addition businesses will be able to strike separate deals with the workforce for even more overtime. Employees will also be encouraged to "sell back" the compensatory days off that they earn if they work more than 35 hours a week. Known as RTT days, these will be more easily convertible for cash payments or improved pension rights.

Chirac has indicated that he is reluctant to repeal completely the 35-hour law, which he has said is now an "acquis" or an acquired right, but Raffarin's initiative appeared aimed at voiding the regulation of as much substance as possible. "It will be a new situation for working times in our country," Raffarin said at the press conference.

After an earlier modification of the 35-hour law in 2002, the changes announced Thursday are intended to "finalize the reform," according to the text of "Contract France 2005". "In the long term France can only pay for its social and economic ambitions by increasing the number of hours worked. At the moment working times here are lower than in all other members of the Organisation for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD)," it said.

France suffers from an unemployment rate of around 10 percent - almost double that of Britain - and Raffarin recently promised to bring it down by 10 percent, or some 250,000 job-seekers, in a year. The head of the business federation Medef, Ernest-Antoine Seilliere, praised Raffarin for his initiative. "The government has decided to take on the French exception which is the 35-hour week .... Now it will be possible to work more in order to earn more. Workers and companies will benefit alike. It will mean greater buying power, more employment and more growth," he said. But unions reacted with fury to the changes. The political left believes the law helps tackle unemployment by sharing out jobs among more people.

"It is the end of the 35-hour law. It continues to exist as a virtual entity, but these measures will completely circumvent it. Flexibility of working times is being taken to outrageous excess. It is scandalous," said Mourad Rabhi of the hardline CGT union.

The 56-year-old prime minister, who was appointed after Chirac's 2002 re-election and has defied persistent speculation of his imminent dismissal, has seen his authority boosted since the departure from government of the powerful finance minister Nicolas Sarkozy. Sarkozy left to become head of the UMP, from where he is expected to launch a bid for the presidency in 2007.

Among other employment-promoting measures announced in Raffarin's "Contract France 2005" were increased help to small businesses, tax incentives for taking on domestic help and simplifications of the labour law. In addition worker stock-option schemes are to be encouraged. The action plan also contains measures for improving the access of France's large Arab minority to higher education and job training.

AL CAPONE, LESTER PIGGOTT, AND NOW, ADOLF HITLER

Luke Harding from *Guardian*, UK

He is better known for invading Poland and starting the second world war. But Adolf Hitler was also an inveterate tax dodger, it emerged yesterday, who systematically evaded paying his tax bills both before and after he became Germany's dictator.

According to new records discovered in a Munich archive, by the time he became Germany's chancellor in 1933 Hitler owed more than 400,000 Reichsmarks in unpaid taxes. The money—the equivalent of about 6m (£4.1m) today—was written off the following year under a secret deal with the tax authorities. Hitler's previously hidden records also document that he first aroused the suspicions of German officials in 1921, shortly after he became Nazi leader.

The Munich tax office politely asked him where he had got the money from after he bought a luxury car. Hitler replied evasively and said he earned only a "modest" income from newspaper articles. Two years later, after his failed Munich putsch, Hitler was sent to prison, where he wrote his best-selling anti-Semitic autobiography, Mein Kampf. While behind bars he also ordered another luxury Mercedes.

When he emerged, Germany's finance ministry sent him another letter asking about the car and his assets. Hitler's reply was brief. He claimed he owned only a desk, a bookshelf and few books. "Researching his records was like a thrilling detective novel," Klaus Dieter-Dubon, who discovered the documents in Munich's state archive, said yesterday. "Hitler paid virtually no income tax. He preached to the nation to put public welfare before self-interest, but behaved himself in the opposite way."

The records also reveal that between 1925 and 1932, as royalties from *Mein Kampf* began to pile up, Hitler gave his occupation as "writer". By this stage the tax office had finally lost patience-and demanded that he pay 782 Reichsmarks in back taxes. Amazingly, Hitler refused-citing the costs of publicity, a chaffeur and private secretary-and asked whether it might be possible to pay in instalments.

The records show that Hitler settled only two taxes promptly and without fuss. One was for his dogs, which he kept at his summerhouse in Berchtesgaden, the Bavarian mountain resort that became an infamous Nazi HQ, and the other for the church.

In 1930 the Berchtesgaden tax office made a last attempt to claw back some of the 48,472 Reichsmarks Hitler had earned by then from *Mein Kampf*, without success. After the Nazis took power, the records show, the tax authorities quietly dropped their campaign, formally annulling all his debts in December 1934. The head of the Munich tax office, Ludwig Mirre, ruled that as Führer Hitler was constitutionally entitled to pay nothing.

HITLER: TAX DODGER

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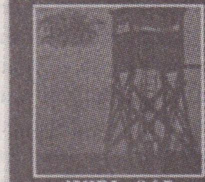

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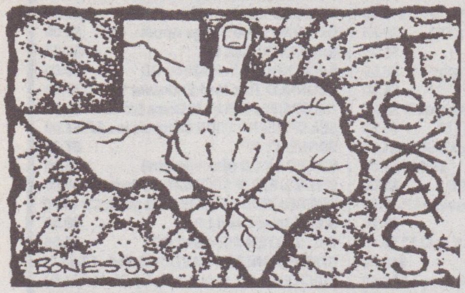
DEEP IN THE THROAT OF TEXAS: AN AUSTIN SCENE REPORT

(plus more...)



It has been awhile since I left you, my pretty ones. But, rest assured I have come back to supply you with more information on the happenings in Austin. Though I have not turned in a report lately, it's not because there's nothing to report. Really! It's because I'm a lazy fucker! Just because our town has houses that look like they're from the Flintstones doesn't mean we're stuck in the Stone Age! In fact, there is plenty to report about our fine town.

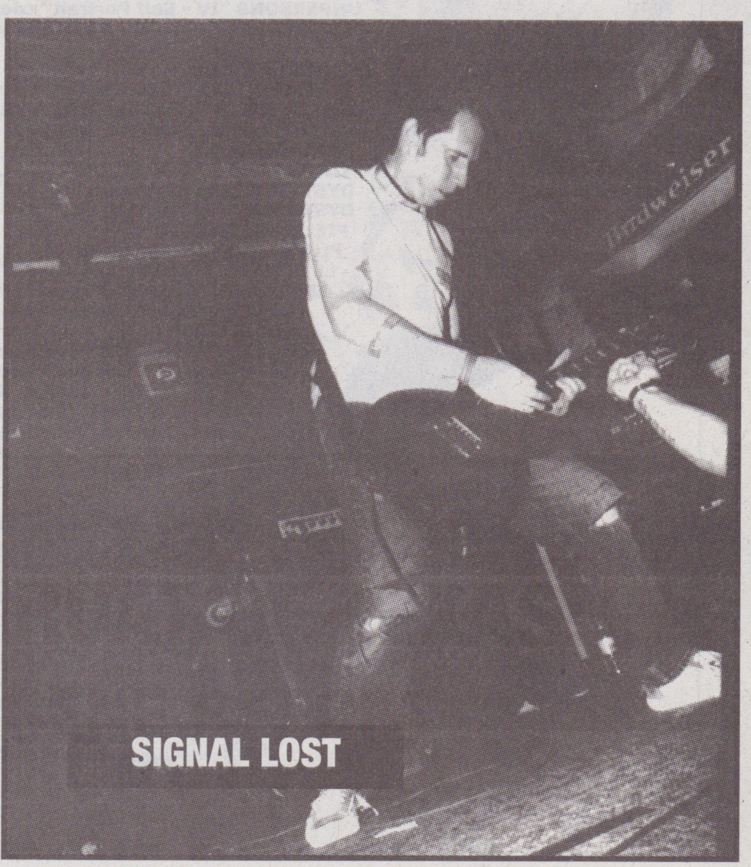
Let's start with ancient history. PRANKFEST was held June 6th and 7th at Emo's (a rock club with an unfortunate name). I can't remember the exact figures on how many people attended, but rest assured the streets of Austin were packed tight with leather jackets. Of course, it didn't hurt that there was a biker rally and gay rights convention in town the same weekend. Kids from all over the southern—and even some northern—states and Mexico made their way to our fine city. Let me remind you of the lineup: PAINTBOX (!), DROPDEAD, WORLD BURNS TO DEATH, KYLESA, SUNDAY MORNING EINSTEINS, SIGNAL LOST, ARTIMUS PYLE, BORN/DEAD, IRON LUNG, BURY THE LIVING, and many more played the two-day fest. More locals and some out-of-towners like STREET TRASH and LAST WORDS, who were not part of the official show but were in town, played gigs throughout the weekend. Friday night bands played at Jakarta Jacks coffee bar, Saturday in Juke and "Texas" James Nunez's living room, and Sunday at Cucaracha, a bar down the road from Emo's. Everything went so well that Ken has already reserved dates at the club for next year's fest. I don't want to go on and on about it since this it is outdated but it was great.

SIGNAL LOST and WORLD BURNS TO DEATH have toured around the States to spread that *Austin joy*. SIGNAL LOST recently released an LP on Prank Records that debuted at the fest. It's a mighty rocking record that brings to mind different elements: dash o' peace punk, smidge of Warsaw, 1/2 cup of mystery dust. They were toying with the idea of a seven-inch being recorded sometime but that's still up in the air. After some silly drama that was available for everyone to read they now have a new drummer, food guru Chris Pfeffer. He filled in on drums when they toured Mexico last winter and did the first half of their US tour, but couldn't finish due to obligations with his other bands—STORM THE TOWER and J CHURCH. Matt from COLD ERA handled the other half of the tour. They will be recording a RUDIMENTARY PENI cover for a compilation of covers that super-fan Matt is planning to release. I am glad they finally have all of the shit cleared out of the closet and can get down to doing what they wanted to do in the first place...playing music!

WORLD BURNS TO DEATH keeps plunging deeper into war. They lost a guitar player somewhere along the line but no one noticed; the solos are gone yet the band continues to confuse the posers. It helps that everyone lives in the same city and can practice and play out regularly, though drummer John had to cut back on gigs for a month or so to teach his newborn baby how to stud her jacket and play a proper d-beat. Many new songs have been played recently that are more in the style of what they were playing before the LP-plus an added G.I.S.M. inspiration creeping in. Dare I say the best stuff they have done and played to date? Fuck yeah! People wondering about the Disclose split being pressed here might as well give up. They decided not to do a US press but those songs should end up on their next LP to be recorded this summer.

Remember the Alamo! Alamo, TX, which is about six hours from Austin on the Mexico border, is home to BASTARD SONS OF APOCALYPSE (aka BSA). They are, hands down, the best new band that I have seen in ages. Pretty Boy, their guitarist, told me that their main influences are TOTALITÄR, AVSKUM, and DISCLOSE. Unlike every other band that says that, they make it work. They have been coming here to play a lot in the past few months and I have not met a single person whose jaw hasn't dropped after they played the first note. They are young, dedicated, and inspiring to us all. Hell, even some more popular d-beat bands from the US played here with them and bowed down in awe. Signal Stan has recorded them for two seven-inches that local motherfucker Timmy and Skell from Minneapolis have planned. BSA's demo does not do them justice but if you can get a hold of it you should!

STORM THE TOWER has slowly been becoming a more straight-forward hard-



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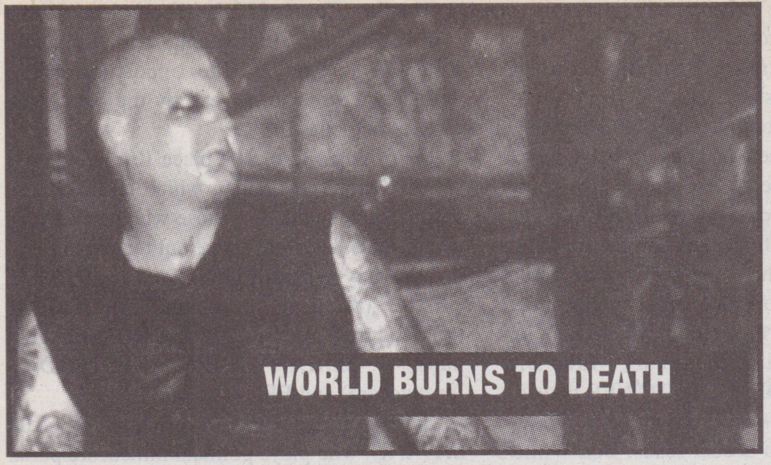


WORLD BURNS TO DEATH

core band and is underrated outside of Austin. They recorded some time ago for what will be a split LP with Portland's COLDBRINGER to be released by Stonehenge Records in France. It is their best recording and songs to date and reminds me of ARTICLES OF FAITH. I saw them play a few newer tunes recently and they are fast and straight to the point with hints of melody injected.

The legend that is J CHURCH toured Japan last year and recorded some new material for a Japanese CD to be released on Snuffy Smile. Those songs should also end up on various seven inches in the US. The CRUCIFIX cover is not typical of the J CHURCH sound, with Lance sporting some great hardcore vocals. They just played the Gainesville fest and are touring Europe right now.

The COMPLETE CONTROL LP has been receiving rave reviews and appraise by just about everyone in town. Fuck, even Mike likes it! He says the LP is super catchy yet still has an edge to it. They did a huge tour a couple of months ago with bands like THE VIRUS. The limited tape they released was pressed on a 7". I don't know what else to say about them except buy the LP and see for yourself!

KEGCHARGE...You saw them on tour, you heard the LP, and James Nunez has shown your sorry ass how to fuck shit up, Texas style! If they were from Japan you would be begging Hardcore Holocaust to get their record.

KRUMBUMS now have a CDr and a seven-inch available. They have been around for a few years now and have a sizeable local following that come out to their shows. They have toured with WBTD. Last time I checked, Hardcore Holocaust had the releases available for just a few bucks. They will please those into the spikier, studded side of the punk spectrum.

COLD ERA have been laying low and not playing too many shows due to lineup changes. They have a seven-inch out that has received positive reviews and have recorded material for an LP. If someone doesn't pick it up, they are going to put it out themselves. They are planning on touring one of the coasts and recording even newer material when they get the chance. Their style is a little more complex and technical than your average HC band but still good.

Moo-ve over, there's a new band in town. CENTURY OF WAR-don't call 'em COW-have started up and have been playing out. They have Cvok from SBITCH on guitar. They have played a handful of shows and one out of state so far. They have a demo out which was quite favorably reviewed in *MRR* a few issues back. It is more straight forward than SBITCH (did I mention last time that they broke up?). Don't forget your bullet belts and cammo—there's a war going on.

MAYDAY is slightly more metal/crusty in approach and has been playing for a little longer then C.O.W. Both of these bands are up and coming and should be recording for some vinyl in the near future.

Matt from COLD ERA has a new band that played their first show while eating pumpkin pie on Thanksgiving. I didn't see them, but I have been assured they are good. With a name like ARMY OF JESUS, I'm sure they'll attract a following in no time.

To keep you updated on more bands I haven't seen, LAUGHING DOGS and CONDEMNED UNIT have been playing more and more around town. If the rumors are true, the 'DOGS are no joke and the UNIT are a powerhouse waiting to be discovered. Make your new years resolution mirror mine-go see these bands!

Another band to look out for is MANIKIN. They have been around for a while but somehow I've only seen them for the first time recently and they blew me away. They play WARSAW and GANG OF FOUR influenced punk. They just played the record release show for their debut single on Super Secret, and also released a great CD on the same label last year. I am really enthusiastic about this band.

TIMMY H. & KEN S. SPENDING LOUD NIGHT @ PRANKFEST 2004

CAMP X-RAY is another newbie that reminds me of Over the Edge era WIPERS. Their vocalist is a transplant from Ohio, and used to front the great CHARGERS STREET GANG. They are set to record with Tim Kerr soon.

THE SWORD may not meet the criteria to get reviewed in MRR but deserve mention for all you stoner rock fans out there. Their LP should be out on Manic Ride sometime next year. THE SWORD smoke lots of weed and listen to way too much SABBATH and HIGH ON FIRE...I think you know where I am going with this.

SEVERED HEAD OF STATE's two new seven-inches are finally trickling out. In January they toured in Mexico. Recently, a CD with the recent EPs and a live set was released to be distributed in Mexico. It's the best stuff they have recorded. MOTÖRHEAD + DISCHARGE = better than your band (Mike made me write it!).

Beerland, located on Red River up the road from Emo's, is home to cheep beer and rock 'n' roll (check them on the web: www.beerlandtexas.com). THE WINKS have spent much time on their stage showering the audience with compliments. Penny Tration, who had fronted the sorely missed DIRTY SWEETS, handles the guitars here. They played up in Chicago this summer at the Blackout fest and hopefully they showed the Windy City that we're not so bad in the Lonestar State.

THE ENDS are the Beerland house band. They just released an LP on Dirtnap and sound as you'd expect for such a band-slick, poppy, '77, UK influenced punk rock. They've been turning heads, and if you're into the *Dirtnap Sound* you should like them.

THE KODIAKS are another up and coming band that just released two EPs, on the highly acclaimed Yakisakana Records from France and Austin's own Super Secret Records. They are a noisy rock 'n' roll mess with a hyper Japanese front man. This, of course, is a very good thing.

Beerland also was home to another of Austin's fests: *The Beerland Bloodstock.* In three days, The CUTS, BASEBALL FURIES, MISTREATERS, and many locals rocked out. Sadly, WI's MYSTERY GIRLS had to cancel. Hopefully they will make it back here sometime soon.

Beerland is a proud sponsor of the Texas Rollergirls Rock-n-Rollerderby League. The Derby is an Austin staple, and this league is full of fun, fights, and punk rock! The recently held championships were a blast and the soundtrack of THE WEIRDOS and GORDON SOLIE MOTHERFUCKERS didn't hurt at all. Neither did THE SPITS appearance as the halftime performers.

Sound On Sound (106 E. North Loop) is the best record store in Texas and has been doing well. Jug (bass-master of STORM THE TOWER) stocks the essential new releases and is slowly but surely filling the void left by Sound Exchange-Austin's defunct record store of choice. They are always getting good used records, and it's pretty hard not to walk out of there with something cool if you spend a little time digging through the boxes. Sound On Sound frequently holds shows and they are always a blast.

Hardcore Holocaust distro (www.hardcoreholocaust.com) just relocated here and have everything set up and ready to go. For all you jackasses with orders on hold, go ahead and pay for them already. The HCH label has a few records coming out like the new SEVERED HEAD, BLOOD SPIT NIGHTS, and an amazing band from Norway, ORDERENEKT.

Super Secret Records has put out tons of local bands, and even a few from different time zones. With releases by MANIKIN, THE KODIAKS, THE ENDS, WINKS, ELECTRIC EYES, and the brilliant OBSERVERS, this is a label to watch.

In BIG BOYS news, both Tim Kerr and Randy a.k.a. Biscuit had recent art openings, though not at the same time or place. Tim's was held on South Congress at Yard Dog Folk Art and was comprised of portraits of people who have inspired him over the years. Randy Turner's opening was at a new gallery on Airport Boulevard called The Space, located in the same building as I Love Video, one of the best video stores in the world. The show was a retrospective of his work over the years. It could be described as *Outsider Art*—bright colors, political themes, twisted macaroni pictures of sorts. Fuck, you should know what his style is—we all own BIG BOYS records, right? Right? Overall, both openings were very cool and fun to be at. If you don't have BIG BOYS records, now is the time, because the German label X-Mist has reissued the first three LPs. Their discography is also still available on Touch and Go records on two CDs. I really hope you have them since the Big Boys were the best band in history.

Jack Barfield continues to do silk-screened posters for shows here and has started doing out of town stuff as well. For instance, he's done the Havoc Records limited SKITSYSTEM record, and the future looks bright for future projects. I don't know how he finds time to do it all. He had a cool poster art show last month at the Eastside Artists Coop which SIGNAL LOST (who kicked off their tour), HERO DISHONEST and STORM THE TOWER played.

In very big news, my reading of local zines has gone up to two decent reads: Ben White's *Snakepit* and Dave Hyde's *Destroy What Bores You* zine. Ben now draws for *Razorcake* and still has his book available. Dave has yet to produce a new issue since moving here but is working on a split with *How Much Art Can You Take*. (Mike wrote all that, but it'll be done by the time this is printed, I swear.)

Juke hasn't had any shows in his living room in a while because he's been too busy starting his own business. If your car breaks down in town call Juke's Auto at (512)-385-JUKE.

Finally, we'll end with F.B.F (food booze fun). Food: Bouldin Creek for coffee and awesome vegan food and desserts, World Beat for Ethiopian food, Tamale House for your breakfast tacos, The Parlor for punk pizza, beer and jukebox. Booze: Lone Star beer, the national beer of Texas. To be honest, both of your authors endorse Tecate or Vodka, but the locals all love their Lone Star. Fun: any show at Sound on Sound.

The *Austin Chronicle* is a free paper that can help you find locations of bars and restaurants if you're from out of town.

I like fun: Mike "Sunshine" Robinson (is too lazy for communication)

Destroy what bores you: Dave Hyde (fightordie@hotmail.com)

Photo credit: Prankfest photos by Zach Malfa-Kowalski and Jack Barfield.

Welcome to this East Coast Malaysia DIY scene report, late 2004.

The East Coast of Malaysia consists of three states: Pahang, Terengganu, and Kelantan. Kelantan is lead by the opposition party, Terengganu used to be lead by the opposition too, for one phase.

First thing's first. The place I'm living at is called Kuala Terengganu, which is the central part of Terengganu. For those who don't know, some bands that were active but recently broke-up or maybe "resting" here are STRICT TEASE (political street-punk/Oi), KARUT (political mellow punk), QUIET ROT (riot grrrl punk), EMILY DIED YESTERDAY (grungecore) and EKE (rapcore).

Some active acts nowadays KASIH SAYANG, who plays political mincecore punk. They have four releases so far, including a three-way split with DICKHEAD (Ind) / AUTONOMIA (Peru) onr Strike Records (Indonesia), a three-way split with CHENTA TIADA RESTU / JERITANXSEPI on Roots Records / Broken Noise (Johore), two songs on a compilation by Ronin Distro (run by the band themselves), and a full-length cassette *Spoon-Feeding The Nation*, also on Ronin Distro. Contact drsa76@yahoo.com.

JELLYBELLY, who plays melodic punk, just called it quits. They released one demo, two songs on *Bollok Wok Vol. 2*, two songs on the *Little Jerks* comp, and one song on *The Dude Puked On My Lap!*. That last one's a tribute comp for The PILGRIMS (an old punk rock band) that will be out soon. Contact nervousrecs@email.com

DULLY DOG plays poppy punk rock and has three releases so far. They contributed two songs to *Bollok Wok Vol.* 2, did one demo cassette, and one demo CD. They also contributed one song to *The Dude Puked On My Lap!*. Contact lang_cjaym@mad.scientist.com.

SLEEPY JEREMY is an indie rock / lo-fi band. They also contributed two songs to *Bollok Wok Comp. Vol 2,* and released a video under their guitarist' label, Planet Love records. It contains their first video clip and a live video shoot at one of their shows. JELLY BELLY contributed one song for *The Dude Puked On My Lap.*

Contact sleepy@givepeaceachance.com

INIKAH HIDUP's (screamo/hardcore) lineup consists of some active scenesters here, and most of them used to or are still playing in other bands. They contributed one song for *The Dude Puked On My Lap* comp. They're planning on recording their own songs soon. Contact at one of these addresses: makanan_percuma@yahoo.com, drsa76@yahoo.com, nervousrecs@email.com.

G7 is an experimental noise drum and bass duo. They contributed two songs on *Bollok Wok Comp. Vol. 2,* and released a full-length demo CD *Brainwashed Overhead Syndrome* on Planet Love Records. They also contributed one song to *The Dude*...Great band; they're funny playing live, too!

18 VALENCIA play garage punk, and also contributed two songs to *Bollok Wok Comp. 2.* Contact lemonsodarecords@lycos.com. They have recorded their songs and are still in the process of editing. Eventually, these recordings will be released on their front man's label, Lemonsodarecords.

DIRTY DIVIDER plays street / Brit punk in the classic style. They recently released their full-length CD with good recordings. They released this themselves, and it's titled *Zero Too Lose*. bijorke@netscape.net

FOES (modern metal / metalcore) also contributed two songs to *Bollok Wok Comp. Vol.2.* Contact www.geocities.com/gelojohcommunity

GRITTY FLOORS (grunge) recently put out a self-titled demo CD. Contact: same as above.

Some upcoming new bands are: 50 K PROMISES (garage pop), who contributed one song on *The Dude...*, SPIRAL STAIRCASE (modern grunge), TAROH (screamo) THE STANDSIT (retro rock), HIRODASHIMA (all-girl various styles), CRUTCH (indie), CLUMSY RUBY (emopunk), and OBVIOUS (pop-punk).

Some bands that I know exist amuncertain about their current activities are THE ROLLICK (street/brit punk), THE SPOTS (Street/brit punk), ZINK, DYSGUSTED (grind metal) and NOSFERIAL (metal).

In the publication scene, there is a big zine made by some active scenesters around here. It's called *The Coalition Zine* (coalitioners@yahoo.com). They intend to release it three times a year and the 5th issue is in the making now. They got contributors from Brazil and USA for this issue. They will also accompany this issue with a compilation CD with some of the bands mentioned above, CARBURETOR DUNG, DAKOOTYROACHES and KUSWADINATA. Some of the main columnists in this zine used to write their own small zines but all of them are now concentrating on the big zine. The small zines were: *DRSA* (political/economic/DIY scene zine), *Narrator* (political/punk/HC), *Go Straight Down* (punk/HC/comic), *PangCore Zine* (HC/punk) and *Mosh* (skate/punk rock). The small zines that are still active are *Fuzztival* (DIY music/personal politic zine) fuzztival@lycos.com and *Grrrl:Rebel* (riot grrrl punk zine) grrrlrebelzine@lycos.com. The guys behind SLEEPY JEREMY also produce bi-monthly newsletter called *SetJiweLuke* about their band's activities. This zine is also the main voice of Planet Love Records. The guy behind Nervous Records produce bi-monthly newsletter, *Mempelam* about the bands on their rooster and their current distro list.

There are some DIY record/distro labels here that produce and distribute DIY stuff like cassettes, CDs, and zines. They are Ronin Distro (who released MARJINAL, BUG CENTRAL, *Bollok Wok* series, some compilations, splits, etc.) drsa76@yahoo.com, Nervous Records (home of JELLYBELLY and DULLY DOG) nervousrecs@email.com, Lemon Soda Records (home of QUIET ROT and 18 VALENCIA) lemonsodarecords@lycos.com and Planet Love Records (home of SLEEPY JEREMY, G7 and 50 K PROMISES) sleepy@givepeaceachance.com.

There used to be an infoshop / practice studio here named A//Mince ran by the vocalist of KASIH SAYANG. They sold DIY stuffs (zines, patches, CD, cassettes, shirts), had a small library and a small kitchen space where they cooked free food back then, and a studio for bands to practice with a low price. Sadly, after about three years of operating, they had to close down because of some personal problems. Because of that, now the kids here have made Awang's (front man of DULLY DOG) shop the meeting place/hangout.

Half an hour drive to the south from KT town, there's a small town named Marang. There used to be a band with the name GASTACOPS, but now they just reformed and changed the name to TRAGIC ENDING. They used to have a feminist punk zine called *Emo-C*, but it been silent since all three editors entered Universities. Some new bands include GAME OF DESPAIR (crossover grunge).

Another half hour drive, you'll reach to another small town called Dungun. It used to have some active bands like DOMINATION DIGITAL (new school), CRESCENDO COMPENDIUM (rapcore), NON-INTERVENTION (new school) and NEW AGE OUTRAGE (grunge). Some new bands are NED (grunge), PUSHPAPURA (rock), MUD SKIPPER (grunge), FREEDOM JUNK (grunge), THE CONSULTANT (punk), NO PARK (punk) and STONE LAMENT (folk-rock). All of the bands I just mentioned have recorded songs for a compilation CD that will be released under a new label from Dungun, contact: paperhut@hotmail.com. One zine exists here but now basing in Penang named *Chaos PS*. The latest issue is number twelve! But it's thin nowadays with more of an anarcho direction. It's been renamed *Practice Subversive*. Contact: practice_subversive@yahoo.com.

Next stop is Kerteh, which used to be the place with most active bands. I think most of them are trendies, but who am I to judge? The most active kid from there said that the scene is already dead. But they recently released a compilation CD called *Trip To Kerteh*". It was made to be sold at a gig Steve Towson (Austraiian one man band) was scheduled to play, but Steve cancelled the show 'cause he was lost in Thailand. Besides that, the cops came. The compilation includes some Kerteh bands like: RUSALKA (psychedelic indie rock with rap parts), STALEFISH (grunge), UNCLE TOBBY (skatepunk), INDISCIBBABLE (punkrock) and RESTRICTED OVERRIPE (used to play catchy grunge, but on this they play experimental sampling stuffs). Some bands that used to be active were KNOCKOUT (skapunkreggae) and INDIRECT RULES (simple punk rock). To order this compilation, please contact: kedakepok@yahoo.com

Final stop down south is Kemaman. Some bands that rest in peace or are on hiatus are SYSTEM BLANK (crusty punk), CLUMSY (melodic punk), FORTHRIGHT (HC), IDLE MINDS (HC). Active bands include GRACE DIVISION (technical melodic hardcore). This is the reincarnation of AFTERMATH. They put out a demo cassette under that name along with two songs on *Bollok Wok Vol. 1.* With the new name, they contributed two new songs for *Bonds Of Old School* comp. (grace_division@hotmail.com). KUCHALANA (reggaepunk) consists of kids from KT and Kemaman. They've released a demo CD and two songs on a comp on Knot Records (Shah Alam) (kuchalana@yahoo.com). KUSWADINATA (old skool HC/punk) and DAKOOTYRAOCHES (crossover rock/punk/HC) (istinjak@hotmail.com) are other bands who are based in KL but consist of members from KT and Kemaman. Both contributed to the *The Dude Puked On My Lap!* compilation. The vocalist of Kuchalana used to do an art zine called *Heartwork*. One new zine is in the works named *Broken Rock*.

Now, I'll write the news that I know about our neighboring state. Up north above Terengganu, there's Kelantan. One punk rock band active there, called REVENGE OF THE KILLER GERMS, and they just released their CD entitled *Without Voices*. You can contact them at jurangdalam@yahoo.com. One other new band, FINEGLASS, plays modern rock stuffs. Some of the bands that used to be active but I'm not sure of their current state/activity are the PANIC (oi/punk rock), PHALANX SUFFER (rapcore), SHABRA SHATILA (screamo HC), REDHEAD (oi/punk), ANCAMAN (grind/crust political) and THE EMPOWERMENT (oi/punk). The kids used to be active in something called Network Of Solidarity Collective, which gave free food to the needy, but that's been silent for a while now. Some zines that used to be active are *Core-Pack, Dongan, Mirror Of Mind, Tears Of Me, Life Is Funny, Amankan Damai, Sebutir* and *Bintang Merah. Abstained Agogo* just released their latest issue #7. Contact them via Papakerma Records. Some of the kids are now active with a KL-base record label, Papakerma Records/Distro (GAUGE MEANS NOTHING, COHOL, KALASHNIKOV, DIP LEG, etc).

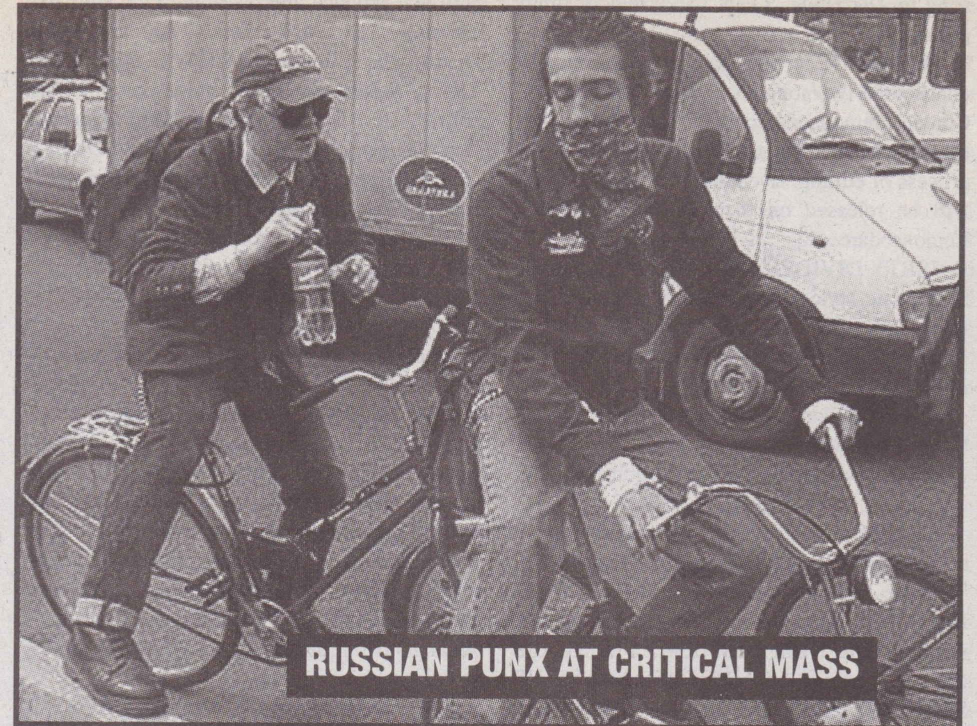
Contact: emome@terato.com/dean83@teratio.com or visit papakerma.cjb.net

Pahang is the state down south below of Terengganu. There's quite a big scene there so I'll just list some of what I know. Some bands that are active nowadays are NATRAH (screamo HC) and MOLOTOV (rock/punk), who just put out a demo CD. BELACAK (cendol of punk) is an old band that just reincarnated with a new line-up and reactivated. THE DIRTY DOGS are three brothers playing d-beat punk. They've put out several cassettes and their latest release is the *Petualang* full-length CD, released by Broken Noise Records (the biggest and most active label here in Malaysia!). Bands that used to be active and I'm uncertain about their current state/activities are: AGHAST (grind hardcore), DEP (indie/pop), ENSLAVED CHAOS (crossover hc/punk), AGGRESSION (grindcore), SECOND REJECT (street punk), SECRET ARMY (Britpop), The BIC (punk/oi), the SCRUFFYS (brit punk), MODUS OPERANDI (HC), SPINNING JERKS (melodic punk pop), STUDENT TROUBLE PROGRAMS (indie), and too many more to list.

One record/distro label that has been a household name for the Malaysian scene is Cactus Records (KOBAYASHI, MELARAT, OPPOBRIUM ADORNMENT, etc.) from Rompin, Pahang. I heard they are going to re-release the ANOMIE (French screamo) discography here soon (cactusdistro@yahoo.com) or visit cactusdistro.cjb.net. The kid behind that label also produces two zines: *Airtight Container* and *Free From Penury*. One new record label exists by the name of BEBAS RECORDS. Bebas means Free/freedom and that's what represented by the comp as they put bands from various styles from indie to death metal. Cool. Bebasrekod@yahoo.com

There's so many zines used to come out of Pahang. It's impossible to write about all of them, but some that I like are *HardKoi* (skate/punk/hc), *KaumMuda*, *Old Instrument, Old Skool, Holiday In The Rain, Hardcore is a Feeling* (artzine), *Maximum Think* (sxe/emo/life/HC), *Neon* (HC/punk), *Rodong* (HC/punk), and *Journal/Hilang Punca* (personal politics/humour/in yer face). kumprinx@hotmail.com or hilangpunca@hotmail.com. Some girls from Pekan are active in producing free newsletters called *Hot Chicks on Board* (feminism/political/opinion). Beatlady_ash@yahoo.co.uk. In Raub, there's a distro label named Konflik Distro, and a zine named *Warrior Fanzine.*

Okay, that's all that I know for now. Sorry to anyone I left out. This is just the bands/activities that I know of. I'm not perfect, anyway. Some of the bands I know by name only, so sorry for the wrong classifications if there are any. Do send a stamp to the labels to know their latest releases.



RUSSIAN PUNX AT CRITICAL MASS

Some addresses:

Ronin Distro: Fazri, B783 Banggol Limau, 21200 Kuala Terengganu, Malaysia.

Grrrl:Rebel/Fuzztival/Lemon Soda: 23 Jalan Bakti, off Jalan Kamaruddin, 20400 Kuala Terengganu, Malaysia.

Planet Love Records: Izhan, Lot 19141, Jalan lapangan terbang, 21200 Kuala Terengganu, Malaysia.

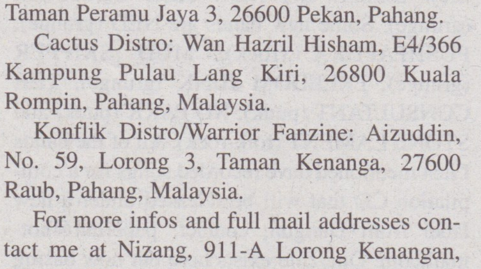
Papakerma: 237, Jalan A2, Taman Melawati, 53100 Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia.

Hot Chick n/l: Ashekin Alias No. 491 lorong 6, Taman Peramu Jaya 3, 26600 Pekan, Pahang.

Cactus Distro: Wan Hazril Hisham, E4/366 Kampung Pulau Lang Kiri, 26800 Kuala Rompin, Pahang, Malaysia.

Konflik Distro/Warrior Fanzine: Aizuddin, No. 59, Lorong 3, Taman Kenanga, 27600 Raub, Pahang, Malaysia.

For more infos and full mail addresses contact me at Nizang, 911-A Lorong Kenangan, Jalan Sultan Mahmud, 20400 Kuala Terengganu, Malaysia. or nervousrecs@email.com



ST. PETERSBURG DIY PUNK HARDCORE SCENE REPORT (early December 2004)

Bands

8 HZ (xkrusayderx@mail.ru) are four young lads from East St. Petersburg who came together in 2001 and play a hellish mix of grind, metalcore and screamo. In the past they had an extra singer named Shera who sang a few hardcore songs, but now 8 HZ have Mikka who screams for one song. They are currently busy recording an album. The bassist, Nekit, quit the band recently but they will continue as a three-piece. ANKYLYM (www.ankylym.ru / Roman Pavlov, PO Box 429, St. Petersburg, 191123, Russia) is a band that has existed since 1998, and for the first few years played very original experimental punk/hardcore with didactic lyrics. This year they've released their first, proper studio full-length, *Instruments,* which is kind of arty and punkish, but since then the band has now gravitated to a more acoustic sound-*alco-folk*. In their repertoire they play songs by the DEAD KENNEDYS, NIRVANA and MINISTRY-utilizing a balalaika, accordion and Jew's harp.

ARTTESTER (arttester@pisem.net) is a Vyborg-based band that plays a dark mix of post-punk and grunge. The bassist, Chirkov, also plays guitar in PTVP. Their releases include an old demo and a live tape that are available through Outcry Records. CUT AND RUN (ahimsa@hotbox.ru) is a newer, old school, hardcore band with some lyrics written by Pasha (ex-'TIL I DIE singer). They will have a five-song demo soon featuring a GORILLA BISCUITS cover. DISTRESS (totalpunk@hotbox.ru) are local d-beat warriors, with music and lyrics that are typical of the genre. The singer, Malysh, used to play in THE PAUKI and VIBRATOR. Most members of DISTRESS also play in the street-punk band, KOMATOZ. They have a demo CDr that is nicely done. At the gigs they often play covers by ANTI-CIMEX, VARUKERS, and THE EXPLOITED. ENGAGE AT WILL (http://www.olaalexandrova.com/eaw) is a NYHC-style band based out of an area between St. Petersburg and Kronstadt. Drummer Oleg and bassist Snezhok previously played in the old school hardcore band 'TIL I DIE, and some members were in DA KUCHY, a band from Kronstadt. They have a seven-song demo CDr available and are very popular among the mosh crowd. FOR THE CAUSE (in-use82@yandex.ru) plays fairly melodic and fast, old school hardcore and are from Pushkin. At the moment the band is on hiatus, but they have an album to finish. FUCK THE WORLD is pretty much ENGAGE AT WILL without the singer, plus ex-'TIL I DIE guitarist, Shina, and veteran punker Ribson (PUPSY, HONEY SACRIFICE, DOLPHINS, 5 UGLOV) on vocals. Strong NYHC influence here, too. IGRAY GARMON (http://www.diy.spb.ru/info@diy.spb.ru) is a band that has been around since the late 90s. They termed their music *di-ska-punk*, which is basically ska-punk with accordion and folk elements. They recorded an eight-song demo a couple of years ago and have some assorted tracks recorded for compilations and such. OPARYSH OSOZNAL (meksikanets@mail.ru) is a new grindcore project that features the relentless Vasya from 8 HZ/POTOM BUDET POZDNO/SVINOKOP on guitar. POSLEDNIYE TANKIVPARIZHE is Vyborg's best-known punk band; thay have gradually become St. Petersburg based. They play melodic punk rock with social and personal lyrics. POTOM BUDET POZDNO is a supergroup consisting of two people-Vasya (8 HZ/SVINOKOP) on drums, and Zgibov (ex-SVINOKOP and SANDINISTA!) on bass. They both do vocals. Powerful grindcore with sociopolitical lyrics, the songs are usually shorter than the explanations between them. They have a rehearsal demo that has not been circulated all that widely. SANDINISTA! (fire_inside@hotbox.ru) plays dark, mid-tempo, metallic hardcore with Vanya from FOR THE CAUSE on drums. The bassist, Yulya, quit the band in September, and for a couple of gigs Zgibov (POTOM BUDET POZDNO) took her place. With her they have recorded a three-song demo, with a digital hardcore remix as a bonus. The band plans to make a final recording and then break up. SKAFANDR (http://www.skafandr.ru) is an instrumental, dub, metal trio that plays original and powerful music. They have a few tapes and CDs released by themselves and through various DIY (and not so DIY) labels. SVIN'I V KOSMOSE (svk10@front.ru) consists of Dimedrol, Tolsty, Vetalya and Den, and started playing punk in Vyborg in 1998 when they were in their early teens. The music was very fast, hardcore punk with political and nihilistic lyrics. Their 2002 demo, *Crowdcontrol*, is an excellent sample of their fast hardcore. Since then, the music has slowed down slightly and has become more metallic. Right now only the singers live in Vyborg and the band is working on a full-length that should be out on Karma Mira soon. Den also drums in PTVP. SVINOKOP(http://svinokop.narod.ru/svinokop.htm/Dmitrij Ivanov, PO Box 30, St. Petersburg 9, 195009, Russia) plays extreme hardcore with short lyrics in various languages. The band was founded in 1999 but the lineup was never too stable and so SVINOKOP plays an average of two to three gigs a year. In October, another new lineup was formed featuring former and current members of ZLOY POP, ANKYLYM, 8 HZ and TALONOV NET. VOODOO ELVIS (robot@lenta.ru) is also known as YOBANY V ROT & HUYESOSY, and THE ASSKICKERS. The band plays dirty and insolent garage punk.

Labels

Karma Mira Records (Kirill Mihailov, PO Box 51, St. Petersburg, Russia, 198332, Russia/http://www.karma-mira.nm.ru) is a relatively big distro and ran by 'TIL I DIE's ex-guitarist, George, releasing tapes and CDs of punk, hardcore and ska. Monopolka (Filipp Volokitin, Opochinina 5-20, St. Petersburg) Russia/http://www.noiseweb.com/monopolka) has a huge number of releases that are mostly noise/art music. Niesperas (greencycle@yandex.ru) is a new label from POTOM BUDET POZDNO's bassist, Zgibov, of grind, hardcore, and dub. Some grind tapes should be out soon. Outcry Records (Alexandr Volkov, PO Box 59, St. Petersburg, 194223, Russia/http://www.outcryrec.narod.ru) has a few records and CDs (OPUS DEAD, HACHAZO, NEW FLOWERS) co-released as part of the international DIY conspiracy, small distro. Serious Man (Artiom Petrov, PO Box 25, St. Petersburg, 198216, Russia/http://www.hardkids.spb.ru) is VOODOO ELVIS' guitar player Robot's label; the only release so far is a CD and tape by local ska band FROGLEGS. The distro focuses on ska, skinhead reggae, oi, and other similar stuff. Stauropygial Records (Roman Pavlov, PO Box 429, St. Petersburg, 191123, Russia/http://www.stauropygial.spb.ru) is ANKYLYM balalaika player Lyagin's label, who releases and distributes mostly weird and experimental music, punk, noise, and hardcore. SzSS (Dmitrij Ivanov, PO Box 30, St. Petersburg-9, 195009, Russia / http://www.svinokop.narod.ru) is a tape label and distro (mostly tapes and vinyl), with over twenty releases that are pretty much all punk rock and hardcore. Z-Day Records (uliaoberts@hotbox.ru) is the label of the former *Voice* zine editors Yegor and Yulya, and have released a few hardcore tapes.

Zines

Blah-Blah-Blood (via SzSS) is a punk/hardcore zine in English with focus on ex-USSR/Eastern Europe with one issue out. *Get up!* (via Karma Mira Records) is a punk/ hardcore/ska zine with one issue out. *Nozhi I Vilki* (via SzSS) is a punk/hardcore zine in Russian with eight issues released. The first four are available at http//:k-and-f.chat.ru. *One Dope Two Ears* (via Monopolka) is a noise/freak bulletin in English with a couple of issues out. *Voice* (fire_inside@hotbox.ru) is a hardcore zine in Russian that is now defunct after three issues. Some of the articles are available online at http://voicehardcore.by.ru.

Misc.

PLA (Alexandr Yermakov, PO Box 32, St. Petersburg, 194291, http://novsvet.narod.ru) is the St. Petersburg League of Anarchists who release a newspaper called *Novy Svet* (58 issues out) and help against the war in Chechnya. Another group involved is *Antiwar Committee* (pavic@inbox.ru/ http://awvestnik.narod.ru), which unites anarchists, Trotskyists, and liberals. One of their actions is a weekly picket at the cross of Nevsky pr. and M. Konyushennaya ul. and takes place on Sundays between 2 pm and 4 pm. *Pank-Vozrozhdeniye* (http://www.punk-revival.com) is a direct action, antifascist group comprised of anarchist punks and skinheads. *Antifashistsky Motiv* (Raz'yezzhaya 9, St. Petersburg, 191002, Russia) is a liberal, antiracist magazine in Russian with four issues out. *Rainbow Keepers* (tuuli@mail.ru or zilonis@mail.ru) is a Russia-wide, radical environmental movement that has a few people involved in St. Petersburg. Epicenter (Vladimir Tarasov, PO Box 103, St. Petersburg, 190013, Russia/http://www.infoshop.spb.ru) is a temporarily defunct infoshop with a focus on anarchist and feminist material-new location soon! *Critical Mass* (http://massa.tr.ru/spb/spb.htm / cmspb@yahoogroups.co.uk) is happening monthly or so, except in the winter. The Klizma/Pekarnya squat in South St. Petersburg burned down in November after numerous attacks by cops and Nazis. A decent source for local news in English is the *St. Petersburg Times* newspaper (http://www.sptimes.ru). Also recommended is the bi-monthly newsletter *Abolishing The Borders From Below-Anarchist Courier From Eastern Europe* http://www.abb.hardcore.lt/ wielkowitsch@hotmail.com), which has quite a bit of information from Russia in each issue.

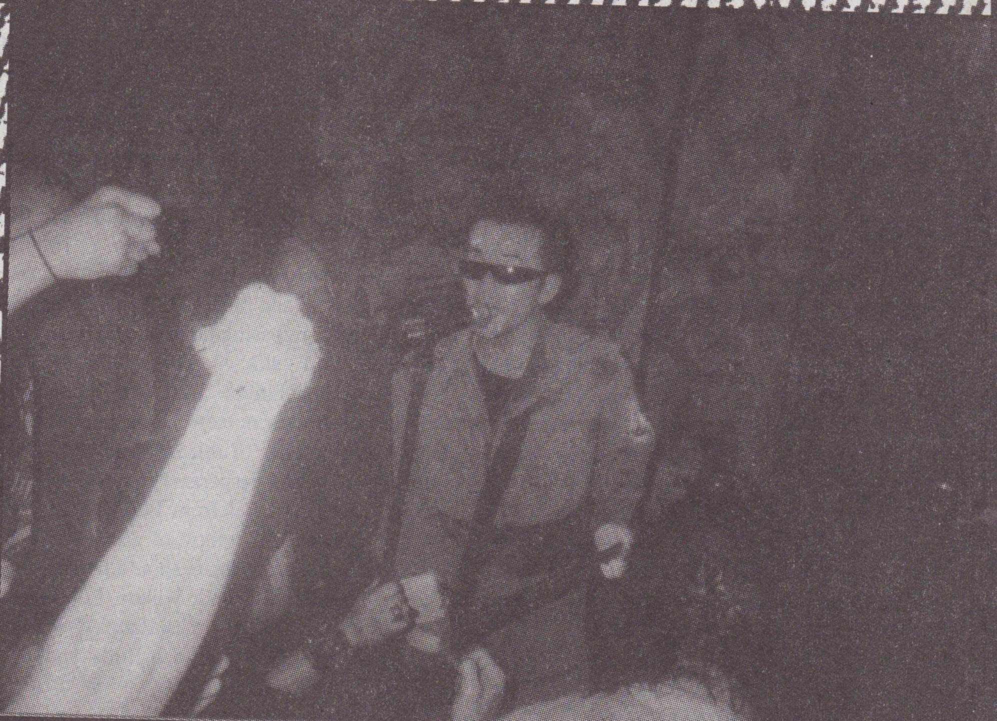
Of course, the information herein is incomplete. If you want more information refer to the people mentioned.

D.S.B.

OSAKA, JAPAN
2004

GAUZE

OSAKA, JAPAN
2004



GAUZE

OSAKA, JAPAN
2004

FORWARD

OSAKA,
JAPAN

2004

Marsha
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ALL PHOTOS
BY RANDY CARNCROSS

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JAPAN
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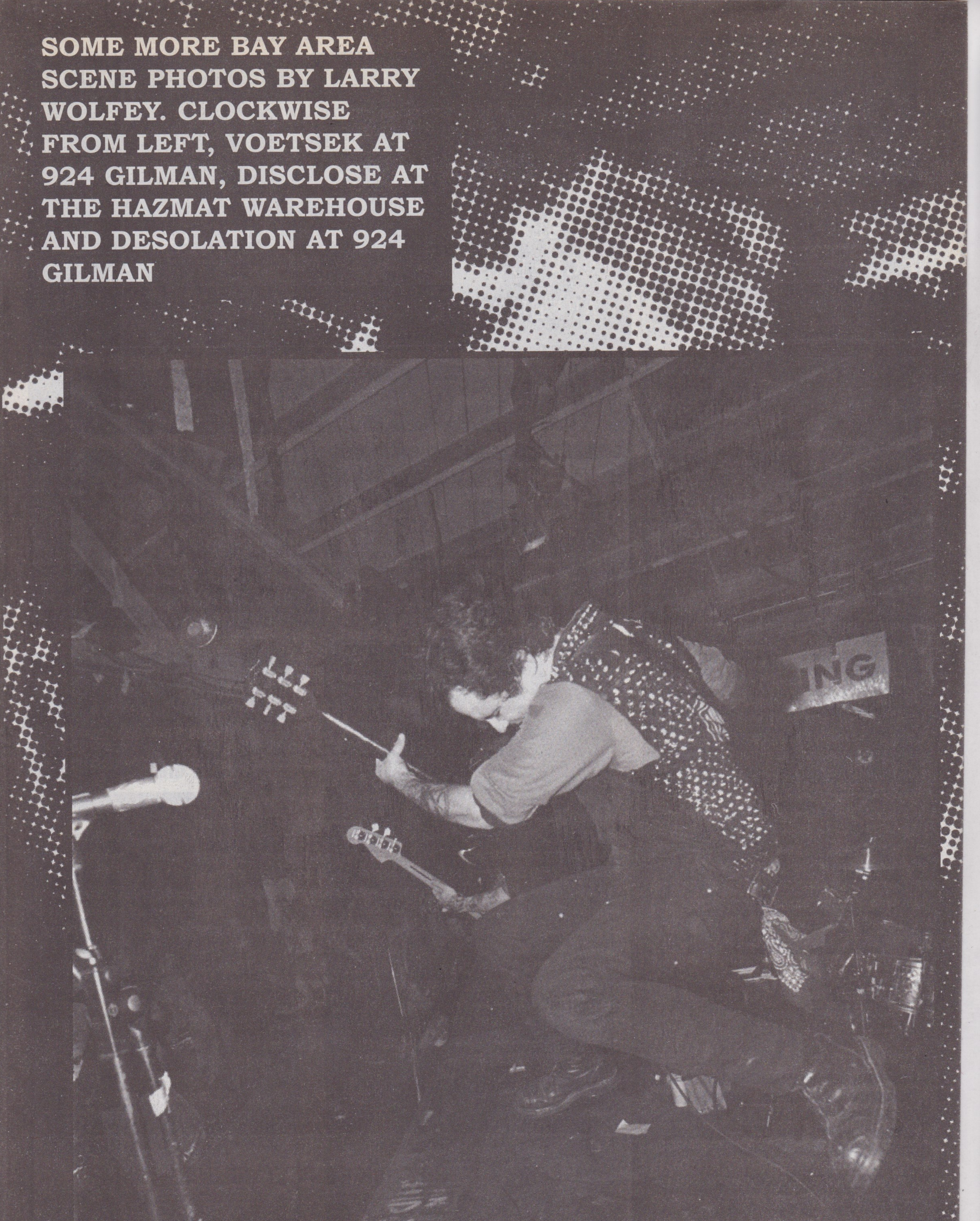

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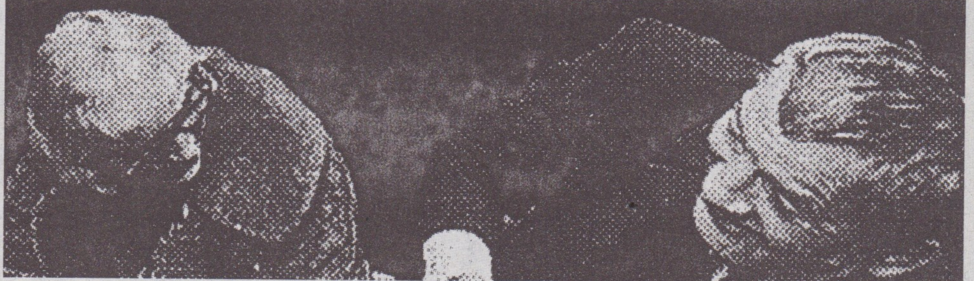

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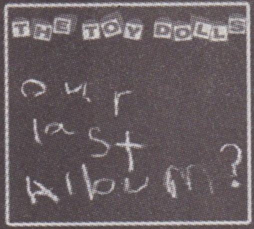
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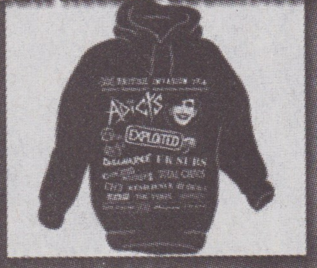

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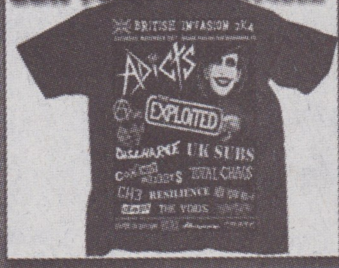
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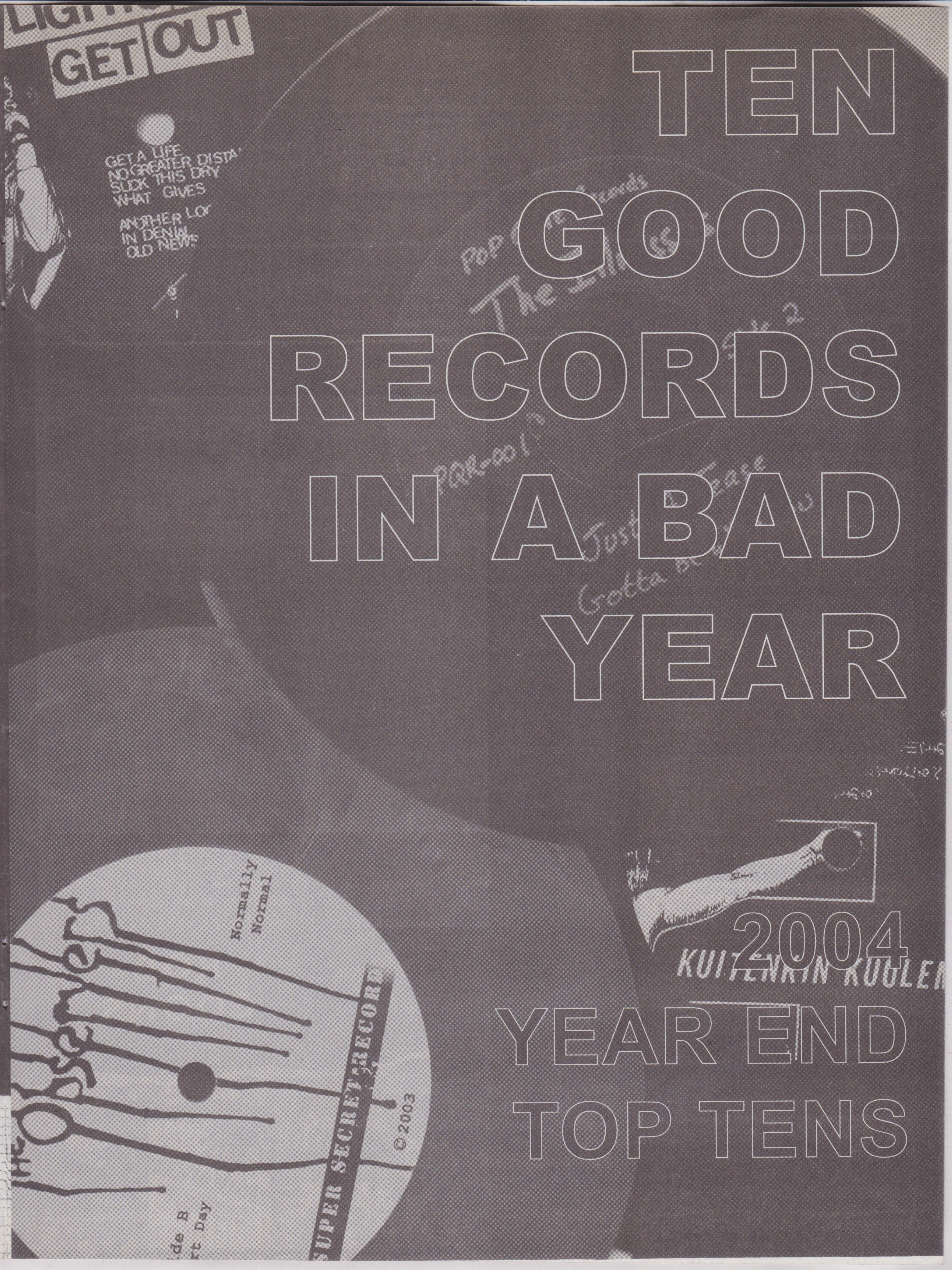
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TEN GOOD RECORDS IN A BAD YEAR

2004

YEAR END TOP TENS

TIM BROOKS

While there were less fantastic records released this year than the previous few, some of the following discs have become some of my favorite records of all time. In no particular order.

SMALLTOWN – "The Music" LP
REIGNING SOUND – "Too Much Guitar" LP
COMPLETE CONTROL – "Reaction" LP
OBSERVERS – "So What's Left Now" LP
MARKED MEN – "On The Outside" LP
FUCKED UP – "Epics In Minutes" CD
REGULATIONS – "Survive In The City" EP
TYRADES – "I Am Homicide" EP
BLACK COUGAR SHOCK UNIT – CD
HARUM SCARUM – "Last Light" 12"

RAMSEY KANAAN

BAMBIX – "What's In A Name" (Daemon)
A welcome return for Europe's (female-fronted) answer to HÜSKER DÜ and the REPLACEMENTS. Or is it the reincarnation of LIFE…BUT HOW TO LIVE IT? Either way, be very, very glad.

V/A – "Rock Against Bush Volumes 1 & 2" (Fat Wreck Chords)
Some rockin' sounds, a righteous cause, and despite thinking Kerry was / is worse than Bush, it's truly wonderful to see punk getting some politics again...

V/A – "Anti-War: Anarcho Punk Compilation Volume 1" (Overground)
The best sounds of my youth, and some of the best (and most obscure) of the Crass inspired UK anarcho sounds of the early 80s. Easily worth it for the resurrection of the SYSTEM, FACTION, and BLOOD ROBOTS alone.

The WEAKERTHANS – Live
They never actually put out a new record in 2004, but they're still the best band in America, so I had to make do with seeing' em live

NOFX – "The Greatest Songs Ever Written (By Us)"
America's other bestest band. It's their greatest hits. It's really great.

POLITICAL ASYLUM – "Winter" (Passing Bells)
I have to say, I was in this band. I have to say too, I'm not horribly embarassed by this collection of our first three demo tapes from the early 80s. The pictures of me aged fifteen are kind of embarrassing though.

Bill Hicks – "Live" DVD
A genius, wonderful political commentator, and fucking funny.

Singing CIA Agent George Shrub – "Live In Manhattan, Kansas" (Upright)
A mixture of folk music, politics, and humor. What a man.

RAY LUJAN

Another year another annual top ten. Not nearly as much overflow as years past. Hmmm? It seems the good veteran bands are on the two-year plan (if you're lucky) in-between releases. Among those not quite making it this year are usual shoe-ins the DESCENDENTS and the TRAVOLTAS due to slightly disappointing, highly anticipated releases. Missing due to quantity and not lack of quality are DOA, THE PURRS, LEATHERFACE, FIFTH HOUR HERO, THE PINK SPIDERS, 12 SUMMERS OLD, and WHAT THE KIDS WANT. To name a few! I also finally got hip to ANTI-FLAG. Certainly the live band of the year. We move on.

10. JARVIS HUMBY – "Assume The Position It's" CD
Usually not my cup of tea, this garage mod pop release grooves, jangles, and swings. Sixties-ish stuff that has soul.

9. THE METHADONES – "Not Economically Viable" CD
Starring Dan Schafer (AKA Vapid), this pop punk release is less SCREECHING WEASEL and more SLUDGEWORTH. Some would say power pop to be cool.

8. THE OAOTS – "Typical" CD
Somewhere in-between guitar driven 80s college rock and power pop. This combo would have fit right in with the REPLACEMENTS and later HUSKER DU back in the day.

7. DOWN AND OUTS – "Boys From The Blackstuff" CD
I bet these guys have stood in line for many a "Holiday In The Sun" festival. A great street release in the COCKSPARRER and early STIFF LITTLE FINGERS vein. Also, they could care less about looking tough, which is quite an accomplishment in this scene.

6. THE ERGS! – "Dorkrockcorkrod" CD
Speedy power pop and punky pop with a thrashy feel. Many a hook, too! Retro stuff that would have certainly been a hit in 1979. Think LA punks ZEROS.

5. TWENTYFOUR HOUR HELL – "Punk Rock Lovesongs" CD
Great CLASH meets rock'n'roll stuff. Hollow body guitars and white leather creepers to boot. From the UK, forget the LIBERTINES hype as this band captures the real spirit of '78.

4. SKIMMER – "Still" CD
UK pop punk icons by now I hope. Crackle poster boys? Still going strong on the their latest release.

3. FLAMINGO 50 – "My Reason" CD
A great new addition to the UK scene. Two gals and a guy drummer crank out the noisy guitar stuff. *Zen Arcade* meets some riot grrl combo. Great!

2. SMALLTOWN – "The First Three Years" CD
Believe the Tim Brooks hype! I picked this over the new full length since it's had more time to wear on me. NEWTOWN NEUROTICS, the JAM, blah blah blah. Awesome!

1. THE UNLOVABLES – "Crush Boyfriend Heartbreak" CD
This release makes me happy. Punky pop with great gal harmonies and subject matter that only a true pop punker could understand. Reminds me of the pop greatness of the early FASTBACKS.

ROB COONS

SLOGAN BOY
ATTAQUE
webeloss
DAS REICH
THE FAL
ARKABA
LIGHTS OUT GET OUT
THE FE FI FO FUMS
ELECTROFIZE ME
"WILD ONE"
REGULATIONS "DESTROY"
SILVER
NO HOPE

LOOK BACK AND LAUGH – All

When I first heard their demo tape, I thought it was good but wasn't overly impressed. That opinion didn't last long once the 12" was dropped onto my unsuspecting ears like a ton of bricks. Holy crap, could it be the same band? From the opening drum roll of the first song on the LP, this fucker goes straight for the jugular. Intense, over the top hardcore with the edge of urgency and aggression that seems to be missing from so many bands these days. The production is so loud and heavy, and yet Tobia's vocals keep pace and match the all-consuming fury of the music note for note. There is the inevitable comparison to TALK IS POISON due to musical style and the fact that they share a member. Nevertheless, that can be seen as nothing but the highest compliment. Not only do LOOK BACK AND LAUGH'S records rule, but they dominate the stage with a manic energy and an obvious passion for the music that they are playing. Hands down, my favorite new band of the year.

DSB – "Substitute" CD

OK, in theory this isn't a new release, because the majority of the songs on here have been previously released. The thing is, the last three songs on this CD are new and are three of the best songs that I have heard all year. The track "Insanity" is worth the price of admission alone. The song has one of those insane intros that builds and builds and then takes off like a fucking rocket with a howling growl and an eruption of instruments. Fucking amazing! The other two new tracks are just as good. Hammering drums, insane guitar work, booming bass lines, and those crazed howling vocals. This is the kind of music that has the power to give me chills just sitting there listening to it. With that said, I should mention the other nine songs on here are from a variety of releases put out over the years, and are just as hard charging as the last three. If you haven't heard DSB by now, then either get one of their records or just hang it up. Radical Punx Never Die!!!

OBSERVERS – All

Alright, it is time to come clean. The very first time I heard their full-length I skimmed through a few tracks and thought they were decent, but wondered why they were getting all the hype. A short time later I went back and carefully listened to the album in its entirety and sat there stunned that I missed the brilliance it had to offer on the first spin around. Over the last year I have seen thisband draw comparisons from such noted bands as the YOUTH BRIGADE, WARSAW, WIPERS, and TSOL. If you took these comparisons and threw them in a blender, and added a dash of originality and an edge of dark moodiness, you would be close to capturing how truly awesome the OBSERVERS LP is. Besides, "Symbols, Slogans, Lies" has to be the catchiest song of the year. This is truly the perfect music to pogo dance around your room to on those lonely weekend nights.

COLD SWEAT – "Blinded" CD

Jesus Christ, if a record ever sounded like it could actually fight somebody and win this would be it. Violent, explosive anger just jumps out of the speakers and will easily wipe the floor with your wimpy ass if you are not careful. Simply put, they take the wild aggression of a band like BLACK FLAG and then add in the shear riff rage of a band like DEADGUY, speed it all up and add in one seriously vicious vocalist, then lay it all down in a recording studio. And not only do they come across as ferocious on their recordings, but if you were lucky enough to see them live then you know what this approach translates over to the stage. I missed their first show here, but I made sure I was at the second one. No doubt, one of the best bands I have seen in the last couple of years. I am sad to say, but the rumor around town is that they have broken up. If that is true, do yourself a favor and get their two full-lengths before they are no longer available and you are kicking yourself five years down the line when you can't find them anywhere.

TECHNOCRACY – LP

I honestly could not believe my ears the first time I heard this band. I thought I had been stuck in a time machine, sent straight back to 1987, and given a record of some of the finest punk-fueled crossover around. Imagine if you mixed some mid-era CORROSION OF CONFORMITY (hence the name TECHNOCRACY) and a touch of the ACCÜSED together. It is a potent combination for sure. Bands just don't sound like this anymore, and if they try to it usually falls flat, whereas TECHNOCRACY nails it right on the head. Monstrous riffs, deep rumbling bass intros, and snarling vocals all melt together into a vicious mix of wild time changes and head banging pandemonium. Unfortunately, this record is nearly impossible to find. But if you get lucky, snap it up because it will be worth every penny.

CUT THE SHIT – all

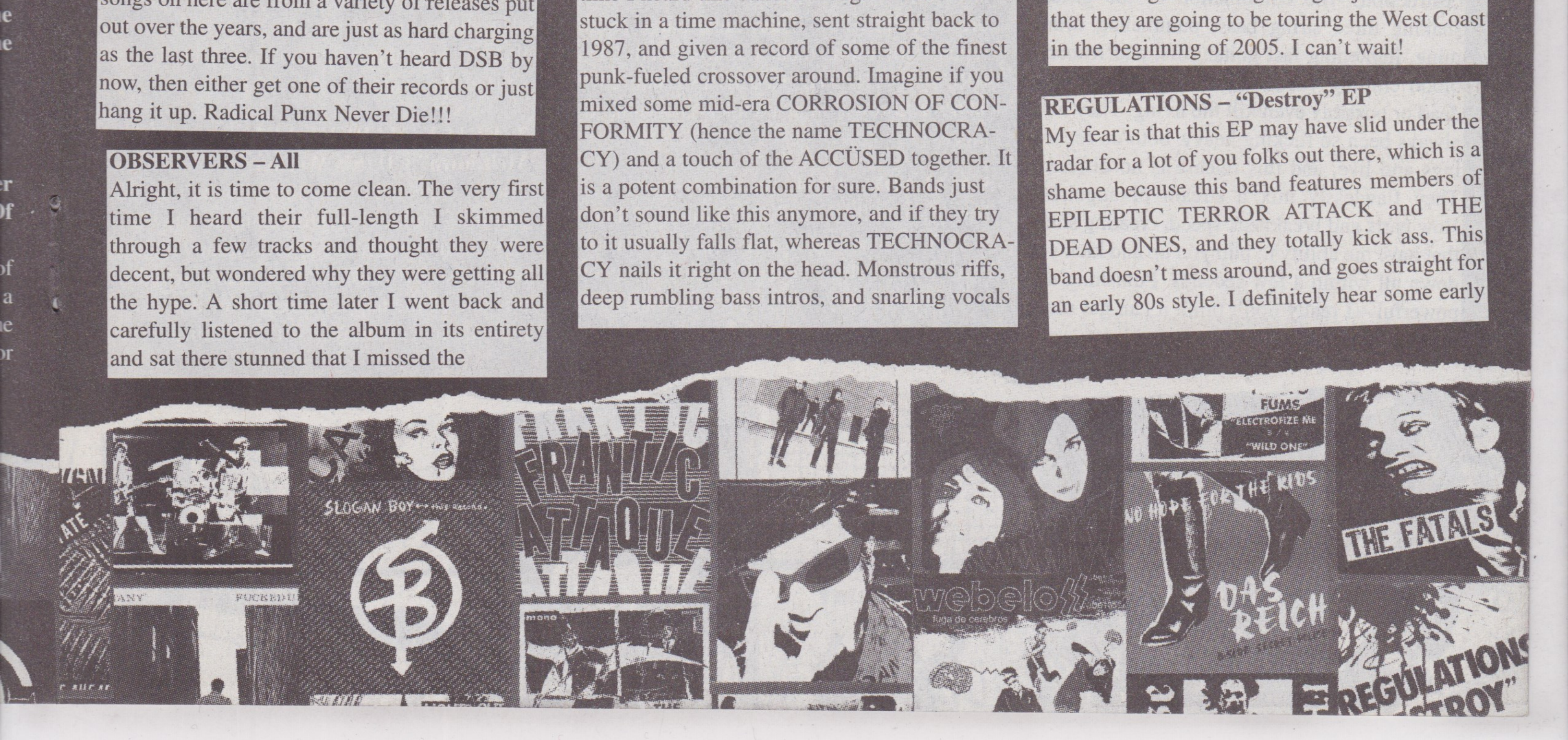
There is a reason that this band has made it into my year end top ten two years in a row. As I said last year, when I first got their demo tape I immediately knew they were going to be one of my favorites. And they have continued to impress me by nailing it with every release and not putting out one bad song. The thing I find so appealing about CUT THE SHIT is their ability to make really fast hardcore with all these catchy hooks that totally engage the listener. Not only that, but they are a kick ass live band, and I am glad I got to see them as many times as I did considering that they recently broke up. Which is a bummer, because I would like to have seen a few more releases from them. Well, as they say, all good things must come to an end.

FUCKED UP – all

Has there been a hardcore band more hyped than this one in the last year or so? I mean these guys (and gal) came out of nowhere and turned the world of hardcore on it's ear and just kept hitting us up with one release after the other. I hear them compared most frequently to BLACK FLAG, which really isn't that far off the mark as a major influence on this band. Nonetheless, they are no copycat tribute band. They take a tough-as-nails musical approach and run with it. Straight-up songs that leave the bullshit on the cutting room floor. Fist pumping, mid-tempo rhythms layered over rumbling bass lines and growling vocals that demand your attention. FUCKED UP makes the perfect *fuck you* music, so you can happily raise your middle finger and sing along. I just found out that they are going to be touring the West Coast in the beginning of 2005. I can't wait!

REGULATIONS – "Destroy" EP

My fear is that this EP may have slid under the radar for a lot of you folks out there, which is a shame because this band features members of EPILEPTIC TERROR ATTACK and THE DEAD ONES, and they totally kick ass. This band doesn't mess around, and goes straight for an early 80s style. I definitely hear some early



West Coast influences here, capturing everything from pre-Rollins BLACK FLAG to some early BAD RELIGION. Jangly guitar hooks steer clear of heavy distortion, creating four incredibly catchy songs that come complete with pumping bass lines and rough, growling vocals. Even the picture of the band makes this release look dated and old school. I love it when bands can cull the influences of eras that are long gone and nail the sound as if it was their own 20+ years later. I hope these guys release a full length in 2005.

SKITKIDS – All

Damn, you know how you put on a classic Swedish punk record like DISARM or AVSKUM and you think to yourself, "Boy they really don't make them like this anymore." Well, stop kidding yourself and go pick up one of the amazing SKITKIDS releases. This past year saw them release another 12" and a split EP for your listening pleasure. As stated in the beginning of the review, the SKITKIDS (who are obviously from Sweden) pay homage to their punk forefathers and pick up some modern flare from such quality shit as TOTALITÄR. They blaze their way through some wildly ripping d-beat punk, where distortion and chaos are king. Anthemic tunes that are bound to raise a fist and stir a rowdy pit. I sure wish this band would come over the USA and play some shows!

ARTIMUS PYLE – "Fucked From Birth" LP

It is no joke when I say that ARTIMUS PYLE was my favorite local band for at least a few years. Unfortunately, they have all moved away, leaving a big gap in my "must see" local band list. On the plus side, they were kind enough to drop this gargantuan release on us, and boy, is it a frenzied mess of rage and destruction! The combination of the ground shaking three string bass, pummeling drumming, lightening fast guitar riffs, and Robert's blood chilling vocals are enough to raise the dead or possibly even kill the living. They have always been so fucking heavy, both on recordings and live, and this release is no different. They flawlessly mix a stream of anguished slow parts and breakneck speed, creating songs that have the ability to pull you up and kick you down all within a few seconds. Punishing and powerful—I really don't think it can get much heavier than this.

ELLIOTT LANGE

First off there were a few straight-up metal releases in more (or in the last case, less) mainstream circles that were definitely among the best releases of the year including: the magnificent *Terrifyer* double disc masterpiece from PIG DESTROYER (Relapse), the *I* EP from the impossibly technical MESHUGGAH (Fractured Transmitter) and lastly, the incredible full-length demo of raging black metal from Olympia's WOLVES IN THE THRONEROOM, definitely one of the more promising debuts of recent years. On to the regular fare, in order of greatness.

1. LOVE SONGS – "All Branches, No Trunk" CD (625 Not So Fastcore / New Disorder)

Yep, my number one record, and it's the furthest thing from grind. But that's what's so great about it—even metalheads should be able to appreciate the insidiously catchy riffs, choruses, and arrangements on this here "pop" punk record. Really unusual and original song structure and drumming as well as a heavy-as-metal guitar sound are the perfect compliments to Craigums's poignant and personal lyrics. You just have to hear it, end of discussion.

2. KILL THE CLIENT – "Wage Slave" CDEP (Counter Intelligence)

Close behind though, is the tech-grind juggernaut that is KILL THE CLIENT. This is where to go for head-cracking speed and change-ups. Everything about this record is just sheer intensity from start to finish: No song is over a hundred seconds. Few if any slow parts. Nothing repeats for more than a few seconds. Think BRUTAL TRUTH, KALIBAS, and CRYPTOPSY thrown in a blender and minced to pieces.

3. MALADY – LP (Level Plane)

Though I still mourn the demise of PG.99, MALADY makes their passing a little easier to bear. Chris Taylor is one of the very few people in hardcore today who sounds better singing than screaming (not that he can't scream). The songs on here are possessed of a ghostly melancholy, which I really haven't heard duplicated anywhere else.

4. UMLAUT – "Total Disfuckingcography" CD (CrimethInc.)

The full discography treatment (not hard with just two records) is granted to these hard-drinking, hard-fighting Finnish bikers, who are hell-bent on anarchy, mayhem, and revenge on American bands who speak English on tour in their country. Some of the most high-octane double-kick pounding hardcore/grind this side of SEINAJOKI, plus they do a wicked CARCASS cover.

5. SAYYADINA – "Fear Gave Us Wings" CD (Sound Pollution) / LP (Yellow Dog)

The "other" Scandinavian grindcore band on this list unleash their first full-length after several splits, EPs, and comp tracks. Unfortunately Ove is no longer playing drums—apparently he was playing so fast he did permanent physical damage to his shoulder and can no longer play—which gives you an idea of just how fast their normal tempos are. So Ove's just kicking it on vocals now, and they've enlisted the drummer from fellow Swedish grinders BIRDFLESH to fill in. Still proof positive as to why Swedish grindcore is as good as it gets.

6. DROP DEAD / LOOK BACK AND LAUGH - split 7" (Armageddon) & **LOOK BACK AND LAUGH** 12" (Lengua Armada)

LOOK BACK AND LAUGH is seemingly the band of the moment as far as Bay Area hardcore goes. When I returned from my trip overseas they were all anyone could talk about. The several times I've gotten to witness their jaw-shattering live shows since leave no doubt that it's well-deserved praise. And their recorded output is just as good. On the 7", DROP DEAD also chime in, and are still fast (if not faster) than ever, making this an easy pick for best split of the year.

7. BLACK MARKET FETUS – "Midwest Meltdown" CD (Six Weeks)

I never expected to like this even half as much as I did—in fact I was dreading reviewing the CD based on the name. Shows what you get for being a snobby bastard. In a bizarre way I find this one of the happiest records of the year for me—their celebration of all things metal

DICTOS
NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS
Storkobenhavn
the PonYs
henry fiat's open sore
CRUTO WAYS
ARTIMVS PYLE
ZULU
SAVAGE LUCY
Forget This Generation
RECORDS PRESENTS:

amidst a catchy sloppy punk framework makes me smile every time.

8. ARTIMUS PYLE - Fucked from Birth CD/LP (Prank)
Another pleasant surprise upon returning from being away was finding a new record from the no-longer-local ARTIMUS PYLE. These guys can't seem to stop getting even heavier and more intense with each release. Utterly devastating.

9. PROFESSOR – "Academizer 3" CD (tUMULt)
No one really makes metal like this anymore—maybe recording techniques have gotten too good for their own good—so Andee from Tumult had to go and reissue this massive but all-too-brief slab of lo-fi blackened death metal from Germany circa 1990. The speed on this is relentless and the sound such an utterly blown-out wall of noise, you can't help but bow in submission.

10. THE BLINDING LIGHT – "The Ascension Attempt" CD (Deathwish)
Ex-members of under-rated mid-west metal outfits CALIGARI and SUFFER (as well as THREADBARE) return after an awesome EP with a punishing steamroller of a full-length. Non-stop breakdowns set against death metal riffing and insanely heavy production equals perfect metalcore.

PS – I don't care what anybody thinks—I'm still bummed about Diamond Darrell.

SCOTT SORIANO

PIRANHAS – "Pisces Clangor" LP (In the Red)
No one stands on the fence with this one. I am on the side that thinks this is great: It is as close as punk rock gets to free jazz. It teeters on the edge of chaos and that is a good place for a punk band to be.

MR & MR & MR & MR & MR EVIL – "The Ballad of Big Lurch" LP (PDCCD-NA)
Punk that succeeds in getting funky without being lame funk-punk. Dirty & smart.

DIRTBOMBS – "I Can't Stop Thinking About It" LP (MCIF)
Easily one of the best live bands around does a raw set for the late, great John Peel.

SIGHTINGS – "Arrived in Gold" LP (Load)
These New Yorkers step sideways from their dense garage blow-ups to spastic rhythms and twisted fuck. Great.

DEAD MOON – "Dead Ahead" LP (Tombstone)
Timeless, anthemic punk rock by timelessly inspiring people.

HUE BLANC'S JOYLESS ONES – EP (Trick Knee)
From the basements of Wisconsin comes odd garage after a decade of molting.

WIRE – "On the Box: 1979" DVD/CD (Pink Flag)
Forever floating around on video, this German TV live broadcast gets proper release, and it's as good as anything they've done.

FEELERS – "Fuhrer's New Miniskirt" EP (Death by Noise)
Columbus, Ohio scores with the best band from that burg since the NEW BOMB TURKS pooped out their early 7"s all those years ago.

BILLY SYNDROME - Beyond CD (Slutfish)
Longtime NYC punk fixture comes again with a great mix of punk, psych, and outsider individualism.

V/A – "1382 The Persian New Wave: Underground out of the Islamic Republic of Iran" LP (Tian An Men 89)
The most astounding comp of the year. Luk Hääs somehow found that punk exists in Iran and documented it.

CAROLYN KEDDY

JOHN WILKES BOOZE – "Five Pillars Of Soul" LP (Kill Rock Stars)
Demented, punked-out soul music. A collection of the best songs from their CDEPs, inspired by the five pillars of soul: Melvin van Peebles, Tania Hearst, Albert Ayler, Marc Bolan, and Yoko Ono. Singer Seth Mahern sings in this wildly high-pitched, bratty voice that seems to blend perfectly with the soul music his band is pumping out. The songs are unbelievably catchy and fun to sing along to.

PIRANHAS – "Piscis Clangor" LP (In The Red)
This band is genuinely deranged in the best possible way. Over-dramatic vocals, discordant rhythms, pulsing beats. It teeters on the edge of something without ever falling off. The band is so tight and they are such incredible musicians that they may not need a crazy singer, but it does make it fun for the rest of us. I am really happy I didn't get beat up for my heckling at their SF show. Not that I cared too much at the time, I was just joining in on the fun. Singer Gentle James Easter's belly flop onto a table full of pint glasses was a spectacular way to end a show, especially with all the blood.

SAVAGE LUCY - "Forget This Generation" LP (Squirrel)
Even though I know they are teenagers from the Pacific Northwest, USA, these girls still sound Australian to me. This could easily have been some recently discovered lost recordings of SUICIDE SQUAD. They play simple punk rock at break neck speed, yet still manage to sound poppy. "Terrorist" is an evil revenge song that is so hummable, I feel creepy when I catch myself singing it while walking down the street. Even their cover of "Blue Moon" is fun. Who would have thought that was possible?

Reigning Sound
BATTLESHI
LOST SOUNDS
PIRANHAS
DESCENDENTS
PLEASURE
DEAD STOP

OBSERVERS – "So What's Left Now" LP (Vinyl Warning)
An amazing band with a singer who at times sounds like MINOR THREAT-era Ian McKaye and at others like early 7 SECONDS-era Kevin Seconds. There really isn't anyone out there these days doing the sing-songy 80s hardcore thing. It really brings me back. The music is thrashy, trashy garage rock that constrasts nicely with the vocals. Every time I catch one of these songs playing somewhere, my ears perk up. I love the sound.

MUCK AND THE MIRES – "Beginner's Muck" CD (Amp Records)
The best straight-ahead garage rock record of the year without a doubt. Super catchy, upbeat, with all original songs. They have the matching clothes and the vintage equipment, but they manage to pump life into the genre that so many manage to run into the ground. Everything I look for in a garage band, and they have an amazing female drummer too.

FATALS – "Angry" EP (Nasty Product)
An amazing record that I was never able to track down a copy of, so I have a pathetic cassette recording of the *MRR* copy. Alas. This amazing, noisy as fuck French band blows me away. How these guys are able to beautifully channel the essence of TEENGENERATE is beyond me. Who cares? They did it. Great songs buried beneath a wall of noise and some cool, snotty punk rock attitude.

BASEBALL FURIES – "Let It Be" LP (Big Neck)
Using the best influences of the New York and Detroit underground rock scenes that would eventually spin off to form punk rock, The BASEBALL FURIES are making some of the best music around. Trashy, dirty, and evil music with disaffected vocals and excellent, catchy songs. A perfect album.

OPERATION S – LP (Broken Rekids)
In these days of crappy 80s new wave revival bands, it is nice to see a band that can incorporate keyboards into their music and still manage to maintain a punk attitude. That is, they don't let keyboards overwhelm the songs; guitar is still the main instrument. Plus there are fun female and male vocals that are all sung in French. C'est trés exotique.

FE FI FO FUMS – "Electrofize Me / Wild One" 45 (Boom Boom Of Renton)
Two amazing, trashy, garage rock tunes in the great tradition of the heyday of the 90s San Francisco Purple Onion scene. I can't decide which song I like better. I always love a song that utilizes a made up word like "Electrofize," but on the other hand "Wild One" is just so damn catchy. Fortunately, since both are under five minutes total I don't have to decide. Whew.

MOTORAMA – "Shy Girl" EP (Vida Loca)
A very cool two-piece female garage band from Italy with music so frantic and energetic that seems hard to believe that there isn't a full band.

ILLNESSES – "I Wanna Die" EP (Pop Quiz)
This band snuck into San Francisco to play a couple of shows in 1997 and then disappeared without a trace. That is, until this year, when some very nice and smart person decided to release this record of four songs the band recorded in 1997 before they broke up. Peppy punk rock recorded in the lo-fi manner that was all the rage back in the 90s. These songs are so great that it's hard to believe they weren't more popular.

HONORABLE MENTION:
ORPHANS "Everybody Loves You When You're Dead" LP (Unity Squad), CAREER SUICIDE LP (Ugly Pop), BATTLESHIP "Presents Princess" 12" (Raw Deluxe) ULCERS "Hot Skin & Cold Cash" LP (Damaged Goods)

Best Songs of 2004:
I do a weekly radio show on KUSF, 90.3 FM, in San Francisco. I have a bad habit of latching on to certain songs that I love and can't seem to ever get out of my head, so I don't want to play any others. These are the songs that I always had to play in 2004:

VON STEINS "Hot Sex" (from the Fancy Bulge EP)
TWAT VIBE "Got Nuthin'" (from the compilation *Maybe Chicago*)
HOT MACHINES "Tear It Apart" (from the compilation *Maybe Chicago*)
KRUNCHIES "Wargasm" (from the "Interrobang" EP on Criminal IQ)
HUSBANDS "Daniel" (from the Blue Bus 7")
WINKS "You're Gonna Die" (from the Super Secret EP)
HEADACHE CITY "Knee Jerk Reaction" (from The Shit Sandwich EP)
REAL LOSERS "(Let's Go) Totally Nutzoid!" (from the "Go Nutzoid!" EP on Wrench)
TYRADES "I Am Homicide" (from the Shit Sandwich EP)
THEE MINKS "I Lie To Boys" (from the "Songs About Boys" EP on Steel Cage)
LOCOMOTIONS "Come and Get It" (from the "s/t" CD on Dead Beat)

Best reasons to have a CD player in 2004:
MONOSHOCK "Runnin' Ape-like From The Backwards Superman: 1989-1995" CD (S-S Records)
REVELONS "Anthology" CD (Sepia Tone)
SCIENTISTS "Pissed On Another Planet" CD (Sympathy For The Record Industry)

Best Live Shows of 2004:

DICKS @ The Eagle Tavern — Three of the four original Texas DICKS playing all their great songs. I was squashed against the bar and sweating, but I didn't care. It was worth every bruise. Gary Floyd hassled the "punks" in the audience who almost made us miss hearing "Dicks Hate The Police."
PIRANHAS @ The Hemlock Tavern — Sound problems, heckling, violence, ripped t-shirts, and the singer ended up bleeding all the way out the door on his way to the hospital. Plus the music was amazing.
METAL URBAIN @ The Hemlock Tavern — Two nights in a row!
OPERATION S, SMIRK, and **The WENDY KROYS** @ Thee Parkside — This show was so crazy it blew out the power at the club and for five surrounding blocks including the Dead Moon show down the street. Operation S did a great cover of "The American In Me" in French. Take that with your freedom fries.
THEE FLYING DUTCHMEN@ The Hemlock Tavern
JOHN WILKES BOOZE @ The Hemlock Tavern
BASEBALL FURIES and **MISTREATERS** @ The Stork Club and Thee Parkside

CARBONAS
SLOGAN BOY
GRABBIES
the FEELERS
Skellefta Stadshotell EP
NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS
UGLY&ALIVE
FRANTIC ATTAQUE
6NK6NK6NK6

RYAN WELLS

This year was smidge below '03, but there's still enough cream to keep everyone fat. In no particular order…

A FRAMES – "Complication" EP and "Crutches" EPs

With this band's recent signing to the same label that put out all those great BEWITCHED and REGURGITATOR records, the pearly gates of *MRR*-dom will slowly grind shut, keeping out any quite possibly diseased future releases that could degrade or threaten our scrupulously maintained "Clean Room" status. Well, the first little leper squeezed in right before the New Orders came down, and a magnificent slab of chunk it is. Yes, it dates from some of their legendary (sic) early recordings that gave the world the *Plastica* and *Neutron Bomb* EPs that now change hands for thousands and thousands of dollars, hell, I saw one on Craigslist offered in trade for a fresh kidney (no race specified). The *Crutches* EP also dates from the same period, and for me is the best 7" ever from this fantastic band. I suppose it came out late last year; on like December 28th or something, but I bought my copy (like everyone else in Commoner Land) in February. Everything that is nervy about the art-punk thing that's been going down for the last three years or so is represented on these two 45s. They incorporate a fresh set of influences and spit out records with garage-level personality that sidestep so much of the shallow posturing-for-posturing's sake that scuppers the other practitioners of this elusively attained sonic alchemy. Fancy talk for the gaily-painted boot resting on your nape. On S-S Records and Royal Records, respectively.

FE FI FO FUMS – "Electrofize Me / Wild One" 45

I suppose to be considered/slandered/categorized as "*KBD* punk" requires aping the PAGANS, DEAD BOYS and, I dunno, the NOTHING. How about a band that puts a serious 60s headlock on the PENETRATORS, or the TEENAGE PhD's (kinda)? Aren't those guys on a *Killed By Death* too? Well, this is a classic punk 45 that, since it's on the FLYING DUTCHMEN's label, will get some garage whitewash slapped on the panels, but it's punk in its purest stripped down nuts'n'bolts primacy. Garage land central here, and a 45 where both, that's *both*, tracks are fuckin' rockin'. This record will still rool in 2014.

REGULATIONS – "Survive In the City" and "Destroy" EPs

Their first 7" was one of the best punk 7" of 2004, *easily*, and they followed it up with this monster, cut from the same finespun. These Euros apparently circulate in Hardcore Moderne circles, which kept some folks away from the pummel on their earlier record, but they really stand apart from the land of "a little metal influence with d-beats." The Dangerhouse comparisons, while slightly hyperbolic, are allowable (more like 1982 Flipside). They have a full length coming up soon on the Havoc label, which is generally one of the least likely places to find my hard-earned expended for kicks, but if it's anything like these sharpened pennies it could easily win the award for Best Punk Rock Album of the Year Hiding On a Hardcore Label. Unless the SLOWMOTIONS suddenly do an LP on, I dunno, Sound Pollution. Two 7"s that definitely will put the "Sid" back in your lip sneer. The first is on Putrid Filth Conspiracy, the other on Busted Heads (RIP).

KNUGEN FALLER – "Skellefte" EP

Totally timeless punk rock, could be from 1980 or 1992 or 2004. Great skeletal riffs that carry the foreign-language-as-instrument thing to its logical conclusion. You know, lazy Americans like me can't be bothered to learn the lingo, so the vocals just become complimentary to the tunes; here is works to perfection. This baby carries the banner for the INCONTROLLADOS 7" that would have occupied this spot…if they still were around to put stuff out. Unlike many good-to-great 7" from last year, I want to hear a full length from this gang! On the Wasted Sounds label, who should really put out another record or six by this gruppe.

FALL – "The Real New Fall LP" LP

I'm a FALL fan, and this is on an indie, and they've ditched the Madchester electro krap for the most part. And I guess Marke E. got hisself a better set 'o choppers and a better supply of powdery inspiration, so it all adds up to a great addition to the catalog of the only '77 UK living punk band that still matters. Yeah, they are 1977 originals—they always get overlooked on that level, just like the CRAMPS. So this would make my Top Ten by default. On the Narnack label for some reason.

REIGNING SOUND – "Too Much Guitar" LP

Not too much for me! I've got a secret for everyone who digs this record, go get the *Head Shop* LP by GREG OBLIVIAN & the TIP TOPS from 1998 or so, it's on Sympathy. You will cry a river of joy that will carry you back to this record. The unruly sons of the OBLIVIANS still cut mean rugs, but now they know how to *really* dance. A great standard to compare garage pretenders to for the next few years: "Okay, this is good but is it *Too Much Guitar* good? Well, no, but…" A throwdown to all those potentially songwriting punker-types who worship the past and denigrate the present to their own detriment. Why can't *you* write a song as good as "Boy, Can I Dance Good" or "Rocket to Nowhere." Tryyyyyyyy…send yer $$ to In The Red Records.

FEELERS – "Fuhrer's New Miniskirt" EP

What's to say really, it's a kick-ass arty punk 7" that was just a little bit better than all the other attempts made in 2004. Direct, vicious and brainy without trying too hard. It's gone from the "racks" already but I think there's a repress on Contaminated floating around.

MIDNIGHT TRAMP – "I'm Back" EP

Yah, I always read Shane White's reviews too, what the hell, right? It's how you find out about the really solid power-pop crap like this one, because his bullshit detector is always set on eleven. I don't share his violent distaste for the band name, but I am down with the songwriting and the perfect production, both of which can make or break a great punky-style powerpop single (well, duh). There is a certain vague influence working here, hard to discern, perhaps the lingering scent of…can't nail it. DAVID QUINTON? Canucks with a take who are not from the SPACESHITS-zzzzzzzzzzipp school, as refreshing as a gentle January breeze in Montreal. On Zaxxon Virile.

CARBONAS – s/t 7"

The best straight-ahead push-you-outta-the-way garage punk 7" of 2004. They have yet to produce a bad record. And if they keep up the good work maybe they can work their way up to 300 press runs! Sterling snarling snaps. Self-released.

NERVOUS PATTERNS – s/t LP

I'm battlin' a stiff wind if I pick the mere side project over the hulking LOST SOUNDS, but this is my favorite recent release from the

THE FATALS
CARBONAS
GRABBIES
chainsawtour-04
the FEELERS
ROPDEAD
KNUGEN FALLER
Skellefte Stadshotell EP
VAN SAC-
UGLY&ALIVE
FRANTIC

Memphis Sound Factory that is Alicja Trout. Attempts at early 80s new wave are verrrrry dangerous and are not advised for the smarmy or the recently converted, as it takes many years of careful study to precisely distill the pure essence at the heart of the CURE or ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN from the foul froth that boils forth from most attempts to channel these dicey energies. One foot wrong and yer in VH1 territory. Or, you get the NERVOUS PATTERNS, who make the EPOXIES sound like HOLLY & THE ITALIANS. Hope this ain't a one-off. On the local Cochon label.

HONORABLE MENTIONS:
TIME FLYS 1st EP, V/A "BABYHEAD" LP, ARMITAGE SHANKS "Urinal Heap" LP BLANK ITS "Johnny's Tongue" EP, TOKYO ELECTRON - EP, LIDS - LP HOT SNAKES – "Audit In Progress" LP, BLACK TIME - 'Blackout' LP.

RESISSUES THAT DESERVE YOUR DOSH:
SCIENTISTS "Pissed On Another Planet" 2CD, CRAMPS "How To Make A Monster" 2xCD, MENTALLY ILL "Gacy's Place" LP, CRIME "San Francisco's Still Doomed' LP, MONOSHOCK "Runnin' Apelike From the Backwards Superman" CD, HOMOSEXUALS "Astral Glamour" 3xCD, SLUGFUCKERS "Cacophany 79-81" 2xCD, SILVER "Do You Wanna Dance" EP

VINCE HORNER

1. CRIME – "San Francisco's STILL Doomed" LP
Twenty-eight years after the initial release of the "Hotwire My Heart/Baby Your So Repulsive" single, CRIME's guitar tone remains as one of the nastiest, most abrasive sounds I've ever heard. This long overdue re-release brings us 22 tracks of savage, uncompromising rock'n'roll from '76-'79. It's amazing! This LP could not be any better. Along with killer tracks like "Frustration," "Piss On Your Dog," and "Murder By Guitar," this issue includes unreleased alternate takes of "Hotwire My Heart" and "Baby You're So Repulsive" that are so relentlessly raw and violent, I think I might like them more than the originals! But it doesn't end here...The rumored Revenant Box set is not a joke, and will include DVD footage of their infamous show at SAN QUENTIN prison. It's hard to believe, but yeah, along with Doc Boggs and Albert Ayler, John Fahey loved CRIME's ferocious razor-blade riffs!?

2. GAUZE – "City Rockers" EP
A rare gem from one of my all time favorites, GAUZE. This bootleg reissue brings us nine vicious tracks of speedy 1980s punk mayhem from the titans of Japanese hardcore. Originally released on the 1982 *City Rockers* comp, these are possibly GAUZE's earliest recording. Aside from "Drug Addict" which appeared on one of the *Killed by Hardcore* comps as "Drag Addict," these tracks are seeing the world outside of the collector scum vaults for the first time in over twenty years. Straight-forward and totally raw, these tracks don't fail to deliver the manic energy and fury of the later hardcore records they became famous for. Flawless 80s punk greatness.

3. NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS – "Das Reich" EP
Copenhagen, Denmark's NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS let loose with two explosive tracks of anthemic "Koldkrigsrock" from deep in the trenches. Dark, ominous riffs make way for killer hooks and catchy vocals. Melodic, energetic, and aggressive, it's everything you could ask for. A great follow up to one of the best LPs of last year, and an instant classic.

4. NK6 – "No Back No" EP
Jesus Fucking Christ. This is the sound of devastation! Amp-searing speed-freaks NK6 pack more fury and rage into each note than most bands manage to do in an entire album, as they unleash some of the most vicious hardcore to come out of Japan since GAUZE. This savage onslaught of raw, bone-crushing terror could easily pass as an *Equalizing Distort* out-takes session. It even makes their maniacal *Keep On Keeping On* LP sound a little tame.

5. REGULATIONS – "Destroy" EP
A fantastic follow up to their mind-blowing "Survive In The City" EP. Umeå, Sweden's REGULATIONS charge ahead with four more explosive blasts of fast, catchy, totally pissed 80s hardcore punk. The songs'll get stuck in your head, and next thing you know you'll be waving your fists in the air in library elevators. I can't get enough of it!

6. WRANGLER BRUTES – EP
Sure to dominate your turntable for weeks, this one-sided, two-song EP will make you forget about the hundreds of other records you own. A frenzy of manic screams and a fierce, wirey guitar that sounds like Greg Ginn playing through a straight-jacket makes way for unbelievably melodic and catchy songs. Not nearly as BORN AGAINST as everyone says, these tracks fall more in line with the hectic post-modern 80s hardcore nostalgia of the MEN'S RECOVERY PROJECT *Normal Man* EP. It's the perfect mix of BLACK FLAG worship with Sam's cynicism & wit. Their *Zulu* LP, which followed this single was great, but my deaf uncle would have done a been better job recording it than Steve Albini did. His bland, compressed, sterile charm killed the raw energetic sound of WRANGLER BRUTES, so don't let this single slip by you.

7. SKITKIDS / EXHALE - Split EP
Delivering some of their best yet, SKITKIDS took the formula of harsh, abrasive, aggressive hardcore that turned heads with their *Onna For Pleasure* 12" and twisted the knobs up to eleven with these three blasts of hectic audio cruelty. Blazing guitars, harsh vocals, relentless and completely devastating hardcore. EXHALE has no problem keeping the intensity level up, as they rip through two terrorizing tracks of furious hardcore that are unbelievably raw and vicious in the trademark Japanese style. Split EPs are never this good!

8. HENRY FIATS OPEN SORE - "The Parallel Universe Of" LP
A powerhouse of a debut release from Oakland label Raw Deluxe. HENRY FIATS OPEN SORE might set the standard for energetic garage rock in 2005, as they dish out track after track of fast, fun, catchy punk. If their snotty, in your face attitude doesn't blow you away, the raw intensity behind it will. Perfect anthems for degenerate youth.

9. DEADSTOP - "Down With You" LP
Perfectly executed, Belgium's DEADSTOP delivers pounding blows of take-no-prisoners American (styled) 80s hardcore. A non-stop bombardment of energy and intensity, this is some of the best of its kind I've heard in a few years. You'll remember how you felt the first time you listened to NEGATIVE APPROACH or CITIZENS ARREST.

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Storkobenhavn
the Ponys
"Laced with Romance"
henry fiats open sore
CRUEL WAYS
ARTIMUS PYLE
ZULU
SAVAGE LUC
Forget This Generation
RECORDS PRESENTS:
CAR EER SUI CIDE

10. FRANTIC - "Attaque" EP
A ferocious assault of blown-out, over-driven rock'n'roll packed with snot and fuzz. Short and sweet, these FRANTIC tracks explode with heavy doses of chaotic energy, panic inducing riffs, and powerful vocal snarls to make for one dangerously great listen.

MITCH CARDWELL

It is with much trepidation that I unleash my picks of the year, especially before the year's "actual" end. In an effort to add a bit of science and rationality to this (impossible) task, I have constructed these lists using the principles of Mel Cheplowitz's NFL Power Rankings. God help each and every one of us.

REISSUES

5. MOTO – "Single File" CD (Criminal IQ Records)
Single File covers my "songs about cocks" quota for the year. This singles/rarities comp proved that the caveman greatness was going strong long before *Kill MOTO*. Who knew? Apparently everyone but me.

4. THE SILVER – "Do You Wanna Dance?" 7" (Pop Con Records)
The most uneasy listening imaginable, as made by pre-teen RAMONES fans in Finland, 1979! If you've consulted any of the recent issues of *Ugly Things*, you know that this is "Primitive Shit Music" incarnate. Unlike anything I've ever heard.

3. MONOSHOCK – "Runnin' Ape-like From The Backwards Superman: 1989-1995" CD (S-S Records)
Oh, to be just a few years older. Mind-melting SF psych-punk that certainly isn't afraid to go for the jugular. They are eerily reminiscent of all of those proto-punks that had "it," but they still manage to go further out than expected. Rockers need not be afraid: contains the best RADIO BIRDMAN cover ever.

2. CRIME – "San Francisco's STILL Doomed" LP (Swami Records)
San Francisco's first and only rock'n'roll band wins over another generation with this reissue. No longer will the needy be forced to swim in the salty seas of eBay for a taste of this flat-out classic of punk rock.

1. THE HOMOSEXUALS – "Astral Glamour" 3xCD (Hyped2Death/Morphius)
Having never heard this unbelievable band before might have something to do with its high placement, but I honestly can't think of a record that excited me more than this in 2004. I listened to at least one volume daily for four straight months. This is where we separate the dorks from the completely hopeless.

SINGLES

10. THE FATALS – "Angry" EP (Nasty Product)
This band made a big splash in 2004 with singles on Yakisakana and P. Trash, but their debut is what really delivers the goods. I jumped through flaming rings of fire for a copy of this and it was worth it. Booming trash-punk that conjures up the spirit and sound of early 90s no-fi.

9. A-FRAMES – "Complications" EP (S-S)
It's just not a "Best-Of" list without these guys forcing their way in. Like their *Crutches* EP from 2003, this is the A-FRAMES at their primitive, raw best. It never ceases to amaze me how their songs move from controlled to out of control seamlessly.

8. NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS – "Das Reich" EP (Backwards Masking)
Punk. Hey, I call 'em as I see 'em. NHFTK are the real deal, and it's nice to have a band everyone can get excited about. One of the best bands I saw all year as well.

7. THE SLOWMOTIONS – "Make Love" EP (HG Fact)
I actually have no idea what the lead tune is called (title in Japanese), but that's what he's yelling in the chorus. If you are longing for the past glory of the REGISTRATORS, this is a close as you're going to get…which is pretty fucking close!

6. REGULATIONS – "Destroy" EP (Busted Heads)
While this is not the jaw-dropping monster that their debut was, it's still fantastic. Early European and American punk/hardcore collide here in almost perfect proportions. I can't wait for the album.

5. BLANK ITS – "Johnny's Tongue" EP (Band Its)
These two tunes wormed into my brain and set up camp for an extended stay. Cross the simple catchiness of a band like MOTO with the artful head case charm of the INTELLIGENCE. Great.

4. FRANTIC – "Attaque" EP (Die Slaughterhaus)
One of many records released this year that is of equal appeal to punk and hardcore camps, and rightly so. Need I say that the aggression matches the snot factor perrrrfectly?

3. THE TIME FLYS – "The Wet Ones" EP (Birdman)
This hasn't been reviewed here and I'm honestly not sure if it will be. What I am sure of is that it's fucking great. Four very shaggy folks lead you on an early punk ride through Oakland, CA, with a touch of glam strut for good measure.

2. TOKYO ELECTRON – "Make Me Bleed" EP (Solid Sex Lovie Doll)
Take the minimalist, all-rock aesthetic of a band like OBLIVIANS, mix with the violent mind of synth-punk genius Ryan Wong, boil and inject into your pee hole. Oh, this one was really limited too.

1. THE FEELERS – "Fuhrer's New Miniskirt" EP (Death By Noise)
No gimmicks, no jive. Just pure, reckless Midwestern punk executed flawlessly and without giving a good goddamn about anything. A stunner from the first listen…and it goes up from there.

ALBUMS

10. KNIGHTS OF THE NEW CRUSADE – "Our God Is Alive, Sorry About Yours!" CD (Gabriel's Trumpet)
The fact that I resemble a Red State is reason enough for me to include this fine, moral and incredibly rockin' album here.

9. THE GHETTO WAYS – LP (Alien Snatch)
A real sleeper, but deserving of inclusion among the year's best. This NYC band channels a post-STOOGES, post-MC5 Motor City through a fuzzy, mid-fi barroom haze.

gning Sound
BATTL
LOST SOUNDS
Future Touch
Time Bomb High School
ANHAS
DESCENDENTS
DEAD STOP
LEASURE

8) THE PIRANHAS –Piscis Clangor LP (In The Red)
Most folks appear to be awfully critical of this band's move away from their initial offerings, but I find myself just as excited by them as I ever was. They've added a free jazz feel to their damaged punk freakout without seeing their ferocity level dip.

7. BLACK TIME – "Blackout" LP (Concrete Life)
This came out of nowhere (well, England) and knocked me out with one punch. *Blackout* is a strong, noisy cocktail with nods to the MAKERS (when they were good!) and classic LA punk rock.

6. CLOROX GIRLS – "The One" 12" (SmartGuy)
I can't be alone here. These guys charmed everyone with their short, hook-filled odes to warehouse parties and adventure (sexual or otherwise). Simple, not dumb.

5. LOST SOUNDS – LP (In The Red)
While I'm not quite comfortable calling this record a departure from prior efforts, I will say that it's the poppiest LOST SOUNDS record yet. Naturally, I'm speaking of "pop" in the oft-neglected "death by electrocution" sense of the word.

4. THE HUNCHES – "Hobo Sunrise" LP (In The Red)
On their second album, the HUNCHES appear more focused in delivering their noise, using the same dynamics and great songwriting to much stronger effect. Not as initially jarring as their debut, but a stronger album in the long run.

3. DESTRUCTION UNIT – "Self-Destruction Of A Man" LP (Empty)
The further torture of Ryan Wong, as assisted by Jay Reatard and Alicja Trout. I'm struggling to recall a time when LOST SOUNDS sounded this angry or demented. Can't do it.

2. THE PONYS – "Laced With Romance" LP (In The Red)
A couple of sour live shows dropped this from the top spot, but there's no denying how good of a record it is. Even Mike "Skull-Crushing" Thorn likes this. A smart, dark pop album that flows from start to finish.

1. REIGNING SOUND – "Too Much Guitar!" LP (In The Red)
I enjoyed the first two albums quite a bit, but this is…fuck. Having always been a fan of Greg Cartwright's projects, I must say that I like him most when he's at his loudest. This is a great, loud, rock'n'roll record that lives up to its name. Being the best live band I've seen in years helps too.

ALLAN McNAUGHTON

2004 was a fucked up year for a lot of reasons. The global and local political situation keeps getting worse, but the biggest shocker of last year, and the one event that continues to leave a massive empty hole in my life, is the passing of John Peel in October. I couldn't believe it when my co-worker passed on the news. It was like the death of a close friend or family member. For me, it was bigger than Strummer, bigger than any Ramone, bigger than Princess Di…For British music fans of my age or just about anyone younger than 50, John Peel was a dry-witted, soft-spoken mate who opened the door to all sorts of sounds you otherwise would never have heard. His passing leaves a void in the world of music broadcasting that can never be filled. He was unique, irreplaceable, and a good bloke. May he rest in peace.

ALBUMS:

HARD SKIN – "Same Meat Different Gravy" LP
When I heard that a second HARD SKIN LP had been recorded, I was over the moon. Then it looked like they weren't going to put it out, and I was pretty disappointed. Now it's finally seen the light of day, and it lives up to all my expectations. I've only had it a week, but it's making #1 on my top records of 2004 list and it'll probably be on 2005's list as well since I'm writing this in the middle of December. Now if they'd only do the oft-hinted at US tour (as long as they don't let Jon Active drive…).

LEATHERFACE – "Dog Disco" LP
Who'd have thought this far into their career that LEATHERFACE would pull off an album that matches the form of their previous magnum opus, *Mush*? I still miss Dickie Hammond's guitar work, but Frankie's riffage, vocals, and songwriting are as good as ever. Shame about the eyestrain I got off the cover though.

HOT SNAKES – "Audit In Progress" LP
Another masterpiece from Reis, Froberg, and team. Their body of work just gets more and more impressive. They were incendiary live this year as well.

NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS – "Storkobenhavn" LP
A dark, gloomy snapshot of life for the young punks of Copenhagen. Just about every song is about suicide or war. The production sounds so dated you'd swear it came out in 1980, but it's still as fresh as this morning's doughnuts. I think this came out in 2003 but it was reviewed in 2004, so here it is. Interest was renewed by their great shows on the West Coast as well. Look for the "Das Reich" EP too.

WRANGLER BRUTES – "Zulu" LP
It's not BORN AGAINST. But it's still one of the best punk/hardcore albums of the last few years. Lyrically, Sam is still miles ahead of the pack.

CLOROX GIRLS – "The One" 12"
One of the shortest LPs in a while, but packed with some of the catchiest, most energetic songwriting around. Let's hope they never grow up.

HONORABLE MENTIONS (ALBUMS):
OBSERVERS – "So What's Left Now?" FIYA "Make Joy Make Strength," ARTIMUS PYLE – "Fucked From Birth," SIGNAL LOST "Children Of The Wasteland," THE FUSE! – "The Fisherman's Wife," V/A - "Letters From The Landfill" LP

SINGLES/EPs

FUCKED UP – "Litany" EP, Haymaker split, "Looking for Gold" 12", "Dance Of Death" EP
FUCKED UP continues to churn out some of the most intriguing records I've heard in a while. The *Looking for Gold* 12" was one of the most unusual records I heard in 2004, that's for sure.

THE FI FO FUMS
TROFIZE ME
WILD ONE
gorilla angreb
the Observers
disclo
chainsawtour-04
DESTRU
ROPDEAD
KNUGEN FALLER
Skelette Stadshotell EP
VAN SAC
UGLY&ALL
BONA
the

STOCKHOLM SYNDROME – "One Way Out" EP
Maybe it's because they are my friends, but this record was one of the most intense, hard-hitting, and lyrically poignant hardcore records of 2004.

HONORABLE MENTIONS (SINGLES/EPs): HARRY BALZAGNA & THE TEENIE WEENIES, HIT ME BACK / OUT OF VOGUE split EP, GORILLA ANGREB - "Astma" EP, PHOENIX FOUNDATION 10", GEISHA GIRLS 12", MANIKIN "M4" EP, SMALLTOWN / PRACTICE split EP.

CD COLLECTIONS:

SCHOLASTIC DETH – "Final Examiner" CD
One stop shopping for all of this band's recorded output. Essential.

SMALLTOWN – "First Three Years" CD
Some of the catchiest anthems you'll get these days.

HOMOSEXUALS – "Astral Glamour" 3XCD
This is a reissue of an old band, and I usually try to focus on current stuff, but this is well worth checking out. English art-punk no-hopers that never took themselves too seriously and also wrote a decent pop song or two.

FUCKED UP – "Epics in Minutes" CD
See above.

Dishonorable mention (On a major but worth an illegal download):

THE FUTUREHEADS – LP

GOLNAR NIKPOUR

1. GORILLA ANGREB – "Astma" EP (Kick'N'Punch)

You've got to understand, this year has been a pretty wild one for me. It started off with me working a shit job and living in Brooklyn, and is winding down with me as the sole content coordinator at *Maximumrocknroll.* I could try to connect the dots between how I got from position A to position B, but what's the point? Here's what I do know: I first heard this EP while waiting for the powers that be to call me out from the back room at the *MRR* compound to interview me for this job, and heard it again almost immediately on my arrival home to Brooklyn. This was in April or so. Most recently, I listened to it earlier this afternoon, somewhere in between copy editing some scene reports and mopping the kitchen floor. In the meanwhile, I would venture to say that I've spun *Astma* dozens of times, maybe even a hundred or more.

There is something in the singer's plaintive vocals that gives GORILLA ANGREB more emotional weight than the average *KBD*-influenced punk band. At first, I was as tempted as everyone to describe this record as an X rip-off, but I would be doing it a disservice to just leave it at that. It's more *romantic* than X somehow, if that's ever the right word for describing punk rock, though for all I know they are singing muscle cars, insects, or some such. Not only is this the best record of the year, but it is also the one that I find myself pulling out in any mood; how often is something the record you throw on after you get the call telling you that you've got the job, and the one you most want to listen to when you're feeling every inch of the 3000 miles between you and home? Totally perfect.

2. THE OBSERVERS – "So What's Left Now" LP (Vinyl Warning)

This record starts off with a melancholy guitar intro, a brief, arpeggiated affair that eventually gives way to one of the finer records in recent memory. It is a great mood setter; mid-tempo but still itchy, a simple few notes that hint at the angsty rock'n'roll that awaits. In the pages of this very fanzine, this band has been compared to bands as disparate as the WIPERS, ADVERTS, AGENT ORANGE, 7 SECONDS, NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS, NEWTOWN NEUROTICS, MINOR THREAT, and BUZZCOCKS. Pretty incredible nods, given that the OBSERVERS essentially run in garage punk circles. It's not false advertising, exactly, sort of more like a punk rock attempt to find 101 adjectives for "fucking great." In any case, these band comparisons give you an idea, but they certainly don't tell the whole story. All I really have to add to the praise at this point is to remind you that I think *So What's Left Now* is the best long-player of the year, as it's crossed that nebulous but distinct divide between a good punk record that's listened to a few times and filed away, and a lifer.

3. CLOROX GIRLS – "The One" 12" (SmartGuy)

An altogether too brief 12" of so-stupid-its-smart or so-smart-it's stupid punk pop with garage production and unforgettable hooks. This sort of thing is pretty much the reason why we're punk, no? It would certainly seem so; references to suicide, the laundromat, walkin' in the streets, 40 ouncers, Vietnam, and girls abound. Live, CLOROX GIRLS are that much faster, and have an air of danger about them. A less-than-gentle reminder that punk rock ist nict tot.

4. HARUM SCARUM – "The Last Light" 12" (Partners in Crime)

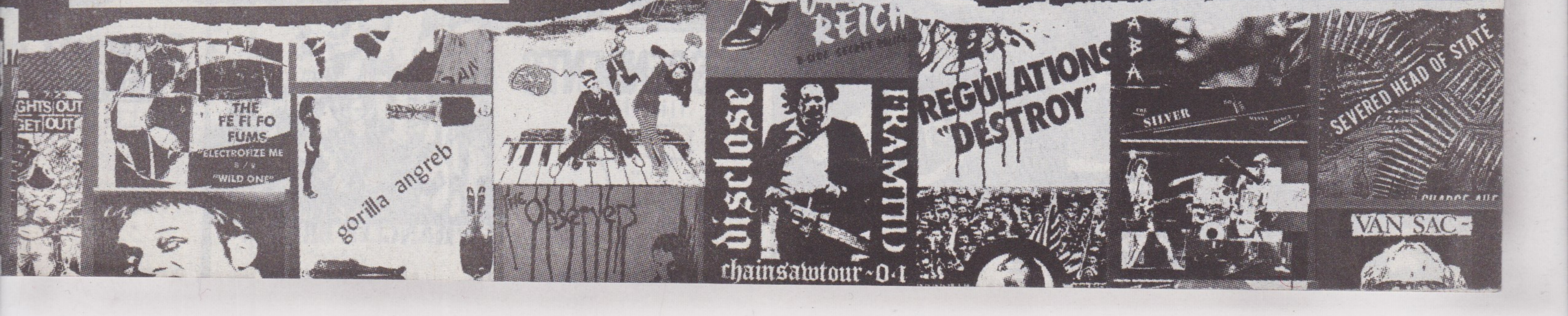
The overall mood of *The Last Light* is darker than it's predecessor, but these are dark times after all, and our record collections should reflect that as much as anything, right? This record for me cements HARUM SCARUM's title as one of the best melodic hardcore bands in recent memory. This was an unexpected early treat in 2004 from a band I thought was long gone.

5. FRAMTID / DISCLOSE – "Chainsaw Split" EP (Dan-Doh / Whispers in Darkness)

Like a chainsaw indeed, the song "Punishment" has by far the sickest, most unforgettable mid-tempo breakdown I've heard in a hardcore song all year, maybe in the past few years, maybe ever. Oh yeah, and DISCLOSE is good too.

6. V/A – "The Time of Hell" LP (Game of the Arseholes)

There sure seem to be a lot of posers talking up international hardcore in general and Japanese raw punk in particular. With all the trendoids taking up so much space, what are the real punks to do? A good start would be supporting bands, labels, and assorted punx that pre-date (and will likely outlive) the trend. What really makes this record for me, are the BESTHOVEN and SISTA CIVILIZATIONS DÖD tracks. Imagine coming from a poor town in Brazil and having your records heard by people all over the world—BESTHOVEN proves to me that while I may not speak Fofao's language, we can still somehow communicate using the same vocabulary. We both have ANTI-CIMEX records, after all. SCD, for their part, serve up the catchiest (re: most TOTALITÄR influenced) tracks on the comp. The record is packaged handsomely too, with an embossed cover and OBI strip, and with an attention to detail that can only be a labor of love.



7. SLOGAN BOY – "This Record" EP (Hate The 80s)

These boys definitely do not hate the 80s. I'm not sure there's anything more to say than that—this kills.

8. SEVERED HEAD OF STATE – "Charge Ahead" EP (La Vida Es Un Mus)

I'll admit it: I was disappointed by this band's first proper full length, which was released in 2003. Before that, amidst a slew of excellent EPs, I thought they could do no wrong. As a result, I was nervous about hearing this new EP—it's always tough to admit when a long-favored band is in decline, especially if the descent is slight or slow to come. Happily, the decline of SEVERED HEAD OF STATE is purely hypothetical, as this three-song EP showcases them in top form. The title track is their best song to date, and is that rare breed of hardcore song that begs for repeat listens. I should also mention that this is a rewarding listen for those of us who are fans of the guitar solo.

9. KNUGEN FALLER – "Skellefte" EP (Wasted Sounds)

Sweet, sweet pop melodies over raw, minimal punk riffs make this record one of the more memorable of the year. The kids on the cover look pretty alright too, standing around the snow in rolled up jeans and tattered canvas sneakers. I can only make up sounds to go along with the Swedish lyrics as I hopelessly try to sing along, but they throw me a bone by singing songs about Pepsi, Coca Cola, and big brother (pronounced "beeg bruddar").

10. FUCKED UP – "Litany" EP (Test Pattern)

You know, people complain (and rightfully so) about this bands proclivity for ultra-limited records, circular rhetoric, and pretentious self-presentation, but none of the complaints really stick when I spin this record. An absolute monster of a title track that is the polar opposite of pretentious; simple, classic hardcore punk riffs with lyrics that any one who's ever felt like an outsider will relate to.

HONORABLE MENTIONS: LOOK BACK AND LAUGH – 12", HOLY SHIT! – "What the Fuck" EP, CARBONAS – "Frothing at the Mouth" EP, CAREER SUICIDE side of split LP, ÄÄRITILA – LP, NO FUCKER/DISCLOSE – "Overthrow" split, SIGNAL LOST – "Children of the Wasteland" LP, GRABBIES - "Live" EP

REISSUES:

1. APPENDIX – "Money is Not My Currency (plus Huora)" LP

Just when I was about to blow too much money on the originals (who cares about eating three meals a day, right?), Hohnie did me a huge fucking favor and reissued the 1st two records by these drunk and disorderly Finns on one convenient LP. For the unconverted, APPENDIX is less thrashy than most of their 80s Scandinavian brethren—I would venture to guess that even, say, Mitch Cardwell would be impressed by them, if you catch my drift.

2. FRANTIX – "My Dad's a Fucking Alcoholic" CD

Everything ever recorded by this totally incredible Colorado punk band, including both EPs, the *Insane Tunnel* demo, and an incendiary and almost totally demented live set. Raw, primitive, teenaged (or at least teenaged *sounding*), and just a little bit weird, FRANTIX walked the fine line between hardcore, punk, and garage, and twenty years after the fact, an Australian label (Afterburn) has done us the courtesy of taking their music out of the collector scum realm and putting it in the hands of the kids, where it belongs. Or, uh, at least the sort of kids who mailorder obscure punk reissues from Australia.

3. COCADICTOS – LP

In their day, this Spanish punk band only released a demo; this is their first vinyl appearance, and includes demo and live tracks. I've gone on about this record in the pages of this zine before, and I've already been overly adjectival in this top ten, so I'll just say that this is great female fronted proto-hardcore in the vein of ULTIMO RESORTE.

4. BIG BOYS – Industry Standard/Where's My Towel LP

This one is really beautiful, with screened covers (like the original), great sound, thick vinyl, and liner notes by Tim Kerr. Everybody knows that the BIG BOYS are legendary—I think this is their best record and I am genuinely happy to have a copy of my own.

5. VAN SAC – "Ugly and Alive" EP

More demo only shit reissued by New Jersey's Distort label. Swedish raw hardcore with an ANTI-CIMEX member, previously only known to the most painfully nerdy of diehards. Lots of shoutin' and screamin'.

JONATHAN FLOYD

Once again, here are the best full lengths of 2004

OBSERVERS – "So What's Left Now?" LP (Vinyl Warning)

Portland punkers play something new while reminding me of something old.

CHALLENGER – "Give People What They Want In Lethal Doses" LP

Ah, the results that MILEMARKER promised but never delivered.

SMALLTOWN – "The Music" CD (Deranged)

Like everything this band touches, this is totally perfect. The LP version is still coming, so maybe I will cheat and get to add this to my 2005 list, too. It is that good.

ULCERS – "Hot Skin and Cold Cash" (Damaged Goods)

Punk rock'n'roll that's not pretentious, just fun.

PONYS – "Laced With Romance" LP (In The Red)

A beautiful combination of the BRIEFS and the first JESUS AND MARY CHAIN record.

NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS – "Storkobenhavn" LP (Kick-N-Punch)

Bleak and rocking, something that I listened to a lot during the campaign season.

DESCENDENTS – "Cool To Be You" LP (Fat Wreck Chords)

Milo is back. Do I really need to say more.

LOOK BACK AND LAUGH – 12" (Lengua Armada)

Angry, brutal, this now all East Bay band delivers the goods.

OPERATION S – LP (Broken Rekids)

There are a lot of bands playing with keyboards these days, but not many of them are this good.

HOT SNAKES– "Audit In Progress" LP (Swami)

This band is now three for three in the hit department.

CALLOWAYS
Reigning Sound
Time Bomb High School
DESCENDENTS
COOL TO BE YOU
DONE WITH YOU
WRANGLER BRUTES
CLOROX GIRLS

BRUCE ROEHRS

NUTS & BOLTS – "Nuts & Bolts" CD

The self-titled ten-song skinhead street noise CD is produced by Orlando Xavier and the music is first rate! NUTS & BOLTS start off rocking hard with "Solitude." Jagger sings: "I'm a fighter, I'll never fall / I'm a soldier, I won't die / Never die for you..." Hell yes! The next song churns right into your brain with words about how West Oakland went from a prosperous working class shipping and receiving area to a place where "rock" drug trade rules. A very good song! Song number three is fucking great! "Honor Bound" starts off with a melodic riff and then crashes into a powerful skinhead anthem – read these lyrics: "You destroyed our bond in trust / Crushed our innocent dreams / Stole our pride and dignity / Now we're here to claim what is our own from you / Our honor has been stripped not gained/ We're honor bound / We've set our sails ain't looking back / You tried to take from us the only cause that keeps apart / Our pride , our honor, our dignity / It's something you can't have for free / And we will stand and fight / We'll stand together / We must unite / Honor bound!" Fuckin 'A! That song is great! The guitars of Lynnea and Diogo clobber you! Another great song from Oakland's NUTS & BOLTS!!

U.S. ROUGHNECKS – "Twenty Bucks and Two Black Eyes" CD

The new full-length from these Sacramento, California skinheads is top quality street rock! The long awaited Twenty Bucks and Two Black Eyes starts off with a full head of steam with "Weekend" and as the US ROUGHNECKS will tell you, "It starts with a beer and ends with a crash." Song number two is "5-29", about "The white collars and the big boss man just giving a fuck about a the dollar and not about the working man." Song three is a rocker called "Saturday". Song four is an indictment of the local police department.. Song twelve is one of the best skinhead tunes you are going to hear in 2004. "Short Haired Rock n' Roll" grabs you by the throat immediately. This is top quality skinhead music! Lucky number thirteen is "Skinhead Blues," with a nod to the "Delta Sound." The final song on this skinhead opus is "Dirty River" about "working everyday for my hopes and dreams." This is a great CD!

DEADFALL – "Comrades" EP

Fuck yes! DEADFALL from San Francisco has put out one of the best records of 2004. This bruiser of a hardcore machine will damage your brain for years to come! Nic (vocals), Scotty (drums), Andrei (bass) and Mark (guitar) make up the punk rock behemoth that we call DEADFALL! Read some lyrics to "Tear the Walls Down": "Foreboding walls / They say the enemy is out there / Know this blind down / It only keeps us inbred / I hate these walls because they just divide / Me from the people who would be on my side." These guys back up their intense lyrics with superior rock-hard thrash. You must witness DEADFALL live to appreciate their power!

COUNTERATTACK – "Step Aside" CD

COUNTERATTACK, from Washington DC, is hardnosed skinhead music for the stoutest of humans! The singing is deep and dripping with anger. COUNTERATTACK pulverizes you with stinging guitar and pounding drums. These skins power through "Most Hated"; "Brick and Stone"; "Step Aside"; and "Cracks in the Armor"; and arrive at "Opaque Movements". This song has deep lyrics and well-thought-out concepts. "Everything that's heard is set in stone / The truth is not what you care to know / Preying on the weak is a coward's guise / So a spineless life is what you devise / You judge your might by bruises made / But like your reasoning, bruises fade / Mouth and fists move while mind is still / The shadow you cast is too big to fill / Your self-appointed job is to clean the streets / Patrolling the night with your fascists police / We're a threat because our wits are strong / Opaque movements never last long / The flood began with another fool / Whose plans have grown beyond control / Explosives packed tight with a short fuse / Will one day kill their make too / Time weakens all the hardest frames / The greater strength is what remains / By flexing what these killers can't touch / I'll survive the pain of their measured thrusts."

HAMMERLOCK – "Compromise Is for Cowards" CD

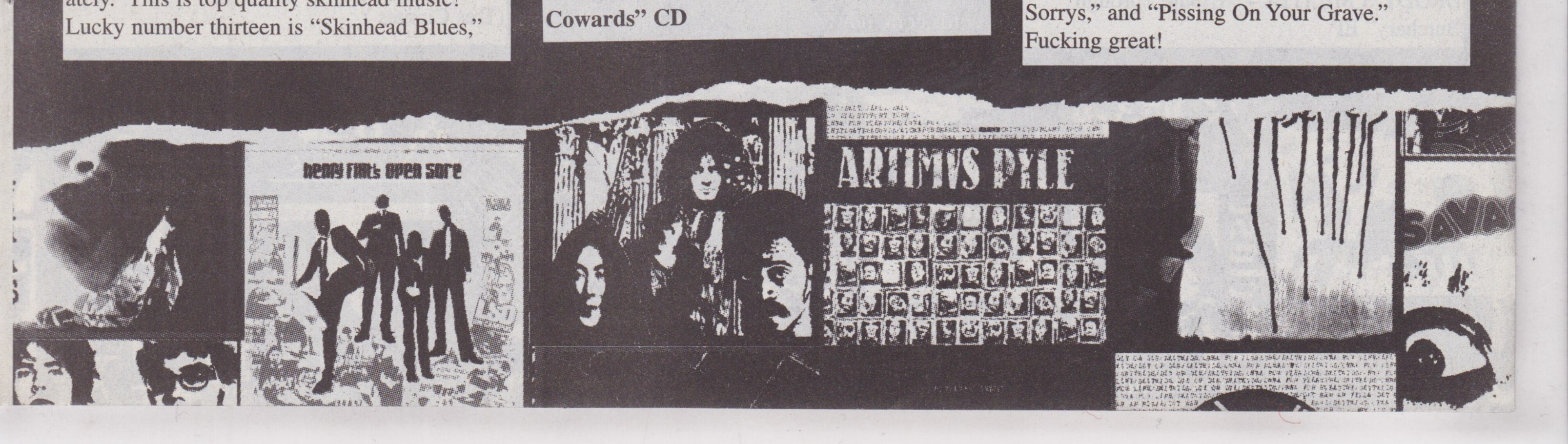
This fucker kicks ass! "40 Pounds" is a dangerous number with shouted lyrics about Humboldt Gold! "Rollin' Out of Reno" celebrates the gambler's fever and the roller coaster ride of winning and losing. "Looking for Cans to Buy a Cold One" is a country number about the pride of a man who takes care of his family first and his hard drinking habits second. "Government Worker" is a vicious indictment of the lazy bums that feed off our tax money—Check out the lyrics: "Our kids are taught by idiots and the highways sure ain't paved / They just went ahead and pissed away all the money we gave." "Mickey Free" is a western saga about a "half-Irish, half-Mexican, whole son of a bitch riding to avenge his enemy." You also get great cover songs "Poncho and Lefty" by TOWNES VAN ZANDT, "Can't You See" by the Toy Caldwell and "Houston, Dallas, San Antone" by David Allen Coe. A fucking great CD!

STRUNG UP – "Society Rot In Hell" LP

STRUNG UP from the San Francisco Bay Area delivered a one-two punch in 2004 and you fucks were knocked down, picked up, dusted off, and knocked down again! These guys fuck shit up with searing guitar work and blunt gruff singing. The lyrics slice and dice! In "PC For Now" STRUNG UP sing: "I got my own beliefs / So mind your own business / Don't give a fuck about your views on politics / Five years from now will you still be an activist?" In the caustic "Priest Song", STRUNG UP opine: "You preach against perversion / But you practice sodomy / Worse than crooked politicians or cops on the take / ....Would Christ be so forgiving if he were raped by a priest?" This record is a hardcore masterpiece with lyrics that cut to the bone!

THE RITES – "Wish You Never Knew" LP

THE RITES kicked your ass last year with their self-titled, Rites, debut LP on DeadAlive Records. They took the punk community by storm with former members of legendary New Jersey punk rock band TEAR IT UP on board. This band showed tremendous promise. True to form, THE RITES returned in 2004 with the blistering Wish You Never Knew LP on Even Worse / Way Back When Records. This fucker is a serious kick in the head! With songs like "Paid For in Blood," "No More I'm Sorrys," and "Pissing On Your Grave." Fucking great!



ADOLF AND THE PISS ARTISTS – “Hate Generator” CD
This CD contains material recorded between December 1999 and April 2002 with Chet Knight (guitars, vocal), Stuart S.O.B. (bass), and Warren Bailey (guitar) supplying the core membership. This popular Atlanta, Georgia punk band blazed through the southeast and beyond from 1997 to 2002. Now Mr. Knight has a new punk band called APA. The material on this Hate Generator CD documents just how powerful ADOLF AND THE PISS ARTISTS were. There are punk hits galore on this CD! You get “Tomorrow’s Empire” and “Kill or Incarcerate”, live from Georgia State University in April 2002. This is first rate punk rock!! Chet and the boys finish you off with two live cuts from the Masquerade in Atlanta; “March of the Piss Artists” and “Abrasive Punk.” Very good!

NAILED DOWN – “Resurrection” CD
Australia’s NAILED DOWN have a screaming CD for you punks! The First Blood label CD is called Resurrection and this fucker contains some of the predictable brutal hardcore that NAILED DOWN specialize in. In addition to their tough music, NAILED DOWN hurls some strong lyrics your way. Check out “Fool”: “Eat some shit, sport a grin / If I don’t fit your mould / I’ve committed some sin / Follow the flock and be a sheep / Clothes may be different / But the same old bullshit / Sends me to sleep. Those are pretty biting commentaries. The harsh judgments continue in “Negative Circle: “I think you enjoy / Self made misery / No desire to escape / No desire to break free / Just looking for that attention / Just looking for that pity / Drawing others closer / Into your web / A poisoned mouth / Words full of regret / Just looking for that attention / Roll the losing dice / One more time / One step forward / Two steps behind.” Very good!

HONORABLE MENTION:

ANTISEEN – “Dear Abby” 45
86 MENTALITY – “Life Trap” EP
LIMECELL – Live
ULTIMO ASALTO – “En Pie De Guerra” EP
FORWARD – “Burn Down Corrupted Justice” 12”
FUCKED UP – “Dance of Death”EP
E-150 / INTENSITY – split EP
BRODY’S MILITIA – “Tribute Through Butchery” EP

BONECRUSHER – “Tomorrow Is Too Late” LP / “I Wish You Never Knew” LP
TEMPLARS – live
DEATHTOLL – “Kangaroo” EP
DISFEAR – “Powerload” EP
HELLSTOMPER – 1994-2004 CD
COMPLETE CONTROL – “Reaction” LP
SUICIDE BLITZ – “Ride the Steel” LP
VICTIMS – “In Blood” – LP
VECTORS – “Still Ill” LP
RN’R LP
RETALIATOR“Loyalty” EP
TEAR IT UP – 12”

CARL CORDOVA

1. INSTED – “Proud Youth: 1986-1991” CD
I don’t have the vocabulary or the eloquence to describe this. Therefore, I will let the infamous Dan O’Mahoney—whose verbosity is matched only by his ego—do the talking: “…they owned Orange County. As a drummer, Steve had no peer. He was rolling thunder with a pedal foot that was unfair. When he’d head for his toms it was like God playing bongos on your skull…They were a Gibson sporting aerial circus on a hardwood trampoline…” Um…yeah.

2. THE FIRST STEP – “What We Know Sessions” Demo
Six new songs that are being re-recorded for the LP (which is being produced by Walter of QUICKSAND/GORILLA BISCUITS fame). Nominated for “Best Reason to Own a Cassette Player.”

3. SCHOLASTIC DETH
“Complete Discography” CD – Essential old man fast hardcore with great fucking drumming. Max writes well-written lyrics that are intelligent, yet highly critical (mostly in the positive, constructive way, and not in the snakeskin-booted, jaded “I have nowhere else to go” way).

4. SWIZ – “With Ramsey Demo”
SWIZ has no fucking equal. I jock this band like a Boston kid jocks the CRO-MAGS. This is the best thing Jade Tree has put out since the TURNING POINT discography. The entire demo can be downloaded at www.jadetreerecords.com. now.

5. LOOK BACK AND LAUGH – 12”
Hands down the best band in California right now.**6. LIGHTS OUT –7”**
Good record + great live show = sweetballs.

7. DIRECT CONTROL – EP
“Hardcore For Heroin” is the song I always wanted to write, but could never quite find the words. One of the best 7”s of the year.

8. DEAD STOP – LP
Easily the best European LP to come this year. No contest.

9. FUCKED UP Epics In Minutes CD
ADOLESCENTS meets POISON IDEA meets the GERMS. Imagine if the patches on the back of a 14-year-old punk girl came alive and started rocking out. This is the kind of music her oversized hooded sweatshirt would make.

10. OBSERVERS “So What’s Left Now” LP
I would like to think this is what everyone was hoping YOUTH BRIGADE’s *What Price Happiness* EP was going to sound like before they were all let down by what it actually sounds like.

RUNNER UPS: CHAMPION LP, RIGHT ON 7”, JUSTICE “Look Alive” EP, RIFF RAFF demo, and the VIOLENT MINDS EP

PACO MUS

- BURIAL – “Touch And Go” EP (Autodafe)
- CAPITAN ENTRESIJOS - “Fiambre: Tres Lonchas” EP (Alehop!)
- FUCKED UP– “Litany” EP (Test Pattern)
- GORILLA ANGREB – “Astma” EP (Kick’n’Punch)
- GRABBIES – “Shut Up And Learn” EP (Proud To Be Idiot)
- KARKABA – “9 tracks” EP (Venganza Crust / Tutti Pazzi)
- KNUGEN FALLER – “Skellefte Stadshotell” EP (Cage Match)
- NK6 – “6 tracks” EP (Bloodsucker)
- NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS – “Das reich / Secret Police” 45 (Backwards Masking)
- OBSERVERS – “So What’s Left Now” LP (Vinyl Warning)
- SLOWMOTIONS – “Make Love/ Yes future” 45 (H:G Fact)
- TRISTESS – “Vad ska vi bli?” LP (CMF)
- WEBELOSS – “Fuga de cerebros” EP (Tres Cipotes)

webeloss
fuga de cerebros
REICH
REGULATIONS
“DESTROY”
KABA
SILVER
SEVERED HEAD OF STATE
FUCKEDU
disclose
FRAMTID
chainsawtour~04
the Observers
VAN SAC-
LIGHTS OUT
GET OUT

COMPLETE CONTROL

There must be something in the fuckin' water down there in the lone star state. Austin's Complete Control have it all—the hooks, the tunes and more than a 40 ouncer of aggression and energy. The new LP has already settled itself into 2004's Top Ten list, and the live show proved that they can blow most other bands off the stage. Interview by Tim Brooks, conducted over the airwaves with the lungs of the group Sam.

MRR: So, Complete Control…is the name homage to the Clash or Texas heroes the Big Boys?

Sam: Definitely the Clash.

MRR: Didn't you folks used to be called something else? Or is Complete Control a whole new band? How long has Complete Control been around?

Sam: We used to be called the Strap-onz. I always disliked that name. Also, some of the supposedly controversial stuff we sang about we don't believe anymore, so I thought we would change the name as a sign of progression—lyrically, politically, and musically. We changed the name about a year ago now, and the line-up is the same except for our bassist, Mikey G. We got him from a Texas band called the Flatliners. Sam Ghanbar on vocals and second guitar, Brad Teeter on lead guitar, and Chris Polansky on drums.

MRR: Are you folks born and bred Texans? Are you influenced by the Austin legacy of bands (Big Boys, Dicks, etc) or is that shit ancient history? Is it still tough to be a punker in Texan cowtowns? How is the scene in Austin right now, who should we be checking out?

Sam: The rest of the guys are Texas born, I was born in Tehran, Iran and came to the states in 1978. Yeah those bands are ancient history and have no influence one us, we're all fans though. In some cities in might be a little harder to be a punk, but not in Austin too much. We live in a college town, so every now and again we have to deal with retarded frat boys. The Austin punk scene is rad, a lot of heavy hitters that are helping this town and state out; making it a place to check out. We have bands like the Krumbums, Damage Case, Signal Lost, World Burns To Death, Mayday, Whips and Furs, Kegcharge. Also, we have labels like Slab-O-Wax from San Antonio and Hardcore Holocaust who just relocated from Richmond, Virginia to Austin.

MRR: You just did a huge US tour with the Virus and Clit 45, how did you get on that tour? Was it hard being on the road for 3 months? What were the best and worst places to play? Any advice for bands thinking of doing a huge tour like that? Any tales of breakups and fights along the way? Do you think that touring is as important as putting records out?

Sam: They just called an asked. We were actually on the road for eight weeks total, we skipped out the last ten East Coast dates. I can't say any of the cities we visited were the worst. I mean there were some lame turnouts, but what do expect when you play cities that have a general population of ten? My advice to bands is to invest in a nice fuckin' van, and lots of socks, and save your four dollar perdium and learn how to steal.

Chris: Don't stay at rob from the Clits house…he has roaches!

Sam: Yeah Complete Control and certain members of the Virus did not get along. In fact, I don't think any one really got along with this one particular person. Touring is just as important as releasing records; you can't tour without music to sell, and you can't sell records and expose your band with out touring, they definitely go hand in hand.

MRR: I'd say that your sound is influenced by a lot of old US bands, but it seems that you play with a lot of the spiky top crew of UK82 influenced bands like the Virus. how do you feel about some people obsession with old UK bands? On that note, do you feel that the scene here is pretty segregated? It seems that you attract a lot more of the spiky haired brigade even though your music would appeal to a much wider group, would you be happy to tour with say, a hardcore band?

Sam: I am a fan of UK82 style bands, but like in any genre there is a lot of crap. I think people who listen to just that one style of music are seriously missing out. I don't think the punk scene is segregated, it just has cliques. Not everyone can be friends I guess. In Austin we don't really have this problem, whether you have dreads, a mohawk, or whatever, all the same people usually turn out for the same shows, and all usually hang out at the same bars. I think we only attract—as you put it—spiky haired punks because that is all we have exposed ourselves too so far, which I have no problem with at all.

I am actually hoping to pick up a support slot with a hardcore band or a rock and roll type band. We would tour with anyone cause I agree with what you said. I think our music would appeal and relate to everybody and anybody.

MRR: How did you guys get hooked up with TKO? How come the vinyl is on a different label?

Sam: We got in touch with Mark Rainey from TKO and sent him a demo. By the way, do you guys (MRR and TKO) still not like each other? Haha, it doesn't matter!

We pay for our studio time, this way label only owns the rights to a certain format (CD, LP, etc) of the release and not the music. Slab-O-Wax is a new label from San Antonio with the same distribution as TKO. Andy Shaefer from Slab-O-Wax is a good friend of ours, so we wanted to help his label grow...aww, isn't that fuckin' sweet!

MRR: Some bands that you have played with have done stints on the Warped Tour. How do you feel about this? Would you ever be tempted onto the big budget punk circus tour? Is the Warped Tour punk??

Sam: Well, there are a few bands on Warped Tour that are good friends of ours, and I can't say anything bad against them or the Warped Tour. For Complete Control, we would like to gain a following on our own, and tour with cool bands and see the world. Warped Tour is a lot of hard work, I would do a few dates with them, maybe after we establish ourselves and if we were asked, I'm not really concerned with it I guess. I can't say Warped Tour itself is punk, but I've seen a lot of punks end up out there hanging out.

MRR: The election are about to happen, or will have happened by the time this hits the stands, is Texas 100% pro-Bush? How about you folks, which way will you be voting?

Sam: I think the majority is pro Bush. If Complete Control was voting, we'd vote for Tom from MySpace, hahaha.

Chris: I think he will win the majority vote in Texas. But there are tons of people that hate him. He's crazy...but I have a felony and am gonna have to sit out maybe the most important election of my life.

MRR: I noticed that a member of one of the other bands you played with had one of those dumb Dropkick Murphys US flag t-shirts with the old "Try burning this flag" line. Have you noticed an increase in this kind of nationalism in the scene over the past few years? Do you think that it's a problem or just some harmless "pride"? Where you stand on the flag and nationalistic pride?

Sam: You came out to San Francisco show right? So yeah, I think one of those guys was from one of the opening bands. I think its just harmless pride. I personally do not care about some flag. I think it's lost its credibility a long time ago. I think everywhere in the world probably sucks in some way or another. I mean, my family and I obviously didn't like our current situation and moved to the US. I'm not saying there is anything wrong with the United States, just the people that run it. Having nationalistic pride isn't necessarily bad thing, if maybe you're a fairly intelligent, slightly cultured person who is just proud to be an American. But obviously someone wearing a shirt that was probably made in Pakistan with a pseudo-threatening, redneck warning label on it...is obviously a retard.

MRR: Sam, I heard a rumor that you get into fights with local rednecks...is this true or just another case of the rumor mill getting out of hand?

Sam: Funny you should ask. I just went to court recently for a disorderly conduct citation for fighting. I am not bragging about it, or even like fighting at all, this story just happens to be funny. This huge Nordic Viking beast of a human being was calling me a fag, blah, blah. So I started calling him a pear-shaped Nordic cocksucker, and started making fun of his beautiful long blonde hair. So he pushes me and my girlfriend to the ground, so I got up threw a few hits, then one of my boys starts pounding his head and then threw him out of the pizza stand we were at. Then beast man comes charging at me with his beastly girlfriend, so out of defense I throw this kick towards his head, and what happens? Bam!!! His girlfriend stumbles in front of him by accident and my kick squared her right in the fuckin' forehead. She got knocked out, then the cops charge in and handcuff the both of us. I felt bad for the girl because I am not into hitting girls or anyone for that matter, but shit happens I guess.

Chris: I end up hurting myself so I just sit back and watch Sam rip out eyeballs 'n'shit.

MRR: If you could tour with any band past or present who would it be?

Sam: Past: The Clash, Negative Approach, early U2, the Cure, Rolling Stones. Present: World Burns To Death, Inepsy, La Fraction, River Boat Gamblers, Clit 45 again!

Chris: Past: Ramones, The Clash, Minor Threat, Cock Sparrer. Present: Maiden, Primus, The Explosion, Methadones

Brad: Past: Stiff Little Fingers, the Clash, Exploding Hearts. Present: The Explosion, The Briefs, The Beltones, The Faint.

Mike: Past: Black Flag, Thin Lizzy, Merle Haggard, Poison, Molly Hatchet, Willie Nelson, and N.W.A. Present: I don't care, bring it...

MRR: What's next? How can the fans get ahold of you or your band's gear?

Anything else to add??

Go to www.Slab-o-wax.com for the LP, or go to www.tkorecords.com for the CD.

Check us out when we come thru your town. And for the record we do not like fighting, we just happen to do it sometimes 'cause theirs a lot of assholes that live in Texas. Maybe its the heat? **MRR**

KILL YOUR ID

...MORE VINYLS FROM THE SWE-PUNK SCUMPIT

BY STUART ARSEHOLE

After the US and the UK, Sweden had the most prolific punk rock scene in the years before hardcore took over. One need only count the number of bootleg compilation LPs dedicated to our friends up north (two *Killed By Death*, three *Bloodstains*, several one-offs) to arrive at this conclusion. With almost nine million Swedes in a country the size of California, compared to 82 million in Germany or even 16 million in The Netherlands, the per capita number of punk bands in Sweden is astounding (not to mention all the DIY, mod, and synth bands in the same period). What these young 'uns were so pissed about in a country where one can receive government funding to practice playing punk drumbeats remains something of a mystery. Maybe they were angry because many of these records are so tough to find.

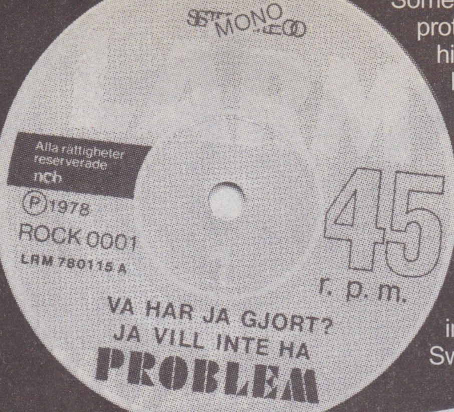
Some notes before I get to the records:

1: The early Swedish punk scene was plagued by "raggare," who were the topic of quite a few songs. Raggare were like Teddy Boys: greasers who drove large American cars, slicked their hair with pomade, and beat up (or ran over) punk rockers. Beginning in the 50s, these toughs fetishisized the emergent American rocknroll culture of the era. In the 60s, they beat up hippies. While subterranean culture clashes like this make for good movies, raggare posed a serious threat to the punks. They even attacked Iggy Pop, the Jam, and the Stranglers (probably the real reason they wrote "Sweden [All Quiet on the Eastern Front]").

2: Early Swedish punk obscurities are particularly popular in the United States thanks to the mysterious Mr. Kugelberg, compiler of rare punk compilations, who, legend has it, stepped off an airplane from Sweden carrying only a box full of KRIMINELLA GITARRER and BUGS 45s and headed straight for the homes of notable American punk collectors, with the intention of convincing them to trade him their CARDIAC KIDZ and UNNATURAL AXE records for these totally unknown Swedish vinyls. No shit. Apparently the mothers of some of these basement dwellers let the Mad Swede in the house, and a decade or two later, every US punk collector knows about BUTTER UTTER (though we still all wonder when its greatness will at long last strike us...myself, I'm on listen 473 and expecting it to hit me soon).

3: A few years ago, I used this space to write about classic hardcore records from Sweden and other countries. Today, in the age of downloading, the scumpit column is like the Geneva Convention in the age of terror: quaint. But my firm belief that there is nothing more punk than being too late for the trend compels me to write about rare records once more. Surely some punk Peoria will have already downloaded a rehearsal tape from '76 by HOMO ELECTRICA before having finished reading the article, but at least I'll have tried to divert someone's attention from hardcore to the first wave.

Swedish hardcore in the DISCHARGE vein is my favorite, but there are oodles of great Swedish punk records to check out.



Some of these punk slabs even qualify as proto-hardcore. But before DISCHARGE hit the Swedish airwaves, there were hundreds of punk bands playing in the garages and basements. The SEX PISTOLS played a couple gigs in mid-July '77, and one need only remember that daylight lasts 20+ hours in part of Sweden in July to imagine what the Summer of Hate, Swedish style, was like.

PROBLEM'S '77 RECORDINGS ARE SERIOUSLY RAW, PRIMAL, AND IN THE RED. (WILL SOMEONE PLEASE TATTOO THESE SIX WORDS INSIDE THE EYELIDS OF EVERY ASPIRING MUSICIAN IN AMERICA?)

Beat On
Surviver
Homo
Electrica
VIOLENT VINYL / WNG-1

Here are the records I want to discuss. They are not the best, rarest, or even the most important Swedish punk records. They're just ones I happen to love.

PROBLEM, not to be confused with Finland's PROBLEMS?, are one of the more well-known early Swedish punk bands. I've heard it said that their EP was the first independent Swedish punk record, but others may lay claim to that title.* Nevertheless, PROBLEM are remarkable for sounding like no other band I've ever heard while channelling, in those early days of punk, the RAMONES, the TROGGS, the STOOGES, and DMZ. The four-song EP was supposedly recorded in January 1978 (and in mono!), but a member claims it was actually recorded on December 1, 1977. This EP was followed by an LP in October '78—one of the best Swedish punk LPs—which has different versions of some of the EP songs, and then, with a line-up change, another decent 45, with a new version of "Ja Vill Inte Ha," before the band descended into '60s-revival garagery (a respectable punk rock retirement, all things considered).

THE
END
SIDA 2
45 KVACK !
ncb
TER 001
THE END
RECORDS
1980 ©
KROSSA !
(NO:1)

RAZZIA
FÖR VÄR FRIHET
DEPRESSION
SNS 803

PROBLEM actually started in Malmö in 1975; they added members, pissed off the neighbors, and refined their musical vision in the next couple years. Originally, the songs were sung in English, but as the band grew more serious, they decided to sing in Swedish. In general, I prefer lyrics in autochtonous tongues, but the English versions of some of the songs, which are available on the 2003 LP "Huller om Buller" ain't shabby at all. About this LP: limited to 200, it was probably one of the most unnoticed, and greatest, releases of the year. It includes live sets from April and August '77 as well as a radio set from November '78. The '77 recordings are seriously raw, primal, and in the red (will someone please tattoo these six words inside the eyelids of every aspiring musician in America?), yet the nihilism of teenagers with loud guitars never overshadows the tunefulness.

As the shitty Swedish winter hit, PROBLEM clearly had nowhere to go but up. The self-titled EP was released by the well-known Swedish rock magazine "*Larm*!" (meaning "noise"). (Other than those by RUDE KIDS and BITCH BOYS, nearly all Swedish punk records were released by independent labels). The songs on the EP are all powerful, rockin' tunes, with a perfect balance of swagger and guitar worship. "Malmö Sta" is a traditional-type rocker, complete with handclaps. "Kroppsvisit" strikes me as an homage to aggressive Detroit-style rocknroll, with lyrics like "Slitna jeans, läderjacka," which should be universal for punkers. "Va Har Ja Gjort?"—which is their fastest track, clearly faster than any of their American influences—appeared on *Bloodstains Across Sweden: The Viking Region.* Finally, "Ja Vill Inte Ha," which everyone should recognize from *"Back to Front #2* is an absolute classic of melodic—but not poppy—70s punk. It's a worldbeater. Beat beat beat you! In case you're wondering, they're saying something along the lines of "I don't wanna cry over you—that's true," and I just wanna shed a tear as I mourn my inability to think up melodies this sublime. That's why I became a record collector.

HOMO ELECTRICA released one two-song, one-sided 7" on Violent Vinyl, limited to 200 copies, with a crude sleeve. It was recorded October 10, 1977. Their name is supposed to be Latin for "The Electric Human," but then it should have properly been Homo Electricus. The thanks list includes Lou Reed, Alvin Lee, the hippie guitarist of Ten Years After, and Ginger Baker, the drummer of Cream. My initial reaction was that this was too good to be true. Then I listened to it.

The two songs are mid-tempo (meaning they end up mostly playing the tempo in between the fast and slow ones to which they accidentally waver), untalented, at times arrhthymic, and obviously enthralled with rocknroll as if they lived in the parallel universe in which the DESPERATE BICYCLES had respectfully watched the PISTOLS bash out their floating racket during the Silver Jubilee and then torpedoed and sank their vessel (homemade torpedo, natch). "Beat On" and "Surviver" (yes, with an e) are basic tracks about rock music that sound like PROBLEM's younger brudders lampooning their elder siblings' love of rocknroll. But music this recklessly passionate and passionately reckless is no joke.

Frederick, the singer of HOMO ELECTRICA,** discovered punk rock because his school library had a subscription to *New Musical Express*, but he had been a fan of Lou Reed since the early 70s, even going as far as to get a short haircut like Reed's while long hair was in. (Note: HOMO ELECTRICA, like a million other bands, covered "Waiting for My Man"). The bassist had never played before, but the drummer had previously played in another band—ironic because his drumming is some of the worst this side of Houston's Vast Majority (actually, that's unfair: no other drumming is *that* bad!). On Oct. 10, 1977, HOMO ELECTRICA had a gig at their high school, and after the crowd left, they recorded the two songs for the 7" live through the mixing board. They found the cheapest pressing plant in Sweden, and decided that it'd be even cheaper to squeeze both songs on one side of the record. They cut and folded the sleeves themselves, decorated the blank labels with a marker, and then sold copies to friends at school and to stores, employees of which were surprised that these kids had made their own record. Without even knowing about the DESPERATE BICYCLES, HOMO ELECTRICA embodied their DIY principles. Or, perhaps I should say that the 'BIKES, as perfect as they are, wanted nothing more than to be like HOMO ELECTRICA, but the difference was that the intellectual Brits couldn't help being self-conscious about the process. In the end, HOMO ELECTRICA played only ten gigs and lasted a year and a half, but their admitted intention of using the band to get girls (not to enact a DIY ethic) seemed to work, because none of the boys in their school would go seem them play.

Sometimes I wonder what listeners want to get out of a punk record. If every band were out of tune, lo-fi, and stupid, the world of punk would be a boring one, but I think there should be a lot of room in our collections for gems like HOMO ELECTRICA, because they're vivid, unadulterated (and un-adult) examples of a punk rock aesthetic by kids who did not know or care to know any better. It's records like this, even if they're not something one wants to listen to every day, which make the search for rare old punk records worthwhile. Oh yeah, to my knowledge, this record does not appear on any compilations.

RAZZIA from Stockholm released one 45 in 1980 on Noon Records, and it's a thug-punk masterpiece. There was another RAZZIA from Southern Sweden who released a one-sided 7" in '84 in the Asta Kask vein, and of course, there was a famous punk band called RAZZIA from Germany. These are no match for the Ståkkhålmsjävlar juggernaut, the first RAZZIA. The A side, "För Vår Frihet," is a real basher, a song I like to imagine Stockholm punks listening to while they beat up raggare and nicked their hood ornaments. This song appears on *Bloodstains Across Sweden #3.* A simple but infectious guitar part starts the song and it doesn't much let up throughout. Pretty much a textbook definition of thug-punk as far as I'm concerned. But it's the B side, "Depression," that's got a hold of me. If this bonzer isn't hardcore, then hardcore doesn't exist. Latter-day HC aficionados will instantly recognize the cock-beat drumming (it tears me up), essential to what was becoming the hardcore paradigm down in Stoke-On-Trent in the same year. Simple neon red sleeve on this one, with the same artwork on both sides. I see it from time to time selling for relatively cheap, because I don't think most collectors have noticed how great it is. If this band recorded anything else, I'll trade a $500 Ikea gift certificate for a dub.

While I probably should use this space to talk about well-known Swedish punk classics like the RUDE KIDS or MASSMEDIA, I'll leave you with one more mega-rarity, which should have you salivating like a hound in a pork store. As any collector of tasty US punk will tell you, the rarest were issued sans sleeve and with little identifying information on the label, and what info does appear is most endearing when it's misleading. In this grand tradition, I present you with THE END. Band members' names are nowhere to be found, but we do find out that THE END 45 was released by the illustrious The End Records, copyright 1980. About this, one Swedish punk detective wrote the following to me: "On the label it says 1980 (which fooled me) but it was out in Oct. 1979. The band wrote 1980 so it should stay 'fresh' a little longer. Suckers! The B-side 'Krossa' is the fastest song I've heard from the seventies, think MISSBRUKARNA but harder." Fresh indeed! Like a freshly shitted thong, this is one crude affair.

The A side was included on *Killed by Death #50.* Its liner notes tell us that the band were from Mora, Dalarna—a town to which Stockholm's problem children were sent. Early on in their existence, THE END made headlines when raggare kidnapped the singer, took him out to the forest, and tried to shoot him with a rifle. He escaped. But he got kicked out of the band right before the recording of the 45. With three band members and no set singer, the one who appeared on the recording (the bassist) had drawn the shortest straw out of what must've been some short fucking straws. The drummer was only thirteen years old, and he could barely keep up with the band's motto: "The faster—the funnier." The singer re-joined the band after the recording, presumably because the other three listened the bassist's crooning on the record. Other than the ten punks in Mora (four of whom were in THE END), when no one wanted to buy their record, THE END tried to sell them on the street to normals in Stockholm. This plan failed, so they burned a lot of the records. The one time they played outside Mora was in Stockholm at the famous Musikverket in 1979 with Urrk. They would've even gotten paid for the first time in their career if they hadn't vandalized the church across the street from the club. The band got heavily into punk culture, including the clothes, the drugs, the violence, the harassing local politicians (to the dismay of the snuten). Some years after the drummer had gained notoriety for smashing the walls and all the contents of his room except for a DAMNED LP, he was axe-murdered in, as they say, a drug-related incident. I shit you not.

EARLY ON IN THEIR EXISTENCE, THE END MADE HEADLINES WHEN RAGGARE KIDNAPPED THE SINGER, TOOK HIM OUT TO THE FOREST, AND TRIED TO SHOOT HIM WITH A RIFLE. HE ESCAPED.

About the music: I don't know what an echoplex is, but if it's a place, this thing was recorded inside one. The tape hiss pretty much merges with the high end, except during the DAMNED-inspired cymbal jerk on the B side (it's damn inspired, too). The bass and guitar play the same notes and chords, which clearly mean nothing to THE END. "Snutdjävlar" on the A side, is the slower of the two tracks. Something about fuckin' cops is what I take the lyrics to mean. It sounds like they wrote the song on downers. Maybe the pigs had confiscated their amphetamines. Luckily, the B-side, "Krossa!" really is a fast one, so I have to guess they wrote it after refilling on uppers. Though this song sounds nothing like DISCHARGE or BLACK FLAG, it is certainly one of the earliest examples of hardcore punk. Stripped-down, raw, and ugly, "Krossa!" proves that there was no single "first" hardcore band, but rather, after bands like the RAMONES and the STOOGES had laid the groundwork, the beginning of hardcore was a natural evolution, which occurred in parallel around the world, with bands who had zero knowledge that anyone else had invented such a form of music, but who were exuberant and who intended to outdo their punk forebears as they distilled the musical essence of punk rock. It's appropriate that THE END's 45 would be so devoid of information and artwork, because it represents one beginning of a musical form created by shedding the layers of extravagance, self-indulgence, and marketing bullshit which characterized rock music before it as well as much of the industry-accepted punk-cum-wave against which hardcore defined itself.

That's all for now. Maybe I'll return again soon with more. Maybe not. If rare records aren't your thing, please seek these songs out via file sharing or tape trading. You won't regret it. Thanks to the bands, Lennart, Johan, Rob, Ryan, Tim Brooks, and *Maximum Rocknroll.*

* Several records, not strictly punk rock, came out or were recorded in Sweden in '77: New Bondage, 2-song 45 called "Shocked and Defeated," friends of Problem; Homo Electrica, one-sided DIY scuzzball to be discussed in a minute; Four Mandarines, a poppish single; Rävjunk, "Uppsala Stadshotell brinner" live LP recorded in November, with a few punk tracks and a few prog tracks; and the aforementioned Butter Utter 45.

**See http://www.hianet.com/jocke/Punktjafs/ny/09_historik.htm for more information about Homo Electrica (in Swedish).

RIISTETYT

RIISTETYT WAS THE FIRST FINNISH BAND TO TOUR THE US IN 1984. THEY TOURED WITH RAW POWER FROM ITALY, AND PLAYED WITH BANDS LIKE THE DEAD KENNEDYS. NOW THE FINNS ARE COMING BACK TO THE US!

TWENTY-ONE YEARS HAVE PASSED AND WHAT'S CHANGED? EVERYTHING! THE WORLD IS A VERY DIFFERENT PLACE NOW, BUT RIISTETYT IS STILL ONE OF THE BEST HARDCORE PUNK BANDS AROUND THE GLOBE - STILL ANGRY AND RAW AND LIVING DANGEROUSLY!

INTERVIEW BY MARK H. AND JONNE K.

MRR: In the beginning, RIISTETYT was actually called CADGERS. When was CADGERS formed?

Nappi: It was already in the late 70s.
Lasse: I don't really know the exact date. It was before I joined the band. There were a couple of other guys involved. Me and Piise joined in almost at the same time. Perry and Stydy were original members in the CADGERS and they were on the split EP with KAAOS. CADGERS were playing SEX PISTOLS, CLASH, and UK SUBS influenced punk rock and mostly cover songs by those bands. When Piise joined in, it all started to change and then we were more and more hardcore.

I saw Perry after UK SUBS gig in Tampere. My sister knew him. Perry asked me to join in CADGERS. I said I wasn't interested. I was playing soccer at the time. He just kept insisting so I went to rehearsal place to drink few times and we played *Punainen Vaara* a couple of times. I had already finished the song when they were somewhere in the middle. It was my first band. At the time, Perry used to do the lyrics to, unfortunately.

MRR: The CADGERS/KAAOS split EP was recorded in October of 1981. Was that the first studio visit for both bands?

Lasse: Yes. But we did tons of tape recordings at our rehearsal room. Some of those tapes already have some early versions of RIISTETYT songs.

MRR: How easy it was to do CADGERS stuff in the studio, since it must have been really new to the studio personnel too. How did they feel about it?

Lasse: They were just wondering want the hell we were doing and why it sounded like it did. We went together with KAAOS. We were all totally drunk, of course. One band had to wait outside while the other one was recording. The recordings took just a couple of hours. KAAOS recorded first. In the end, they were just fooling around with some children's songs or something.

MRR: Why did you change the name to RIISTETYT?

Lasse: Well, Perry started to have some weird visions about the band and we were fighting a lot. It was him against the rest of the band. He suddenly wanted to do more rocking stuff. There was even some discussions about him starting to play guitar in KAAOS. For us it was annoying to watch him be undecided. "Should I play in this band or should I do that..." We were tired of that and then Piise had the idea to do hardcore stuff again, faster and harder than ever before. Me, Piise and Stydy went to Stydy's practice room and Perry was left alone. We started to call ourselves RIISTETYT and Perry formed his new band JÄRJESTYSHÄIRIÖ. This must have been in December 1981. Piise came up with the name RIISTETYT.
Nappi: Knowing him I would say that the name was taken from EXPLOITED. He just translated that to Finnish.
Lasse: After that, it all happened quite fast. We did tons of new songs fast. We recorded the first EP in the spring (20 April 1982).

MRR: How long did it take to get together all the songs for the first LP?

Lasse: All kinds of shit happened before we did the LP.

Lasse: Yes. I was a deserter at the time and I was hiding from the police. Then I was imprisoned and all that...When I was eventually released, the original recording was missing.

The LP was supposed to be called *Painajainen* (*Nightmare*), but the recording was gone. We didn't really care. We thought that we just go back to studio and play even the slow songs fast and we did. Everything was played live in the studio again. I still don't know what happened to the original master tape.

MRR: How did you end up doing records for Propaganda Records?

Nappi: I think it was an obvious choice.

Lasse: Yes, because everybody in Finland was doing records for Propaganda.

MRR: Actually, there was not that many record labels in Finland at that time.

Lasse: No there wasn't. Well, Vote and his P.Tuotanto were doing records. But somehow he was not that much involved with what we were doing. We wanted to do an LP and Vote wanted to release 7"s.

All the Rock-O-Rama pressings were surprises to all the Finnish bands. All the records were meant to be released on Propaganda Records, but some of those pressings never happened.

Nappi: Vilenius from Propaganda Records wanted to an LP, so basically that was it.

Lasse: He still owes us from those records. We never got any royalties or anything. I think we got five LPs each. But we did exploit him in our own way. We just went to Helsinki to his home and told him to buy us beer. He was not very happy about that, but he did buy everything we wanted. He didn't have a choice really. [laughter] I think all the bands on Propaganda did that.

MRR: But you didn't have to pay anything from the studio or the recording, right?

Lasse: No. We didn't pay anything.

MRR: Who did all the covers to your old records?

Lasse: Vilenius from Propaganda. He is still doing those CD-covers.

Nappi: He must be color-blind nowadays, those CDs look horrible. He had some style before.

Vege: Those neon colors don't look too good in RIISTETYT records.

MRR: Did you have to do real contracts with Propaganda Records?

Lasse: That's what we've been fighting over for a few years now. He is showing me some fake documents that he has done by himself with scissors and glue. He's been putting together some old HOLY DOLLS, PYHÄT NUKET and RIISTETYT contracts. There are signatures by some people who haven't even been in this band ever. There are no witnessess and all the contracts promise us some quantities of records that I've never got.

MRR: So, is he trying to get something from RIISTETYT with these contracts?

Lasse: Yes, but there's one thing people need to remember. He is sick, he's mentally ill, and he also has cancer. He thinks he has some kind of listening apparatus or observation devices installed at his home. That's why he lives at the countryside now. He can't live in Helsinki anymore, because he thinks that the streets are full of SUPO's agents. (*SUPO is Finnish national security police*)

Nappi: He claims that Fight Records can do vinyl pressings of RIISTETYT records, but only he has the rights to CD-pressings. A lifetime right for CD-pressings.

MRR: How did the Rock-O-Rama pressings happen? That was not a decision that you made?

Lasse: That's something Vilenius did all by himself. Actually, he told us, that even he hasn't got any royalties or money from Rock-O-Rama. We never gave our permission to release anything on Rock-O-Rama. Vilenius gave me one copy of each Finnish punk record that was released on Rock-O-Rama. I've no idea how much Vilenius knew about Rock-O-Rama. He tries to tell us he didn't know anything about anything.

When I found out that Rock-O-Rama was doing all these nazi-bullshit records, I was really fucking pissed off. I'd like to take them to court any day.

Nappi: All the Rock-O-Rama pressings were surprises to all the Finnish bands. All the records were meant to be released on Propaganda Records, but some of those pressings never happened.

Nappi: I think even Vilenius was ripped off with Rock-O-Rama.

Lasse: He has even made a reclamation to German authorities. Like ten years ago, he told me that there's going to be a court case concerning all this shit. A judicial writ is needed to be delivered to right people in Germany. When I found out that R-O-R was doing all these nazi-bullshit records, I was really fucking pissed off. I'd like to take them to court any day.

MRR: How did you hook up with punk rock in the first place? You two are clearly the old generation of Finnish punk and have been involved in this since the dawn of hardcore punk, what was the thing that got you hooked up into all this in the first place?

Lasse: I started with the old English punk rock. I had been playing soccer for about fifteen years and I was really fed up with it. I also had my knees and ankles fucked up. Anyway, first I heard all these old British bands and those really hit the spot in me. I thought I'd never heard anything like it.

MRR: Was there some kind of a difference between punk rock and hardcore at the time, did you know that something more extreme was coming?

Lasse: It wasn't just a simple continuation…with hardcore bands, the ideologies became more and more evident. If you check the lyrics for some of those old British bands, they could sing about anything, it was just aggressive rock music.

Nappi: Hardcore just developed by itself "somewhere along the side." I can't say I realized that now there's hardcore here and there. It all just changed and evolved and became faster and really rough. There was also more and more content in the lyrics.

Lasse: KAAOS helped me a lot to get into all the fast shit and get more and more interested in hardcore stuff. KAAOS was clearly hardcore already when we were called CADGERS. That was really inspiring to me. I would say that my interest in hardcore and all that came from KAAOS and DISCHARGE.

Nappi: It was very decisive for me when I first heard that split 7" (KAAOS /CADGERS). I didn't know these guys back then. My friend had bought that record. I was living in Ylöjärvi, another small village near Tampere, at the time.

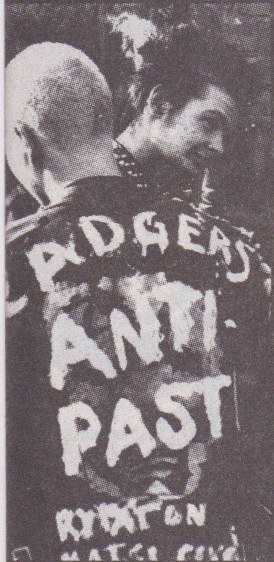
MRR: How many people do you know that have kept up with punk all these years?

Nappi: There are some, but right now, I can't even remember any of their names if you asked. Most of them have families now and they don't really go to gigs or anything like that.

Lasse: Lots of them are also in prison or dead.

Nappi: That's the other half of them.

MRR: Let's talk about records for a while. How do you feel about the fact that the music you were making is now respected and considered legendary?



Lasse: First of all, recording and the whole studio working was very different from what it is now. Now you do songs and really put some effort in the songwriting. You also give some thought to the sound of guitars, the overall sound policy you are having etc. Back then you didn't even think things like that. It was a lot easier. A couple of guys go into the studio and put the recorder on, then start throwing in something they think might be called music.

I don't know really, I don't think of those records as legendary. I just have an impression that back then people got to do quite many records. If you think like that, then city of Tampere is full of legends!

In my opinion those records shouldn't cost more now than they were back then. I can't believe some of the prices people are paying. I wouldn't pay.

One thing I surely don't miss about the 80s at all is fear.

MRR: Fear of what?

Fear of getting beaten up on the streets. It was like skinheads were hunting you down, they were really chasing punks.

MRR: How much did the *Skitsofrenia* MLP sell for at Swamp Records? (Swamp is a record store in Tampere.)

Perttu: It was between 100 and 200 Euros.

Nappi: Someone bid over $350 for it at Ebay. But I don't even count those auctions.

Lasse: I would have sold mine to that guy for 10 Euros. We didn't even think of spreading the records outside Finland in the early days. No one was touring and no records were really distributed abroad by us. We just did it all for us, for ourselves. No one was thinking any further really.

MRR: What was good and bad in the 80s punk scene in Finland? Is there something that you miss from the 80s? Or things you really don't miss at all?

Lasse: I miss the feeling that you can take it easy. You can relax and not stress about everything. You didn't need to think if this or that works or not. "Is this sound alright or do we need to change it?" All that kind of stuff. Nowadays all bands have such good sound quality, brilliant songs and you just try to keep up with it to meet the standards. You didn't need to think of any of that. Listen to *Laki ja Järjestys* EP and there's no sound of any kind. There's just something that was caught on tape. Go to studio with a bag of beer and have fun. That's what it's all about.

Nappi: One thing I surely don't miss at all is fear.

MRR: Fear of what?

Nappi: Fear of getting beaten up on the streets. It was really bad in Tampere. It was impossible to even visit downtown for some time. All these nazi skinheads and their idiotic hang-arounds were there. There were surprisingly many nazis here at the time. Not that many punks compared to them.

Lasse: It was like skinheads were hunting you down, they were really chasing punks. You couldn't walk the streets, if you didn't watch every corner really carefully. Sometime you had to have money for Taxi in your hand, so you could get away. You needed to be sober for sure, since you can't run while you are drunk. You can see something from my nose; it's been broken eight times.

MRR: How much a part of your life was punk in the 80s, and how big of a part it is now? Has your attitude to punk changed in these years?

Perttu: I know for sure that my attitude has been changed a little. I don't know if it's growing up or what, but everything is not as black and white as it used to be. You can think more clearly now. I can't say that my views were not as radical as they used to be, but now I can see the other side of the coin too and I can understand and tolerate more now.

Lasse: I think it's totally on the contrary for me. Some of my views about music are now even more black and white than before. In the early 80s you thought some things were important for sure and you wanted to fight back, but there was also this "having fun" aspect of it. I've been checking the lyrics of the last two records and I've been thinking myself "What the fuck?" Hate, death, etc.: try to count how many times you can see that kind of words in my lyrics. But on the other hand my life is a lot better now, it's all clearer to me. I'm married and I have my lovely dogs, I got everything I need. I'm also getting more and more radical and not just musically. I mean politically. I get really fucking pissed off while reading newspapers or watching TV. I just get mad and I don't think that's very healthy in the long run. No one can as an individual take a responsibility of everything and feel physical pain because of it. But I do. On the other hand, I should be able to live my normal daily life too. I just feel that everything is fucked up, really fucked up.

MRR: RIISTETYT, HOLY DOLLS and PYHÄT NUKET: How did HOLY DOLLS come to exist and why it was changed to PYHÄT NUKET? Did it replace RIISTETYT or was there two different bands all the time?

Nappi: HOLY DOLLS was never really officially established. It was just, well, Perry left to do his mandatory military service. We didn't really know if he was in the band or not. So were just hanging around and drinking, me and Lasse. We decided to go to studio and do some JOY DIVISION/AMEBIX kind stuff. Lasse had called Vilenius (Propaganda Records) to pay for the studio. So we went to studio and recorded some songs. We did the songs one day before the studio. Stydy was there drinking with us and we told him that he is going to play drums. The original plan was that I was going to play all the instruments and Lasse would do the vocals. We did it because we could. Stydy was on drums. I played the guitar, bass, and even some piano here and there. Lasse did all the vocals. We did it and that was it; we never planned it to go any further than that.

Lasse: It was just a project band. RIISTETYT never became HOLY DOLLS. HOLY DOLLS was a different band.

Nappi: It was supposed to be that one studio visit, just a project we had. And that's it. But Rike heard the recording when we were mixing it. He was editing some BASTARDS tracks at the same time.

Lasse: Rike also had a rehearsal room, which we didn't have at the time. So, we took him in HOLY DOLLS.

Nappi: That's true too. And since we didn't hear anything from Perry.

Lasse: RIISTETYT wasn't working as a band at that time at all, not with that line-up. RIISTETYT went on vacation, on hold so to speak. RIISTETYT never quit, but had a vacation, because there was no line-up that would continue the playing. So, we started to play with HOLY DOLLS.

Nappi: HOLY DOLLS was supposed to end on that demo tape, but it didn't.

Lasse: It seems I need to clear some things up. HOLY DOLLS is or was never really meant to be anything. But it just grew. That HOLY DOLLS demo was supposed to be released back then on Poko Rekords (yes, it's Rekords, not Records). But it didn't. By the way, Vilenius has released that now on CD called *Bella* on Propaganda Records. Anyway Vilenius had sold the band to Finn Levy company, which was the biggest record label in Finland in the mid 80s. Vilenius got tons of money -- 16,000 Finnish marks and that was huge at the time. He wouldn't give the money to us; he just kept it himself. We had the first meeting with the head of the Finn Levy in 1984; Nappi had already left the band at this point. This fucker tells us that, "alright, I've booked tons of interviews for you guys, but we are going to change the name of the band now. It's going to be called PYHÄT NUKET." I started to argue with him, "Fuck no, we are not changing anything. We are keeping HOLY DOLLS." But obviously, Rike had signed the deal that said the band will be called PYHÄT NUKET. The rest of the band wasn't there at that time.

MRR: You were the first Finnish punk band to tour the USA. Was that RIISTETYT or HOLY DOLLS?

Lasse: RIISTETYT did that. We played songs from *Raiskattu tulevaisuus* LP and from *Skitsofrenia* MLP. Rike didn't have time or couldn't learn more songs. Rike's way of playing is a bit different too, it's poppy, soft even. He couldn't play the guitar the same way Perry had played it. So, it sounded a different for sure. Mickey was high on drugs the whole US tour, so he wasn't helping much.

MRR: How do you feel about that tour now?

Lasse: Some last shows in Pittsburgh and some others were basically HOLY DOLLS gigs, because Mickey the bass player was lost. He just disappeared! In the end, he was found from the other side of the country. But all in all, I had lots of fun. On the other hand, it was a start for my hate against the USA, because the police constantly stopped us; we were harassed You know we didn't really do anything. We were just drunk on the streets, which is very obvious for Finns, what's wrong with that? Fuck the police! Back to the tour. I think Rike was greedy and that kind of ruined our relationship with Chris from BCT. I don't think Chris had seen Finns ever before and I don't know if he could stand drunken Finns 24/7. Sometimes it was hard to travel with RAW POWER, because they wanted to do all that tourist stuff and we were not really into that at all. Some things were not very well organized, we drove to places like El Paso to play a gig there, and at the spot we heard there's no show. They had cancelled it, but no one told us about it.

But there were some really good things too. People were great, fantastic! I mean the people at gigs; everybody was really nice to us.

There was lots of chaos, but what would you expect? Four almost teenagers drunk out of their minds all the time for weeks, unaware of anything. We were too young to do it. It was our first journey to anywhere. I mean I had been around Europe somewhere, but never with a band. So that was the first tour and there were so many things we didn't even think we should have or do. We didn't even have any idea what was it like being on tour. We were the first band from Finland to do a tour. So no one could even tell us anything or warn us. But what's important is that the gigs were great. Some huge shows and we did pretty good, cities like San Diego and Los Angeles, where we played with DEAD KENNEDYS. Those shows surely left a mark inside my head. It was blast to meet people like Jello Biafra and all them.

MRR: Did RIISTETYT play their next show after that tour in Lepakko 1999?

Lasse: Yes. That US tour left us with big scars and we just couldn't be with each other anymore. We all agreed about a break. Me and Rike started doing HOLY DOLLS as our full time job. That was the only job we had and the only one we could do. But then that slipped off our hands too.

MRR: How did that Lepakko gig happen? How did you end up playing there?

Lasse: Kaide from SEKASORTO called me and told me what was happening. I said yes and that was that. At first I didn't dare to call Nappi, well I called him about something else and didn't dare to ask about the gig, if he wanted to do it not. I thought he wouldn't do it. Rike made me call Nappi.

Nappi: I almost said no, but ended up saying yes. I thought, "let's see what happens." I'll do it for fun.

MRR: The 90s: how easy it was to find these guys in the end? How long did it take after the Lepakko festivals?

Lasse: It didn't take long at all.

Nappi: Those two other guys, the drummer and the guitarist, that were there straight after Lepakko were from some old bands that Lasse had. Heavy metal dudes…didn't like those guys too much. We just had to have Vege as a second guitarist. Those metal dudes were not really into the whole thing we were looking for. I think they had a motivation problem or something. We were playing too simple music for them. They wanted long solos and so on.

Vege: Still they didn't know how to play the songs at all, no matter how simple the songs were…

Nappi: That's why the music on *Tervetuloa Kuolema* EP was as simple as possible.

Lasse: There were no middle parts or anything, just verse and chorus. That's a reason why the lyrics sound confusing too as Markku said in some old article. The truth is that those lyrics are short versions of longer lyrics that I had. We were in a hurry and I didn't have time to do the new lyrics, so I just chopped the lyrics I had into pieces. I think I'm the only one to understand those lyrics. I had to take half of the words off.

MRR: Was it obvious all the time to keep the RIISTETYT name?

Lasse: Yes.

Nappi: There was no discussion about that what so ever.

MRR: Are you, Nappi, still doing the songs?

Nappi: Yes, it's pretty much my responsibility. The songs just come by themselves really. I can't really do any songs, if I sit down and think that I have to do a song now. One of the best ways to do a song is jamming with Perttu. Just the two of us. He plays drums and I just come up with the riffs. That's it.

MRR: Perttu, how did you feel when you were asked to join RIISTETYT?

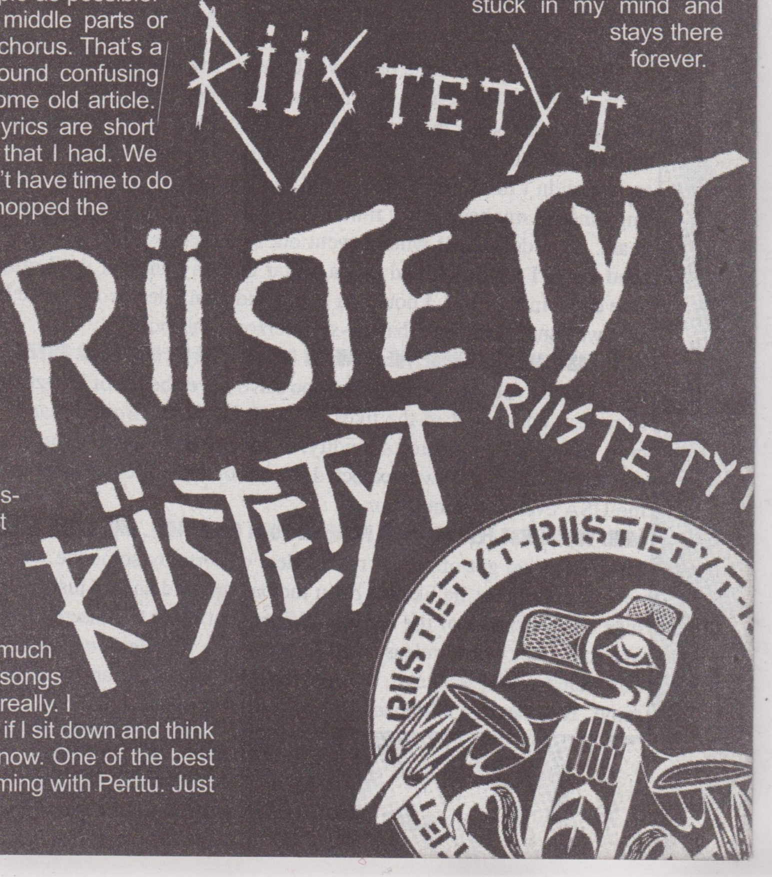
Perttu: At first I thought that I'd never join in RIISTETYT. I felt that it was just impossible for anyway to try to fill in for Stydy. It was impossible for me to picture myself playing in a band that has been an example for me since the first band that I ever was in. RIISTETYT has been something I've been listening since little kid. Even now, I sometimes find myself thinking something like…Wait a minute, am I playing drums in RIISTETYT? What the hell is happening here? For me RIISTETYT from the 80s is very different band that the band I'm playing in now. Totally different thing. Well, of course it has to be, since I was still shitting in my pants when these guys were already playing some of the best music ever.

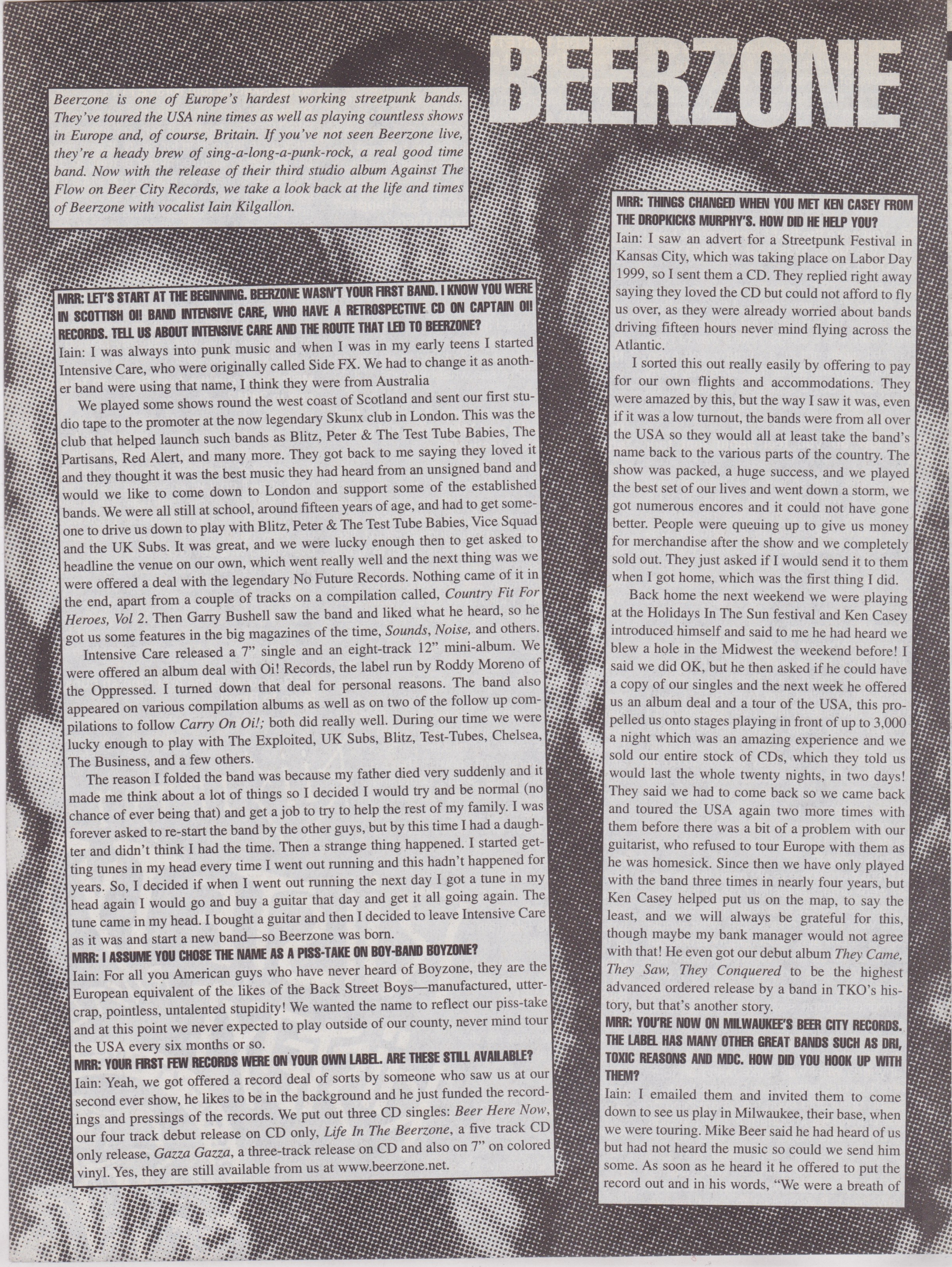
MRR: How did the first Brazilian tour happen in 2001?

Nappi: We got lots of messages from Brazil and lots of people were asking us to come over there. But nothing happened really before Fabio (SICK TERROR) contacted us and told us that he'll do it whenever we can come. He knew lots of people that I already knew and that was one reason he seemed noteworthy to us. They paid the flight tickets in advance and everything was set to go. And we did it. It was weird for us. All the autographs, the millions of photos they took. We didn't expect all that to happen to us. I actually assumed that the gigs are crazy and wild and all the gigs were, I just didn't realize before how wild it could be. We were there about 10 days the first time.

MRR: You were the first Finnish punk band to go to Brazil.

Lasse: They all knew the lyrics in Finnish; that stuck in my mind and stays there forever.





BEERZONE

Beerzone is one of Europe's hardest working streetpunk bands. They've toured the USA nine times as well as playing countless shows in Europe and, of course, Britain. If you've not seen Beerzone live, they're a heady brew of sing-a-long-a-punk-rock, a real good time band. Now with the release of their third studio album Against The Flow on Beer City Records, we take a look back at the life and times of Beerzone with vocalist Iain Kilgallon.

MRR: LET'S START AT THE BEGINNING. BEERZONE WASN'T YOUR FIRST BAND. I KNOW YOU WERE IN SCOTTISH OI! BAND INTENSIVE CARE, WHO HAVE A RETROSPECTIVE CD ON CAPTAIN OI! RECORDS. TELL US ABOUT INTENSIVE CARE AND THE ROUTE THAT LED TO BEERZONE?

Iain: I was always into punk music and when I was in my early teens I started Intensive Care, who were originally called Side FX. We had to change it as another band were using that name, I think they were from Australia

We played some shows round the west coast of Scotland and sent our first studio tape to the promoter at the now legendary Skunx club in London. This was the club that helped launch such bands as Blitz, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, The Partisans, Red Alert, and many more. They got back to me saying they loved it and they thought it was the best music they had heard from an unsigned band and would we like to come down to London and support some of the established bands. We were all still at school, around fifteen years of age, and had to get someone to drive us down to play with Blitz, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Vice Squad and the UK Subs. It was great, and we were lucky enough then to get asked to headline the venue on our own, which went really well and the next thing was we were offered a deal with the legendary No Future Records. Nothing came of it in the end, apart from a couple of tracks on a compilation called, *Country Fit For Heroes, Vol 2*. Then Garry Bushell saw the band and liked what he heard, so he got us some features in the big magazines of the time, *Sounds*, *Noise,* and others.

Intensive Care released a 7" single and an eight-track 12" mini-album. We were offered an album deal with Oi! Records, the label run by Roddy Moreno of the Oppressed. I turned down that deal for personal reasons. The band also appeared on various compilation albums as well as on two of the follow up compilations to follow *Carry On Oi!;* both did really well. During our time we were lucky enough to play with The Exploited, UK Subs, Blitz, Test-Tubes, Chelsea, The Business, and a few others.

The reason I folded the band was because my father died very suddenly and it made me think about a lot of things so I decided I would try and be normal (no chance of ever being that) and get a job to try to help the rest of my family. I was forever asked to re-start the band by the other guys, but by this time I had a daughter and didn't think I had the time. Then a strange thing happened. I started getting tunes in my head every time I went out running and this hadn't happened for years. So, I decided if when I went out running the next day I got a tune in my head again I would go and buy a guitar that day and get it all going again. The tune came in my head. I bought a guitar and then I decided to leave Intensive Care as it was and start a new band—so Beerzone was born.

MRR: I ASSUME YOU CHOSE THE NAME AS A PISS-TAKE ON BOY-BAND BOYZONE?

Iain: For all you American guys who have never heard of Boyzone, they are the European equivalent of the likes of the Back Street Boys—manufactured, utter-crap, pointless, untalented stupidity! We wanted the name to reflect our piss-take and at this point we never expected to play outside of our county, never mind tour the USA every six months or so.

MRR: YOUR FIRST FEW RECORDS WERE ON YOUR OWN LABEL. ARE THESE STILL AVAILABLE?

Iain: Yeah, we got offered a record deal of sorts by someone who saw us at our second ever show, he likes to be in the background and he just funded the recordings and pressings of the records. We put out three CD singles: *Beer Here Now*, our four track debut release on CD only, *Life In The Beerzone*, a five track CD only release, *Gazza Gazza*, a three-track release on CD and also on 7" on colored vinyl. Yes, they are still available from us at www.beerzone.net.

MRR: THINGS CHANGED WHEN YOU MET KEN CASEY FROM THE DROPKICKS MURPHY'S. HOW DID HE HELP YOU?

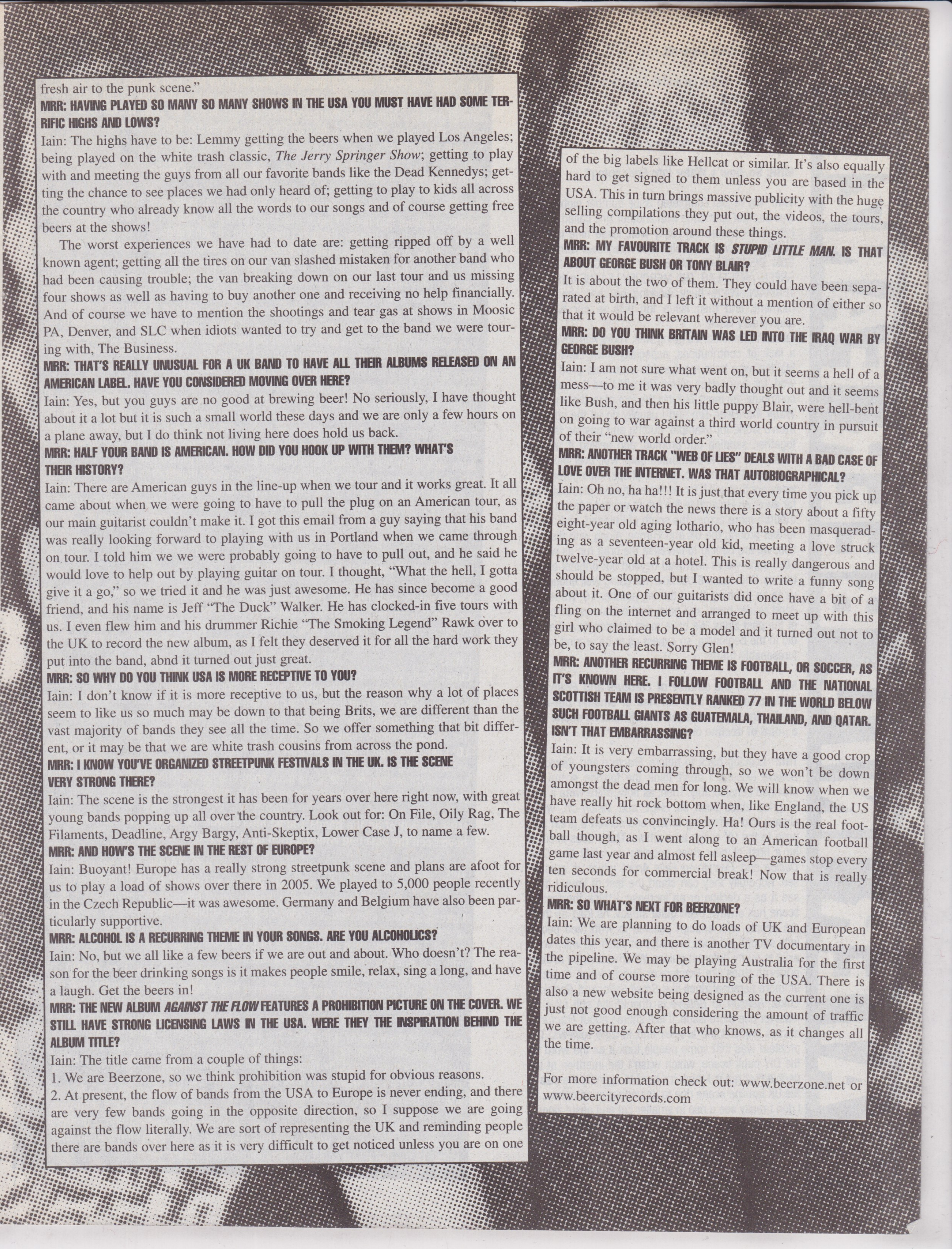
Iain: I saw an advert for a Streetpunk Festival in Kansas City, which was taking place on Labor Day 1999, so I sent them a CD. They replied right away saying they loved the CD but could not afford to fly us over, as they were already worried about bands driving fifteen hours never mind flying across the Atlantic.

I sorted this out really easily by offering to pay for our own flights and accommodations. They were amazed by this, but the way I saw it was, even if it was a low turnout, the bands were from all over the USA so they would all at least take the band's name back to the various parts of the country. The show was packed, a huge success, and we played the best set of our lives and went down a storm, we got numerous encores and it could not have gone better. People were queuing up to give us money for merchandise after the show and we completely sold out. They just asked if I would send it to them when I got home, which was the first thing I did.

Back home the next weekend we were playing at the Holidays In The Sun festival and Ken Casey introduced himself and said to me he had heard we blew a hole in the Midwest the weekend before! I said we did OK, but he then asked if he could have a copy of our singles and the next week he offered us an album deal and a tour of the USA, this propelled us onto stages playing in front of up to 3,000 a night which was an amazing experience and we sold our entire stock of CDs, which they told us would last the whole twenty nights, in two days! They said we had to come back so we came back and toured the USA again two more times with them before there was a bit of a problem with our guitarist, who refused to tour Europe with them as he was homesick. Since then we have only played with the band three times in nearly four years, but Ken Casey helped put us on the map, to say the least, and we will always be grateful for this, though maybe my bank manager would not agree with that! He even got our debut album *They Came, They Saw, They Conquered* to be the highest advanced ordered release by a band in TKO's history, but that's another story.

MRR: YOU'RE NOW ON MILWAUKEE'S BEER CITY RECORDS. THE LABEL HAS MANY OTHER GREAT BANDS SUCH AS DRI, TOXIC REASONS AND MDC. HOW DID YOU HOOK UP WITH THEM?

Iain: I emailed them and invited them to come down to see us play in Milwaukee, their base, when we were touring. Mike Beer said he had heard of us but had not heard the music so could we send him some. As soon as he heard it he offered to put the record out and in his words, "We were a breath of



fresh air to the punk scene."

MRR: HAVING PLAYED SO MANY SO MANY SHOWS IN THE USA YOU MUST HAVE HAD SOME TERRIFIC HIGHS AND LOWS?

Iain: The highs have to be: Lemmy getting the beers when we played Los Angeles; being played on the white trash classic, *The Jerry Springer Show*; getting to play with and meeting the guys from all our favorite bands like the Dead Kennedys; getting the chance to see places we had only heard of; getting to play to kids all across the country who already know all the words to our songs and of course getting free beers at the shows!

The worst experiences we have had to date are: getting ripped off by a well known agent; getting all the tires on our van slashed mistaken for another band who had been causing trouble; the van breaking down on our last tour and us missing four shows as well as having to buy another one and receiving no help financially. And of course we have to mention the shootings and tear gas at shows in Moosic PA, Denver, and SLC when idiots wanted to try and get to the band we were touring with, The Business.

MRR: THAT'S REALLY UNUSUAL FOR A UK BAND TO HAVE ALL THEIR ALBUMS RELEASED ON AN AMERICAN LABEL. HAVE YOU CONSIDERED MOVING OVER HERE?

Iain: Yes, but you guys are no good at brewing beer! No seriously, I have thought about it a lot but it is such a small world these days and we are only a few hours on a plane away, but I do think not living here does hold us back.

MRR: HALF YOUR BAND IS AMERICAN. HOW DID YOU HOOK UP WITH THEM? WHAT'S THEIR HISTORY?

Iain: There are American guys in the line-up when we tour and it works great. It all came about when we were going to have to pull the plug on an American tour, as our main guitarist couldn't make it. I got this email from a guy saying that his band was really looking forward to playing with us in Portland when we came through on tour. I told him we we were probably going to have to pull out, and he said he would love to help out by playing guitar on tour. I thought, "What the hell, I gotta give it a go," so we tried it and he was just awesome. He has since become a good friend, and his name is Jeff "The Duck" Walker. He has clocked-in five tours with us. I even flew him and his drummer Richie "The Smoking Legend" Rawk over to the UK to record the new album, as I felt they deserved it for all the hard work they put into the band, abnd it turned out just great.

MRR: SO WHY DO YOU THINK USA IS MORE RECEPTIVE TO YOU?

Iain: I don't know if it is more receptive to us, but the reason why a lot of places seem to like us so much may be down to that being Brits, we are different than the vast majority of bands they see all the time. So we offer something that bit different, or it may be that we are white trash cousins from across the pond.

MRR: I KNOW YOU'VE ORGANIZED STREETPUNK FESTIVALS IN THE UK. IS THE SCENE VERY STRONG THERE?

Iain: The scene is the strongest it has been for years over here right now, with great young bands popping up all over the country. Look out for: On File, Oily Rag, The Filaments, Deadline, Argy Bargy, Anti-Skeptix, Lower Case J, to name a few.

MRR: AND HOW'S THE SCENE IN THE REST OF EUROPE?

Iain: Buoyant! Europe has a really strong streetpunk scene and plans are afoot for us to play a load of shows over there in 2005. We played to 5,000 people recently in the Czech Republic—it was awesome. Germany and Belgium have also been particularly supportive.

MRR: ALCOHOL IS A RECURRING THEME IN YOUR SONGS. ARE YOU ALCOHOLICS?

Iain: No, but we all like a few beers if we are out and about. Who doesn't? The reason for the beer drinking songs is it makes people smile, relax, sing a long, and have a laugh. Get the beers in!

MRR: THE NEW ALBUM *AGAINST THE FLOW* FEATURES A PROHIBITION PICTURE ON THE COVER. WE STILL HAVE STRONG LICENSING LAWS IN THE USA. WERE THEY THE INSPIRATION BEHIND THE ALBUM TITLE?

Iain: The title came from a couple of things:

1. We are Beerzone, so we think prohibition was stupid for obvious reasons.
2. At present, the flow of bands from the USA to Europe is never ending, and there are very few bands going in the opposite direction, so I suppose we are going against the flow literally. We are sort of representing the UK and reminding people there are bands over here as it is very difficult to get noticed unless you are on one of the big labels like Hellcat or similar. It's also equally hard to get signed to them unless you are based in the USA. This in turn brings massive publicity with the huge selling compilations they put out, the videos, the tours, and the promotion around these things.

MRR: MY FAVOURITE TRACK IS *STUPID LITTLE MAN*. IS THAT ABOUT GEORGE BUSH OR TONY BLAIR?

It is about the two of them. They could have been separated at birth, and I left it without a mention of either so that it would be relevant wherever you are.

MRR: DO YOU THINK BRITAIN WAS LED INTO THE IRAQ WAR BY GEORGE BUSH?

Iain: I am not sure what went on, but it seems a hell of a mess—to me it was very badly thought out and it seems like Bush, and then his little puppy Blair, were hell-bent on going to war against a third world country in pursuit of their "new world order."

MRR: ANOTHER TRACK "WEB OF LIES" DEALS WITH A BAD CASE OF LOVE OVER THE INTERNET. WAS THAT AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL?

Iain: Oh no, ha ha!!! It is just that every time you pick up the paper or watch the news there is a story about a fifty eight-year old aging lothario, who has been masquerading as a seventeen-year old kid, meeting a love struck twelve-year old at a hotel. This is really dangerous and should be stopped, but I wanted to write a funny song about it. One of our guitarists did once have a bit of a fling on the internet and arranged to meet up with this girl who claimed to be a model and it turned out not to be, to say the least. Sorry Glen!

MRR: ANOTHER RECURRING THEME IS FOOTBALL, OR SOCCER, AS IT'S KNOWN HERE. I FOLLOW FOOTBALL AND THE NATIONAL SCOTTISH TEAM IS PRESENTLY RANKED 77 IN THE WORLD BELOW SUCH FOOTBALL GIANTS AS GUATEMALA, THAILAND, AND QATAR. ISN'T THAT EMBARRASSING?

Iain: It is very embarrassing, but they have a good crop of youngsters coming through, so we won't be down amongst the dead men for long. We will know when we have really hit rock bottom when, like England, the US team defeats us convincingly. Ha! Ours is the real football though, as I went along to an American football game last year and almost fell asleep—games stop every ten seconds for commercial break! Now that is really ridiculous.

MRR: SO WHAT'S NEXT FOR BEERZONE?

Iain: We are planning to do loads of UK and European dates this year, and there is another TV documentary in the pipeline. We may be playing Australia for the first time and of course more touring of the USA. There is also a new website being designed as the current one is just not good enough considering the amount of traffic we are getting. After that who knows, as it changes all the time.

For more information check out: www.beerzone.net or www.beercityrecords.com

WATER INTO BEER FANZINE

MRR: Introduce yourself.

Tim: Hi, I'm Turtle Tim and I'm one quarter of the *Water Into Beer* gang.
Luke: Hello, my name is Luke B and alongside Tim, I am co-editor of *Water Into Beer*.
LD: I'm Luke D, the intelligent one.

MRR: So, how's *Water Into Beer* going?

Tim: We've just completed issue number eight, which was our first split issue with another zine called *Gadgie*. I think it's turned out really well. Issue nine is in the pipeline and will hopefully have interviews with SHOTGUN DEMOCRACY, SAME DAY SERVICE, NATHANIEL GREEN, ANTI-FLAG, THE MERCURY LEAGUE and QUARTERMAIN. We're busy working on that one at the moment, and then issue ten will be our two-year anniversary issue.
Luke: As Tim said, it's going well. There has never been a lack of contributions, especially from Luke D and Maiden, who have managed to contribute good quality work for every issue so far. Tim and I are the ones who contribute the most, but it is the four of us that make up *Water Into Beer*. Tim and I usually do all the administrative work, for example; cutting and pasting the zine together, sending out promos, and selling it at gigs. *Water Into Beer* is distributed quite well over the North of England, thanks to all the shops, distributors and zinesters that sell it for us. We even have distribution as far away as Finland! In the future we hope to get it distributed more across the south of England, and maybe further around the UK and Europe. Along with distribution, we are hoping to increase the print run as well.
LD: I think we've improved beyond our original expectations. With issue 8 out now, it's going well enough for us to be thinking about the big number 10. We have a good reader base, and have sold out almost all copies of the past zines. We have more passion now than we did in the beginning, so expect us to be around for the foreseeable future.

MRR: With the demise of *Fracture* and *Reason to Believe* recently, and the rise of smaller cut-and-paste zines, do you think the UK fanzine scene is in a point of decline or is it on the up?

Tim: Looking back to before *Fracture* and *Reason to Believe* existed; I don't think the fanzine scene has changed considerably. Then, as now, there were a host of great zines such as *HAGL* and *Vision-On*, which always had something to say and served a great purpose to the UK scene as a whole. There does seem to be a host of new zines popping up lately like *Can't Decide* and *Everything Falls Apart*, which is great to see. Hopefully they can stand the test of time. I don't see it as a decline or an increase. I think the fanzine scene has always been quite steady. As long as there are people with enough passion to write and people with enough patience to read, then fanzines will always exist in many different guises. Whether that be in large print-run zines like *Fracture* or *Rancid News*, or smaller, more personal zines like *Small Sailor* and *Gadgie*.
Luke: *Reason to Believe* is (thankfully) still alive, at least for one more issue. It is a shame about *Fracture*, I always enjoyed the articles and fanzine reviews. The problem was that some people took it as the word for the DIY punk scene, which wasn't the intention of the people that ran it. I think it's hard to quantify the size of the UK fanzine scene due to its underground nature, so I don't really see a rise in smaller cut and paste zines; I think they have always been around since punk began. There are probably more fanzines in football than punk now. All I can say is that the UK fanzine scene is just as strong as it has been since I have known it, and it's *Polish a Turd, Reason to Believe, Rancid-News, Bald Cactus, Headwound, Jellybrain* (RIP?) and all the Thirsk zines.
LD: The zine scene is amazing, there are so many truly inspiring articles I don't think its ever been stronger. The scene is on the up. It's not viable in this day to run a free zine without getting commercial advertising to fund it. Its sad but free zines will come and they will go. But paying 50p or a £1 to cover the costs makes more financial sense, and keeps the zine in existence.

MRR: Why do you think zines are so important, or aren't they?

Tim: Because they educate, inform and entertain, or at least they should. Fanzines are another medium into how to get a message across to people. I can definitely say that many articles have changed the way I think about certain things.
Luke: I think zines are important because there is freedom of expression and direction for the people that make them. If I wanted to get my point of view across in mainstream society, I would have to get commissioned to do freelance writing for a publication, write academic material or settle for a few edited words in the letters page of a newspaper. What zines do is provide a platform for people like you and me to express our thoughts and opinions on anything we like (just as long as we accept the possible consequences). This is something is hard to do in mainstream journalism or academic circles, and a simpler and way do it is through underground self-publication. In the grand scheme of things, zines are not so important or influential. They are, however, a way of taking back power into our own hands and giving ourselves a voice.
In punk rock, they are important because they are a vital source of communication in the underground punk movement. Where else can I read about what is going on in punk rock circles in other parts of the country and the world? I like punk music from Finland, and without *Flagburner* fanzine, I would not be able to read reviews of underground Finnish punk rock in English. In reflection, I believe zines are *very* important.
LD: That's a good question. It depends what the reader makes of it. If it affects anything one does, or thinks, then I guess they are important. To me that are important, but in the overall perspective of everything going on in the world, they don't mean shit. Fanzines are a way of communicating a message between a very small group of people. *The Sun* (newspaper) is more important.

MRR: What do you think makes a good zine?

Tim: It's quite wide ranging. The most important thing I think is to show personality and passion. You can tell if a fanzine's been done for the wrong reasons (i.e. to get free CD's, to gain scene points, etc.) They just feel and read like fakes. Fanzines should be an extension of a writer or group of writers' personality, almost like a diary of thoughts, loves and hates.
Luke: Plenty of variation, something different and not just focusing on one thing (like music). I also like zines with lots of thoughts, stories and opinions from the people that write for it. If a zine contains dirty sex stories, travel diaries or good/funny stories then it gets thumbs up from me. There are so many other types of zines in the world that are just as good as punk zines.
LD: I like to see stuff that pisses people off, or articles that I can personally relate to. It's a great feeling to be completely enthralled by what you're reading, and whether you love what you're reading or hate it, the main point that makes zines good is appreciating the amount of effort that goes into making one, however good or bad.

MRR: So out of all the bands you've interviewed for *Water Into Beer* which ones have been the best and which turned out to be proper shit?

Tim: My favorites would have to be WEBSTER and GODAMN MINIVAN, basically because they're cool guys and I love their music. Worst was THE SUAVE BASTARDS because they just gave one-word answers because they do lots of drugs or something.
Luke: The worst interview was with the MAD CADDIES, it was done by email, and my questions were crap, hence crap answers. There have been other shit interviews with crappy indie bands such as WE START FIRES (thanks to Tim) and my short crap interview with East Bay Ray of the new DEAD KENNEDYS.
The best interviews were the ones with SEX MANIACS and ONE MAN STAND. This is because the people who were interviewed had a good sense of humor, and the SEX MANIACS are one of my favourite bands. I also enjoyed the HERO DISHONEST interview because I know the two guys and they had a lot to say. It does make interviews better and easier if you know a lot about the people before hand. Some of the most original interviews were when Tim interviewed someone who ran a website called MESHCAP.COM (well before the craze started), and when Maiden interviewed former IRON MAIDEN front man PAUL DIANNO, which was a fantastic interview.
LD: The best interviews were with PAUL DI'AANNO and MESHCAP.COM. The first because the interview style used was nothing like our usual interviews and the man-beast was just the perfect person to interview, very opinionated, intelligent, and a proper nutter. Meshcap was just funny. Worst, well there're quite a few, but I've got to go with DEAD KENNEDYS. Luke B just could not be bothered, and it showed.

MRR: With this in mind are there any bands, features that you regret doing?

Tim: Nah, all the bands I've interviewed I've wanted in and I've wanted to give more exposure to them. I'll only interview a band if I love them and I think more people should hear about them.
Luke: There was one thing we printed in an earlier issue that could have got us into a lot of trouble, but the less said about that the better. I don't have any regrets; it is all part of the learning process.
LD: No regrets whatsoever.

MRR: Politics and zines, should the two mix, and does *Water Into Beer* have any political slants it likes to explore?

Tim: The two go hand in hand in my opinion, although I don't dabble in politics myself because I know fuck all about it. I do always enjoy the political columns from the Lukes and Maiden because they usually teach me things I don't know about. As for political slant, Maiden, one of the *Water Into Beer* gang, is likely to be an influential Labour MP one day. He makes me vote Labour. If I didn't he'd probably stick hot sticks into my eyes to teach me the error of my ways.
Luke: Politics and zines do mix; almost everything we say and do in life is a political statement in itself. In some zines, such as personal zines, the politics is scarce and not so apparent. However, in some zines, such as *Reason to Believe* and *Profane Existence*, the politics is quite overt and "in your face." This is fine with me, as I learn from it but don't take it at face value. Some people do see it as too preachy. The kind of politics that makes a good zine is at a street level that most can understand, and isn't so intense or bogged down in theory. *Water Into Beer* has some strong socialist slants thanks to Maiden, and a few articles by me and Luke D from a leftist perspective. I would say that *Water Into Beer*'s politics comes from the left of the political scale, but tries to present it at a level for all to understand. As well as holding a general viewpoint from the left, I also consider myself to be a bit of an anarchist and a Green, and these are areas that I am hoping to expand on in future issues of *Water Into Beer*.
LD: They do mix. Many bands that are involved with *Water into Beer* talk politics in their songs whether they realize it or not. Any political preferences that show in our articles are not considered before writing. We just write about things we love (and hate to some extent), and if that includes any political viewpoints then so be it.

MRR: So as a fanzine, what area of music would you say you focus on the most and what other stuff do you specialize in?

Tim: I wouldn't say we specialize in any kind of music really, although most of the bands I interview are from the Sunderland/Newcastle area, because they make better music up there. Most of the bands we cover fall under the punk banner but that's so wide ranging these days. I've interviewed ska bands (46 ITCHY), pop punk (WEBSTER), indie (MAVIS), post-whatever-core (THIS AIN'T VEGAS), emo (THE NEW LEV YASHIN) and all sorts. Basically I'll interview a band if they've got good tunes. I mean I just love pop music basically, I can sit around all day (and often do, if the crickets not on) tugging myself off every so often watching pop videos on cable. I just love a good song with strong melodies and catchy verses. Luckily for me there are loads of cool bands around at the moment that know how to write good tunes and have the ability to mix pop sensibilities with the things I love about punk music such as passion, intensity and spirit.
Luke: All genres of punk (hardcore, punk-rock, ska-punk, crust, pop, thrash etc.) from the western world and anything closely related (dub, hip-hop, metal, indie, rock). We try not to be too specific, but we try and focus more on DIY, underground and local stuff more.
LD: It's a punk zine. But that doesn't mean we don't bust out LUDACRIS on New Years eve, play Eric Clapton on our guitars and sing the classic "Roxanne" on our oh too regular karaoke evenings.

MRR: What makes *Water Into Beer* different from all the other zines out there?

Luke: Good question. I will let others answer this one. Reviews in other fanzines have said things like, "something for everyone," "funny," "anything goes," and "value for money", which is air enough.
Tim: I think, or at least I hope, it's our diversity in the range of topics and bands we write about and interview. You get some fanzines such as *Bald Cactus* or *Headwound,* and they're all about politics and after a while that gets a bit boring, and sometimes feels like they're preaching; "you should do this, you shouldn't do that, you should do what we say." Fuck that. I hope *Water Into Beer* portrays a freedom to write about what we want, whether that be beer, kebabs, women or the fucked up state of the world we live in. Hopefully people can tell that we're genuine and we do this basically because we love it.
LD: I think the quality of the people who write for it. We are all best mates, and the *Water Into Beer* team stems much further than just the people who write for it. What makes us different is that we would still be doing this if no one bought the zine, if it was just for the sake of writing things down for us to reference in the future. We seem to get criticized for being a student zine, that's exactly what we are, not people on the dole writing armchair politics, we are active, perhaps this is what makes us different. We all have aspirations.

MRR: What relevance do you think paper zines still play in a world full of webzines?

Tim: How many people do you know with computers in their toilets? I like to read when taking a dump and there's nothing better whilst depositing waste than having a good, thought provoking fanzine in my hands.
Seriously, webzines serve their purpose, especially to people without a job like myself but fanzines are more personal, artistic and real. Both formats are relevant and help spread news, music and ideas to a group of people.
Luke: Webzines (I take it you mean things like punktastic, punknews and fracture forum) are important for up to date gig listings, record and fanzine releases. Apart from that there is not much point in them. Reading articles from a screen is much more difficult than from paper, and despite the important stuff, forums are used for bitching, talking shit and wasting time. It is important that the punk scene had embraced the idea of webzines and used them to its advantage, but we don't want to start becoming reliant on them. I still rely on flyers I pick up at gigs and record shops to inform me of things, just as much as the internet. How great would it be if all the punks had to meet up in town on the weekends to get informed about stuff instead of staying home and checking the internet? Paper zines are still very relevant because they are actually out there in the world. You go round to somebody's house and read a zine that's on the table, you buy zines at gigs, and you read them whilst traveling. They are actually out there in many places, I believe they have more of an impact on the reader than a webzine, due to their physical nature of actually being there and don't disappear when you turn off your computer (if that makes sense).
LD: As Tim said, you can take a paper zine into the shitter, and if its crap, leave it there.

MRR: If you were to give someone who was starting a zine one piece of advice, what would it be?

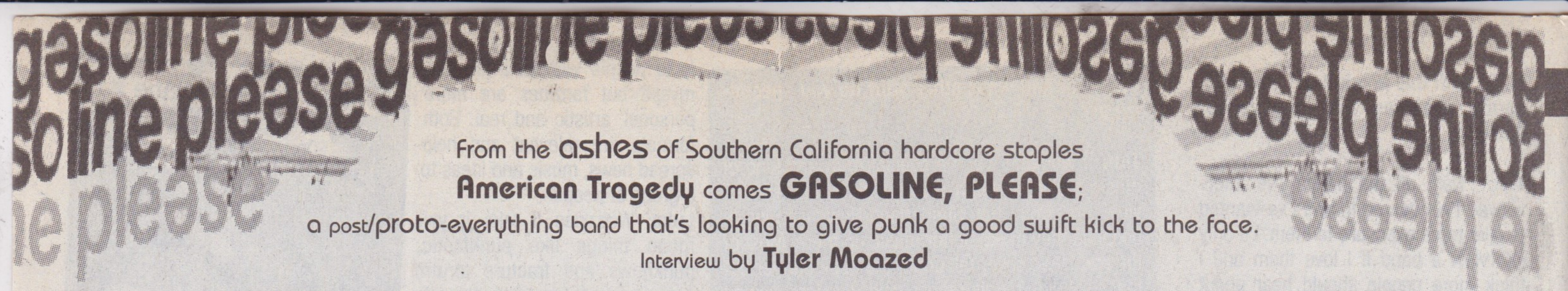
Tim: Get some friends to help you. Without the two Lukes and Maiden, *Water Into Beer* wouldn't exist because it's a lot of bloody work and usually I'm the most unmotivated person in the world. I think we push each other on and make it more fun for each other. So aye, that's the best piece of advice there is.
Luke: Don't worry about losing a little money because the other benefits far outweigh this. Also, it is just a matter of doing it, and when you go to gigs, go up to people and make them buy it. Wait, that's there pieces of advice. Well, two are on the house.
LD: Just say what you see, tell it like it is, from your own perspective. No regrets.

waterintobeer fanzine #1
50p
>>>>
WE GO TO HELL!
Interviews with:
Jeremy Beadles Hand
46 Itchy
Tangaroa
Plus much, much more...

waterintobeer fanzine #7
HEHAW! HEHAW
how else was Charles concieved?
JELLO BIAFRA
HERO DISHONEST
THE NEW LEV YASHIN
HUMANFLY
and plenty of reviews and articles to feast your eyes upon...

waterintobeer fanzine #3
interviews with: Bad Astronaut, Fig 4.0, Writtenfromnegative + Meshcap.com
50p
(or trade)
FUCK
TAV tour report, rants, games, Comics, reviews and loads more

waterintobeer fanzine #2
interviews with:
Mavis
This Ain't Vegas
DJ ElectricHead
50p
(or trade)
CASH ON THE CAN
Bournvita
Plus
columns, rants,games, Comics, reviews and loads more



From the **ashes** of Southern California hardcore staples **American Tragedy** comes **GASOLINE, PLEASE**;
a post/proto-everything band that's looking to give punk a good swift kick to the face.

Interview by **Tyler Moazed**

MRR: Hey, introduce yourselves and give a GASOLINE, PLEASE history.

Andrew: I'm Andrew and I play guitar.

Ryan: I'm Ryan, and I can sing.

MRR: History?

A: Okay, we started in 2003 with myself, Ryan, Marcelo on drums in an otherwise temporary line up. Then we went on one tour and released a split 7" with Please Mr. Grave Digger. We finally got our current line-up situated and recorded an EP which just recently came out on Phantoms Records. That's basically up to date.

MRR: What separates a good band from a legendary band?

A: Ohhh, what an interesting question.

A: I think it comes from the right combination of personalities and styles within the band. Bringing a variety of backgrounds into the whole has a lot to do with it.

A: What separates a good band from a legendary one is the element of timelessness. There are a lot of good bands, but the bands that are legendary are timeless and you can't really attach one single genre or one single time period to the bands existence. It'll transcend fads, styles and genres, and all that stuff.

MRR: How necessary is it to like the music you play in a band. I know of a lot of people on all levels who could give a shit about the type of music, they just want to be in a band.

A: I think it's extremely important to like the music you play.

A: I agree.

MRR: So is GASOLINE, PLEASE your favorite band?

A: My favorite band in the entire world, yes [laughter]. Well at least the best band I've ever heard.

A: Is there any other band? [Laughter]

MRR: With both GASOLINE, PLEASE and your previous bands, there has been all sorts of trouble maintaining a steady line-up, why is that? Why do so many bands have this problem?

A: Well, I think its differences of opinion. A lot of times bands get started and there are different ideas that want to be portrayed, and a lot of people end up getting in something they didn't really sign up for. Then they end up quitting or the band parts ways with that member.

MRR: I mean, do you think that changing members of a band and still keeping the same name diminishes the authenticity of the original band as it was conceived?

A: Yes and no. I think there are obvious exceptions; you can't really have the band with a different singer. If you get rid of the singer that kind of destroys the feeling of a band, but I think that every member, depending on the style of music or depending on the band, can have as much of an influence as any other but I don't think it's impossible for a band to go on with line-up changes. I think there's also a point where changing members becomes too redundant and there are certain roles you can't really replace.

MRR: Present company included, a lot of members of GASOLINE, PLEASE were heavily involved in the hardcore scene, and you guys still tour with a lot of hardcore bands. So what's happened to hardcore?

A: I really don't pay too much attention to the hardcore scene anymore.

MRR: Why?

A: I don't know, because it's not good. [Laughter]

A: I think hardcore had done just about all it can do and it's kind of sad really. It's pretty lost in itself.

A: I think hardcore started as a way to describe punk music, you know it's hardcore punk. Then somewhere along the lines it totally lost that and turned into…I mean there are many different facets of hardcore that I think are nauseating (laughter)…whether it be tough guy, with the whole tough crew shitty mentality. Then like the whole brotherhood stuff, it's just whatever. It's not like punk rock, it's like a weird fraternity/club thing, that's based on false emotions and exaggerated feelings. It doesn't really make a whole lot of sense to me anymore.

MRR: What's the official GASOLINE, PLEASE stance of the political cluster fuck going on in this country and abroad?

A: What's my opinion? It's so hard to say, there is so much stuff were not being told at this point it's not even fair to come up with plausible solutions without knowing whole truths. The situation is so complex, I don't even know how it got this distorted. At this point all the politicians are the same, and they all have the same agendas. It's so lost from where it started.

A: What about the war?

A: Obviously, that's a bunch of horse shit. It goes beyond our country; companies have separate agendas which go way beyond you, me or anybody.

MRR: Is it more important for a band to have a good time or convey an important message whether it's political or personal?

A: I think every band has a different reason that they're a band. I don't think it's same to say there's one specific reason a band should be a band, that you should or shouldn't have politics. I don't particularly like it when bands put the politics before the music, but I also enjoy it when I like a band and they have a political stance. It shows awareness. It's pretty clear right now with the war in Iraq and Bush, it's pretty terrible stuff and just like bands in the 60s and 70s who knew how bad the Vietnam War was. When bands wrap their music too much in politics you lose a certain amount of authenticity, but also when bands no stance on their views it's a little disheartening and shows they're not paying too much attention to the world around them.

MRR: In the past, throughout the history of rock music and punk, music has been a serious catalyst for social change, shouldn't it be a responsibility of artists who have a voice to make their stance known?

A: Yeah, I think so.

A: Yeah, but the art definitely has to come first.

A: It's definitely good when bands use the microphone they're given to portray a message, because these bands have so much power. A lot of times artists or musicians have more influence on what's going on that a lot of other mediums. I think it's totally safe to say that the artists in the 60s had a lot to do the way people viewed the Vietnam War and politics. In that sense they do have a responsibility, but it's still a touchy subject.

MRR: Finally, if GASOLINE, PLEASE could be on a show with any two other bands alive or dead who would it be?

A: Probably GG Allin and the Beatles.

MRR: Who'd open up?

A: The Beatles followed by GG, with us headlining the show. [laughter]. GASOLINE, PLEASE will be doing some extensive touring soon, so you defiantly should check them out. Also, visit gasolineplease.com or phantomsrecords.com for more info or to buy some stuff.

CHEAP SEX

Cheap Sex released their sophomore album, Headed for a Breakdown, in October. Like its predecessor, the well-received Launch Off to War, it's an album filled with bracing streetpunk and biting socio-political commentary, though vocalist/lyricist Mike Virus also shows a propensity for delving into more introspective fare at times. wanting to have his message heard, the vocalist was excited to discuss both albums, the San Diego band's perspective, and how a single fateful event can change one's point of view forever.

Interview by Janelle Jones.

MRR: *Launch Off to War* came out last year. Did you feel any pressure to get this new record written and recorded?

Mike: No, not really. Punk Core is generally not a label that puts a lot of pressure on the bands to get a record out at any specific time. Quality always takes precedence, and when a band is under pressure to put a record out by a certain date, sometimes quality is sacrificed in the process. I definitely feel this is a higher-quality record. I thought *Launch Off to War* was a great record, but I think this is a better record, and in no way would I ever sacrifice quality to meet some release date.

MRR: You feel this one's better—what are some differences you find between the two?

Mike: I think the music is stronger on this album. I think everyone's become better musicians; everyone's become more comfortable playing with each other. We all know each other's abilities better. The songs are about a broader range of topics, lyrically. I just think it's a very strong release; the recording is absolutely better. It's just a better-quality album. Not to take anything away from *LOTW*—for a debut release I couldn't be happier—but I'm certainly the most proud of this record as far as Cheap Sex is concerned.

MRR: One last thing about *LOTW*: basically, the last couple of years so many bands—from all genres of music—have been writing about the current state of affairs. Do you feel some perhaps are just jumping on the bandwagon?

Mike: Actually, I don't think enough bands are singing about the state of affairs. When I look around at current streetpunk bands or bands that are shoved into the streetpunk niche, I still see songs about beer cans, hairdos, and boots. I think the bands singing about politics in the streetpunk genre are much more the minority. I think you have to look more towards the crustier bands to find political songs, but then half the time, those bands aren't serious about what they're saying. I think they're kinda doing it just because it's what's expected. But the lyrics we're singing about, I don't see many bands singing about at all. Particularly, if you're still talking about *LOTW*, we had a song on there called "Dick Cheney." I'm not aware of a single band that's written a song about Dick Cheney and the corporate scandals and the embezzlement of corporate funds and things like that, which is what that song's about. I think Cheap Sex definitely stands out when it comes to lyrics, especially in this day and age and how current we try to keep our songs, based on what's going on in the world around us.

MRR: Like you said, you write about what you're observing in life.

Mike: Yeah, the style and the way I write lyrics I think is different, just in the way the songs are written. I pretty much write my songs with a notepad sitting down in front of a newspaper or turning on the news. I start writing phrases and things about how I feel about what I'm seeing and what I'm reading. I don't think that's the process a lot of people use.

MRR: I was just gonna say that there's no preaching at all.

Mike: No, I don't think we need to preach. I think the world's in a complete disaster state right now. Anyone that cannot see how bad the state of affairs the world is in right now is living in dreamland.

MRR: Right. But then also you have some more personal, introspective songs.

Mike: Absolutely. I never wanna feel limited in any way towards what I write about when I write a song. There's a lot of experiences I've gone through in my life, things that I've seen, things that I've felt, friends that have died, etc., that are just as important to me as what's going on around me in the world. And however I feel at that moment, whatever I feel like I need to get off my chest, comes out in my lyrics.

MRR: Since you do cover such a wide range of topics, do you consider yourselves a political band?

Mike: Absolutely. Absolutely, 100 percent, I consider Cheap Sex to be a political band.

MRR: I remember talking about politics in lyrics with A Global Threat: I was talking to the drummer, and he was like, "Yeah, we don't consider ourselves a political band."

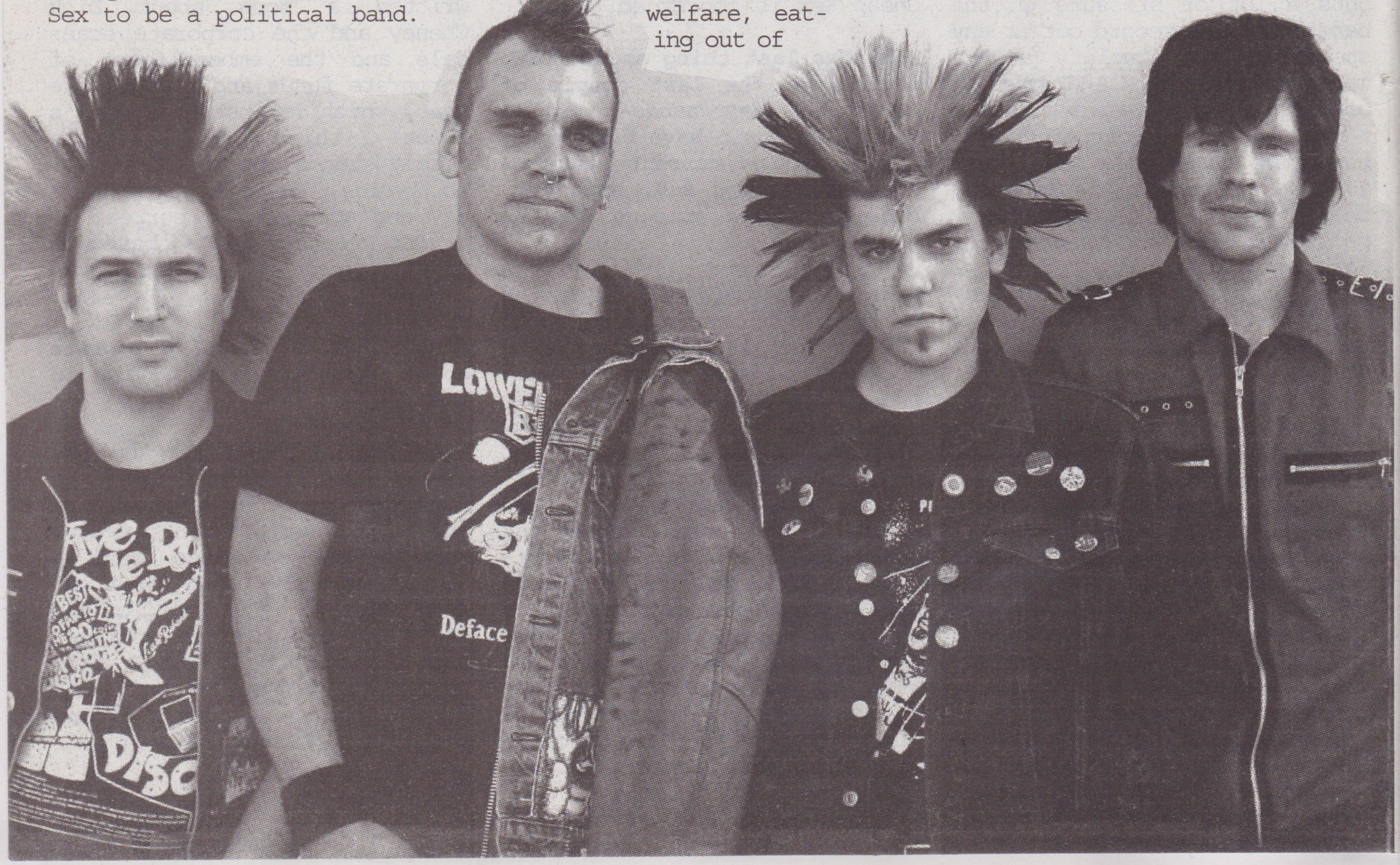
Mike: Right. I can tell you for a fact I consider us a political band. Definitely.

MRR: Though it should be said, you guys sing about everything. Do you have a primary message?

Mike: Yeah, I think the primary message behind Cheap Sex is that basically being a punk should never be an excuse to be stupid. It's not an excuse to be lazy, it's not an excuse to be a waste. Being a punk, as far as I'm concerned, has always been a way of expressing yourself and—how do I wanna say this?—trying to better yourself. You see what's going on in the world around you. You don't feel like you're a part of the rest of society. You do whatever you can to better yourself and fix it. Years ago when the crusty thing was the big trend in the punk scene, you had kids living on welfare, eating out of trash cans, swilling 40s. To me, this has absolutely nothing to do with any punk scene I feel I'm a part of. Living off the government isn't exactly self-sufficiency. If you hate the government and you want this and that, then you probably wanna try to keep them out of your life as much as possible, and do everything for yourself. Being a punk should not be about being lazy. I don't know if it's an egotistical thing I have, but I think punks are better than that, they're better than the rest of society, that they should be able to see what's going on. They know what's going on and sitting around being lazy, complaining, and not doing anything to better your life to me is a waste and I actually look down on that. In fact, I really do everything I can to get myself as far away from that as possible.

MRR: You're singing it, but also living by it.

Mike: Well, I mean, with what I do for a living, I certainly don't think I fit the description of what a lot of people think a punk is, but for me



that is what a punk is.

MRR: Yeah, what do you do?

Mike: I'm a software engineer with a degree plus doing the band full-time, so you can do both. It doesn't have to be one or the other; I've managed to balance the two quite nicely.

MRR: On a side note, I'll tell you, I don't meet many other people in the scene who've gone to college.

Mike: Right, and I really, honestly believe that many punks think that to be a punk you need to not care. It's actually become a trend, if anything, these days to not care. A lot of bands are afraid to say, "We're a political band," or go out of their way to not sing about anything that means something and that's not me. I would never ever, ever be in a band that had that mindset.

MRR: You guys also have a sense of humor, too, which is cool.

Mike: Oh yeah, you have to. We have a couple songs on the album, which certainly are songs that aren't serious. The new one has two of them on there, so yeah, we're not serious all the time.

MRR: One more thing about lyrics and songs in particular: "Lucky to Be Alive." You mentioned before the accident and everything. You weren't actually involved in it, right?

Mike: I was lucky. I'm limited how much vacation time I get from work, so it takes roughly three or four days to drive out from San Diego to NYC. So rather than spend that time to get out there and have three or four less days to play on the tour, the rest of the band drove out in the van and I was gonna fly out to meet them in NY for the first time, which I believe was at CBGBs. I had all my stuff packed, was at the airport, got my ticket, and Gabe called and told me about the accident and told me not to come out, that there was no way we were gonna be able to tour.

MRR: Yeah, that was gonna be the first East Coast date ever. I remember they got a raffle going to raise some money.

Mike: Yeah, that was really cool the way people helped raise money for the expenses involved in an accident like that. The Threats did some benefit shows in the UK for us, The Skeptix donated some money, The Lower Class Brats donated some. Adi was great, she did a raffle. We were thrilled with the support we got from the fans and the other bands.

MRR: Just to know that happened, your perspective changed greatly after that?

Mike: Yeah. Sometimes unfortunately, it takes something like that to realize what's really important, which is your friends, which is life. Everything else kinda takes a backseat when something like that happens, and it's unfortunate that sometimes that's what it takes and I think that's really what that song's about.

MRR: What would you like people to know about Cheap Sex?

Mike: Basically, I want people to know that we really do care about the world around us and really do care about our fans, and we care about the scene. Punk rock is everything to us. Throughout the past few years we've seen bands kinda either change their style or do things they wouldn't have done a few years ago to make a greater name for themselves, and I think Cheap Sex basically is a very grassroots punk rock band whose main concern is the message, the music, and keeping the scene alive. And no matter how old you are or what your background is, that basically nothing else matters except this music to us, and that's what comes first.

MRR: Personally, what got you into politics?

Mike: The punk bands in the 80s I was brought up listening to, the bands that I first got into. I never knew, understood, gave a shit, or thought about politics until I started getting into punk. Reading lyrics on Dead Kennedys records and Crass records and stuff like this absolutely blew me away. I think politics on its own in the newspaper and watching the news is very boring to a teenager, but you take that and have music put to it and present it in an interesting package and give an alternative to the news you see and the other side of things and they can be of great interest to a teenager, and it certainly worked for me and basically that's the kind of music that had the biggest effect on me and changed my life.

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LOST CHERREES

Interview by Ryan Mishap.

MRR: LET'S SKIP THE MOST OBVIOUS QUESTION FOR NOW AND START WITH THE SECOND MOST OBVIOUS: WHO IS IN THE BAND, WHO IS PARTICIPATING IN THIS EMAILED INTERVIEW, AND HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE IN THE BAND AGAIN? ANY SUCCESS IN CONTACTING OTHER PAST MEMBERS?

Bev: Lost Cherrees is currently comprised of Andy (guitar, vocals), Bev (vocals), Nuts (drums), Steve (bass and very, very occasionally, when he runs out of excuses, backing vocals). As for past members, two of them have been to see us play and it was fantastic meeting up with them. We've not been able to contact the other one. As for me, it feels fantastic to be back with the guys again. I love singing every song we ever played and I am really excited about the new stuff. I enjoy gigging more than ever and it seems to have filled a little hole in my life. We are constantly amazed that anyone remembers us, let alone that people have gotten into us in the last few years, some of whom would have just been born when we split up! It *was* very surreal when the four of us first met up in a pub last year. But by the end of the first rehearsal, the years had disappeared. We were all mates even before the Lost Cherrees, so we go back 23 or 24 years—scary!

Nuts: It seemed very strange to be playing together again at first and none of us were really sure how it would work out, if at all. Me and Andy had continued to play together in groups ever since the demise of the Cherrees, but we had lost touch with Bev and Steve years ago. I was reading an interview with the Pixies just the other day and Kim Deal (bass) was talking about her trepidation at playing with the Pixies again. She said she was unsure of how things would be after having been split up for eleven years, but she said it was like riding a bike once they got into rehearsals. I can only speak personally, but I know exactly what she meant, the old songs just seem to come back as we play them, and *we* were split up for eighteen years!

MRR: NOW FOR THE MOST OBVIOUS QUESTION: WHY GET BACK TOGETHER AFTER SO LONG? CAN WE HEAR A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE BAND?

Bev: Nuts and Andy never stopped playing together over the last eighteen years, and on many occasions they thought they'd love to get the Cherrees back together but didn't know where to find the rest of us. I sang in another band for a while. Then I moved 100 miles or so away, so I never thought I 'd see the others again.

I remember putting Lost Cherrees into a search engine the first time I got access to the internet and being gobsmacked that anything came up. Steve is the one that tracked us down. We all had the same idea at the same time. I think the band and the whole scene held a very special place in our hearts. It was making music we loved but also providing an input, not in an earth-shattering way but in a "Have you thought life through?"-sort of way. The world is just as fucked up, if not more so, than it was twenty years ago and we all felt that we wanted to get back into the movement, put something back in if we could. Plus, we had such a laugh at our first rehearsal we couldn't imagine not doing it again!

As for history, Steve formed the band in 1981 as the drummer with a bloke called Dave on guitar. Sian joined a bit later on vocals. I used to watch them and another local band, Warning, play in Steve's mum and dad's garage, which was just a single car garage on the side of their house that was "sound proofed" with egg boxes. It was all fairly terrible and I gave it a miss for a while. The next time I saw them Dave had left, Steve had gone onto bass, and Nuts and Andy had joined and it all sounded a bit better.

They gigged around locally, mainly with Riot/Clone for the first year. Then they started playing in London, joining Conflict, Omega Tribe, and many others in gigs up and down the country. Gail joined on keyboards and the first two 7"s were released. In the summer of '83 I got a call from Sian asking me if I fancied replacing her as singer, as she was leaving. Having never sung before, or even considered it, I of couse said yes straight away. It worked out pretty well with two singers, so we then brought in Debbie when Sian did leave about a year later, after the album was released. We brought out the 12" in '85 and continued gigging all over, mainly benefit gigs for Rape Crisis Centers, Hunt Saboteurs, families of striking miners, etc. By the end of '85, for some reason we just lost the spark, it stopped being fun, the last few gigs were shit. I mean, we were shit and I have the tapes to prove it—so we stopped.

Nuts: I think it would be wrong of me to say that we re-formed the band for any political reasons. At the end of the day, it was just time to play the music again as a band, see if it was fun or not. Although it was interesting to find out if we all still held the same views, which I think, for the most part, we do.

MRR: WHAT HAVE YOUR RECENT SHOWS BEEN LIKE? HOW DO THEY COMPARE TO GIGS IN THE 80S? I GUESS I'M ALSO ASKING WHAT THE PUNK SCENE WAS LIKE TWENTY YEARS AGO AND HOW IT IS NOW. WHAT ARE THE SIMILARITIES AND DIFFERENCES?

Bev: We've thoroughly enjoyed gigging again, though we don't remember the journeys taking so fucking long twenty years ago. There is a hell of a lot more traffic on the roads now; sounds like something your grand dad would say, but it is true. We've played in front of 2000 in London and twenty in Leicester. Leicester was probably more fun! We've gone down pretty well, people have come up to us afterwards to say they enjoyed us and we're glad we were back, so that's nice. One of the nicest touches was at the Gathering of the 1,000s in London. Dick of the Subhumans was thanking the organizers and the bands that lent the gear, then he thanked us for re-forming. He is such a fucking nice bloke.

There were more gigs in the 80s, but not necessarily better ones. To be honest, it's almost like a time warp, not much different at al. People look the same, care about the same things, drink the same, and dance the same. It all feels completely familiar. Actually, the one thing that has just struck me as different is that I have seen no violence whatsoever. I remember coming out of many gigs and being chased by skinheads and, them not wanting to be sexist, I got just as much of a hiding as the blokes did, if they caught me.

MRR: FOR ME, PUNK ISN'T JUST THE MUSIC OR THE LIFESTYLE, BUT A WAY OF LIVING—WHICH I CONSIDER TRUE OF ANARCHISM, AS WELL. IT'S A CHOSEN IDENTITY, ONE THAT I FEEL COMFORTABLE WITH BECAUSE, WITHIN IT, THERE IS SPACE TO BE YOURSELF—TO BE A "FREAK", OUTSIDE THE MAINSTREAM, TO CREATE COMMUNITY, AND TO CHALLENGE OPPRESSION. PUNK AND ANARCHYH ALL AND HOW HAVE YOUR FEELINGS ABOUT IT, AND YOUR LIVES CHANGED OVER THE YEARS? SINCE LOST CHERREES BROKE UP, WHAT HAVE YOU ALL BEEN DOING?

Bev: I think as kids, we got into punk primarily to piss off our parents, we rebelled against their political, religious and conservative views. In doing so, and meeting like minded people, our real education began. I can vividly remember the first gig I went to at the Anarchy Center in Wapping in 1981. I picked up a leaflet saying "Every six seconds an animal dies in a British Laboratory." I can still see it in my mind, it had a photo of a rat with a scientist ramming a tube down into its stomach, force-feeding it some chemical or other. Neither my parents nor my school ever told me that went on. Punk was my awakening. I may have stopped spiking my hair many years ago, but my horror at what I learnt during the early 80s has never diminished. Awareness of the environment, animal exploitation, hunting, political prisoners, corruption in government, the threat of nuclear war—don't forget we were living under a very real threat at that time. It all stays with you, I like to think that punk formed the person I am today, and that person is a much better person than she would have been. I don't know a single person who wasn't a punk who writes protest letters, goes on demos, boycotts companies who exploit animals or their workers, or generally has any ethics whatsoever. Plus, you could listen to fantastic music several times a week, get pissed as a fart, and have a fucking great time.

Nuts: What has punk meant to us? As I'm sitting here doing this on my own, I can only really speak for myself so here goes. I feel that punk has influenced my whole life and will always continue to do so. Many people may have just seen it as a fashion statement all those years ago, but even so, within that I found out so many things that have formed the way I've lived my life ever since, from my vegetarianism to my political beliefs.

The way the punk scene has changed over the years has been quite disappointing 'til now. A lot of the bands that I've seen appear since the demise of the Cherrees that have claimed to be "punk," I've felt are anything but. I don't like to name names, but so many bands don't seem to understand what punk really means. It especially upsets me when I see bands all dressed up in their regulation punk uniforms: mohicans, tattoos, et cetera. And then I listen to their music or see their videos, and they've got half-naked women running about and they're talking about how many women they've shagged or about beating someone up. I thought that sort of shit was sorted out years ago, but I was wrong. But it seems that things are changing again for the better, and more bands are re-forming or forming for the first time who have more intelligent views. I'm sure many people could criticize us if they wanted to scrutinize our lives since the break up of the Cherrees, we've all settled down a certain amount, started families, held down steady jobs, et cetera. But, I don't think we ever preached to people about how they should live their lives, only that they should make sure they make their own individual choices about what they do rather than be herded along by the media and society to follow their rules. I really didn't think I'd be sitting here all these years later, going through the same things that we went through all those years before: unemployment, wars, famine et cetera. I really did think that things in the world would have improved by now, but instead it seems they've only gotten worse. I don't think by reforming we're gonna make the slightest scrap of difference to the state of the world in general, but it is quite invigorating to have the opportunity to stand up again and shout about what a mess we're in.

MRR: I'VE ALWAYS BEEN STOKED ON, AND RESPECT, THE FEMINIST ATTITUDES LOST CHERREES HAS PRESENTED. WOULD YOU SAY THAT LOST CHERREES IS A FEMINIST BAND? WHY OR WHY NOT? HAS THERE EVER BEEN ANY BACKLASH AGAINST LOST CHERREES BECAUSE OF YOUR ANTI-SEXIST STANCES?

Bev: I wouldn't say we are an out-and-out feminist band. We are for equality of the sexes for sure, and generally it is women who are victimized, starting from the bible through to industry and the media. Women have been exploited throughout the ages, and it is astounding that women are still generally paid less than men are for doing the same job. We also recognize that there are situations where the victim is the man. One of the causes we are supporting now is for fathers, following the breakup of their marriage, to have equal rights to their children. At the moment, they are horribly penalized by the courts that favor the woman just about every time, even when the father may well be the best person to raise the child.

MRR: BUT IN THE US, WHEN FATHERS CHALLENGE FOR CUSTODY IN COURT, THEY RECEIVE CUSTODY IN SEVEN OUT OF TEN CASES, ACCORDING TO *THE HIP MAMA'S SURVIVAL GUIDE*.IMMIGRATION IS ALWAYS A BIG ISSUE IN THE UNITED STATES, WITH IMMIGRANTS—MAINLY PEOPLE OF COLOR FROM MEXICO, CENTRAL AND LATIN AMERICA—BEING BLAMED FOR EVERYTHING FROM ENVIRONMENTAL DESTRUCTION TO THE LOSS OF JOBS. THE WHITE MAINSTREAM DOESN'T RECOGNIZE THEIR OWN RACISM WHEN THEY USE IMMIGRANTS AS SCAPEGOATS. I KNOW THAT IN THE UK AND MANY OTHER EUROPEAN COUNTRIES, IMMIGRATION IS ALSO AN IMPORTANT ISSUE. WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING IN THE UK AROUND THIS ISSUE? WHAT OF RACISM WITHIN THE PUNK SCENE?

Nuts: Immigration, we're getting into deep stuff here now. From what you've said, it sounds like the same thing is going on in the US as it is over here in the UK. Over the last few years, the influx of immigrants into the UK really does seem to have fueled racism. Again, I thought we'd seen the back of those days but, if anything, I think things are becoming worse than they were. As far as immigration goes, I can sympathize with some arguments for tightening up immigration in this country, purely from the point of view that there just isn't enough space for more people in a small country such as the UK. But then, how can you use that excuse when someone is pleading to be let into the country as the alternative is to return home, where I'm sure they'd rather be if it were safe, and to face certain death. At the end of the day, I just don't understand what's so complicated about it all. We've got a huge planet, with more than enough room for all of us, and more than enough money to share with everyone, but of course, you've got to put greedy people into the equation, and that's where things go wrong. You've just got to look at the recent war in Iraq, look at the figures of how much that cost. Just the cost of one bomb could save thousands of lives, if not more. It just makes my head hurt, I wonder whether we'll ever learn. At the end of the day, I believe that we all live on this planet and we should be able to go where we like without someone telling us what to do. I suppose that's the basic premise of anarchism.

MRR: I FEEL THAT HUMAN NATURE IS ESSENTIALLY GOOD, THAT OUR NATURAL STATE IS ONE OF COOPERATION, COMPASSION, AND MUTUAL AID. IN ADDITION, HUMAN NATURE IS ALSO MAINLY CHOICE, AND, CONSIDERING THE PATH WE'RE ON AS A COLLECTIVE WHOLE, WE'VE BEEN MAKING BAD CHOICES FOR A WHILE. HOW DO YOU ALL VIEW HUMAN NATURE? WHERE DO YOU SEE HOPE FOR A BETTER TOMORROW?

Nuts and Bev: I think you're right; it's the corruption around us that sends someone down the wrong path. The world as a whole is going down the toilet, but I think most people realize this and would like to do something more about it. But, people have been conditioned for so long to just look after Number One and not care about anyone or anything else. That it's a very hard job to make someone think in a different way. Where I see hope for tomorrow is in the way we make our own way through this life: caring for other people, being tolerant, doing the right thing, et cetera. This may all sound a bit hippie-liberal for some peoples' tastes, but I believe even the smallest good action can have an effect. Even something as simple as being a vegetarian. People always say, "What difference is not eating meat gonna make?" They're right, to a degree, although if you look at the range of vegetarian foods in supermarkets and restaurants, woeful though it is, it *is* tons better than twenty years ago, or even 10 years ago. I always like to think that every shelf containing veggie products is one less shelf containing poor, dead animals. People, by turning veggie, have affected market forces. Maybe there's been no huge earth-shattering difference. But, by not eating meat, you've put the thought that you actually care enough about something to change your life out there. This, in turn, may make someone else think, just a little, about the choices they make in their life.

But, we are totally against the idea of someone telling us what we should or shouldn't think, so we're always wary of doing this through the band. But if you just live your life as fairly and freely as you find possible then hopefully this will influence others around you and we may all live for a better tomorrow.

MRR: PUNK, ESPECIALLY IN THE 80S, HAS ALWAYS BEEN A PLACE WHERE GENDER CONSTRUCTS HAVE BEEN CHALLENGED, AT THE VERY LEAST IN DRESS. WHAT DO YOU ALL THINK ABOUT TRANSGENDER IDENTITY? IS THIS AN IMPORTANT ASPECT OF PUNK?

Nuts: I suppose in the very early days of punk, transgender identity was quite important: Siouxsie Sioux, Polystyrene, Wayne/Jayne County, and people like that certainly made people aware of the issue. I think as a group it we would be see it as quite important, seeing the other issues we've brought forward, regarding sexism, et cetera. Despite the content of our songs, we still haven't escaped comments such as "get your tits out"over the years.

Bev: I think that's wishful thinking—I don't remember anyone ever asking Nuts to get his tits out

MRR: LAST THOUGHTS, SHOCKING REVELATIONS, WORDS OF WISDOM, FUNNY STORIES, OR ANGRY DENUNCIATIONS?

Nuts: My last thought is treat people as you would wish to be treated. My shocking revelation is that the bible is just a story. And my words of wisdom are, "Don't piss in the wind."

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For the new record: go to www.alternativecollective.com.

A longer version of this interview is in *Mishap #17*, $2, from: *Mishap #17*, PO BOX 5841, Eugene, OR 97405.

STREET BRATS

The Street Brats sat down for an interview before a practice in Chicago discuss their new EP coming out in late November available at www.fullbreach77.com.

MRR: Who are the Street Brats and why do we care?

Rick: I'm Rick, the bass player, and I'm from Chicago.

Max: It goes clockwise idiot! I sing and I'm from Park Ridge, IL, baby. I also play guitar when I feel like it.

Ugly: I'm Ugly and I play guitar.

Max: Jordan is our drummer and conveniently not here.

MRR: What separates The Street Brats from the other punk bands around?

Max: We're all cool except for Rick. We play street punk, but don't scream and yell and play too fast. Too many bands get into that these days. We like melodies.

Rick: We're not your garden variety punk band.

Max: We're playing the style of music we have always loved, yet we're as far as possible away from the screaming and yelling thing. We don't behave either.

MRR: What records have you put out and what tours have you been on?

Rick: We have the *Short Fused Street Punk* EP and the *Dead End Kids* LP, and we toured on both of those. Touring the West Coast was great because there are so many kids. That tour was with The Skeptix from England, and it was a great time. We toured in a converted '89 Ford ambulance that you couldn't miss and you won't miss in the future.

MRR: Do you feel you're at a disadvantage or advantage being from Chicago?

Max: Disadvantage, mainly because there's no one in the Midwest. It's all about the coasts. We had amazing shows on the West Coast. We toured the East Coast in a snowstorm.

MRR: What and who have influenced your all?

Max: Last time I was asked that I said "I am the influence." Then she said she was influenced by a microwave.

Rick: I'm influenced by alcohol first and foremost.

Ugly: My friends. The Heartbreakers.

Rick: The Ramones.

Max: We try to be influenced by no one. If we write a song and it comes out sounding like another band, then it's scrapped.

MRR: Your new EP, *You'll Never Walk Alone*, is coming out in late November. You're sound is a little different on it, more mature and fuller.

Rick: Well, that's bound to happen. It's been four years since our last recordings.

Max: There's also been a change of members. We've got Ugly and Jordan now who have contributed their own style to The Street Brats. We've definitely developed and come a long way with our sound. A band is only as good as their drummer. Jordan's drumming style is different then fat ass whatever his name was.

MRR: Why the delay in recording? Maybe Street Brats fans would like new songs more quickly.

Max: Well, that makes sense.

Rick: We had a lot of personal stuff we were doing. And the touring we did for our last record was done a lot later than it should have been done. So now it's time to record our new songs because the touring is done.

Max: Well, touring in a punk band is difficult as there's really no one's support. There are no major labels helping. It's only ourselves with our own money, which we don't have.

MRR: Is it true your drummer is a figure skater by day?

Rick: He's also a figure skater instructor. He teaches little kids how to figure skate.

Ugly: He also develops pictures at Walgreens. He likes the naked ones.

Max: Whoa wait, where is the question about how the singer is such a bad ass mother fucker?

MRR: What can Street Brats fans expect from you in the future?

Rick: Better music. A better, rockin' sound. An awesome show.

MRR: Where does originality fit into punk rock in the approaching New Year?

Max: I said it earlier. There's just too many bands out there screaming and playing way too fast, and not all punk rock is meant to be played so fast. The word "rock" is forgotten in the words "punk rock."

MRR: How can you as a band stay fresh and new?

Max: You gotta live.

Rick: Keep having new experiences to sing songs about.

Max: We sing about how we live. Our songs aren't metaphorical. The lyrics are straight up and with our spin on things.

MRR: What about punk rock bothers you?

Rick: Factions.

Ugly: Punk rock is all the same now. Conformity.

MRR: Bands sound the same?

Ugly: Not just bands. People are the same too. I mean whatever, if that's what you're into then that's what you're into, but not me. The only band that's done anything new was the Exploding Hearts.

Max: But now all people wanna do is copy that sound.

Rick: We try to be in the middle and not just have a particular sound. We're not just into one thing. We love all types of music and The Street Brats is influenced by it all.

Max: The music we play now and what's on our new EP is no longer in any particular punk genre or punk category. And that's a good thing.

MRR: Is it true Max and his girlfriend wore matching hats out at the bar the other night?

Max: Yes.

Rick: It's true, I watched it from afar.

MRR: Anything new that stands out that you all have been listening to?

Max: The new Social Distortion record is great.

Ugly: Constant Alkaline Trio. Screeching Weasel, always. I like country too. David Allen Coe.

MRR: Beatles or Stones?

Everyone: Beatles!

MRR: Ramones or Sex Pistols?

Everyone: Ramones!

MRR: Lita Ford or Joan Jett?

Everyone: Joan Jett!

MRR; Pool or Darts?

Everyone: Pool!

MRR: Liquor or beer?

Everyone: Both!

MRR: Motley Crue or Guns'n'Roses?

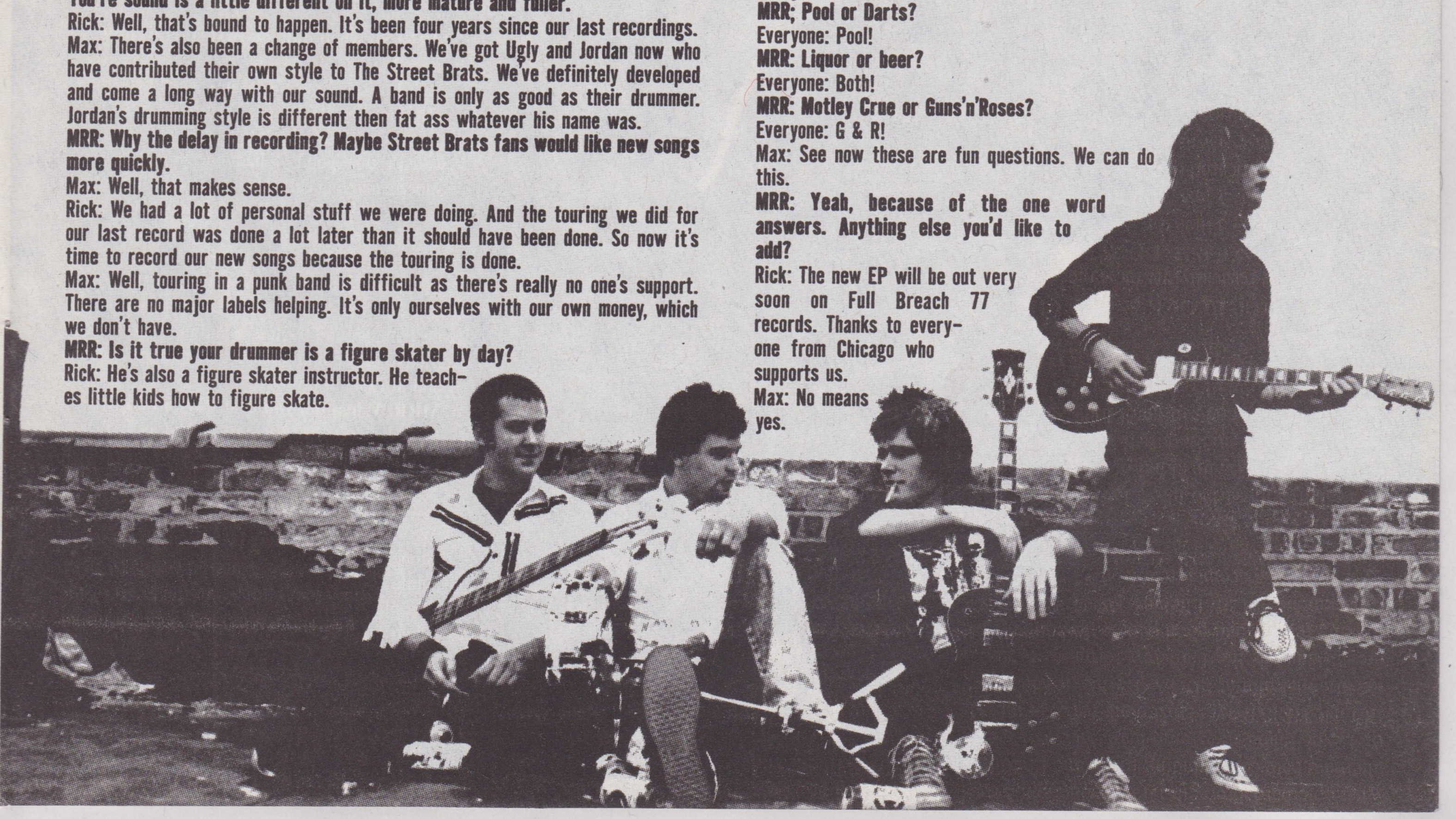
Everyone: G & R!

Max: See now these are fun questions. We can do this.

MRR: Yeah, because of the one word answers. Anything else you'd like to add?

Rick: The new EP will be out very soon on Full Breach 77 records. Thanks to everyone from Chicago who supports us.

Max: No means yes.



MOTO

Can anyone be in MOTO? Right after completing this interview, Paul Caporino asked if I knew any bass players that could fill in for a show on the coming Saturday in Carbondale, IL. Their main bass player had work commitments and the back up bass player couldn't make it because of family commitments. I wracked my brains and we made some calls. With it being Wednesday and all, no one could do it at such short notice. "Fuck it", I said. "Teach me the songs you want to play and I'll do the gig." I committed to tell Paul that I hadn't played in a band in sixteen years. We sat down for the next few hours. We repeated the process the next day, learning a few more tunes. I practiced on my own at home on the Friday, and on Saturday night we were rocking Carbondale, Illinois with a forty-minute set. Proof that any old hack with two functioning brain cells to rub together and a belly full of PBR can make the cut in this band. How is this even possible? The genius of MOTO is their simplicity—effective simplicity. Why didn't I think of something that obvious? After a career spanning almost two decades and multiple singles, LPs, CDs, and tapes, we talk to the master of the obvious about how it all began. Interview by Darius Hurley.

MRR: What made you want to start a band?

Paul: When I was a little kid, I saw The Beatles on the Ed Sullivan Show. I was like, three years old in February '64. My sister Dianne and her friend Patsy were screaming at the TV screen. My father had to keep telling them to shut up. I thought, well my name's Paul, and one of their names was Paul, OK, I can do this. I tried playing guitar left-handed for a while but it didn't quite work out.

MRR: So when did you first start writing songs?

Paul: I used to make up songs when I was a little kid. I guess I started putting songs on tape when I was about ten or eleven. They weren't that good. I had one song about Superman dying called "He is Dead." It went like this: "He is Dead, Badoom Boom Boom, He is Dead, Boom Boom Boom, The Poisoning, Badoom Boom Boom, of Kryptonite, Boom Boom Boom." I think I was six when I wrote that one. We had a guitar lying around the house and my sisters all tried to play guitar. I had a guitar chord book and just taught myself.

MRR: When did you first start a band?

Paul: I didn't actually start a band at first. I joined a band. It was one of those bands where we had a different band name every few days. We called ourselves The Heads. We also called ourselves The Stepping Stones. We were called The Hoods for a while too. It was always "the" something. We played in people's back yards. That's when I first got the bug. We weren't very good so I practiced for a while longer then joined this band called Trans-Manahawkin. They were older guys that were into heavy music. They had a lead singer who had this goofy mustache and wore a chain around his neck. This was a "before 1976" sort of thing. When you went to play a guitar solo or something, he'd walk up next to you and rub up against you like he was Mick Jagger, or Rod Stewart or something.

MRR: How did that make you feel?

Paul: Uncomfortable. I don't like the idea of someone being in a band and not playing an instrument. What the hell are you doing up there, flopping all over the place? Pick up a harmonica or something.

MRR: So when was the first inception of Masters of the Obvious?

Paul: In about 1980-1981 in New Orleans, with a guy I went to school with and his friend. We we're off and on for about a six-year period. People would quit. One guy quit and went to college. One guy went to take over his father's construction business. One guy went to the loony bin for a while. There was one period where we broke up but I didn't tell the other guys that I formed another band, so there were two MOTO's going for a while at the same time.

MRR: When did you release your first tapes?

Paul: *Turn Your Head And Cough* came out in 1985. That was the first four-track stuff. Before that, it was just the band blasting away into a cassette player. At the time, we weren't playing and I'd got exasperated with the band. The thing was that I wanted to play and practice all the time and the other guys always had an excuse not to do it. You know…"I gotta play cards at my friend's house," or "I'm going to college," or "I'm in the loony bin." So I just got mad and bought a four-track so I could overdub everything and a little cheap assed drum machine called a Mattel Sensonics.

MRR: Is that where you started to develop the song-writing style of MOTO?

Paul: Well, with the 2nd MOTO line up that I had going at the same time, the bass player and the drummer were really new. The drummer pretty much learned drums so he could be in the band, and we had a bass player who could pick the notes out on a bass and that was about it. I was really frustrated trying to teach him songs that had different changes. He seemed to like to play one-chord-progression type of stuff over and over again and that seems to be the peak of his ability, so I'll make up songs that do that. Like "Crystallize My Penis." I'll make up a simple one-chord progression and just make up words to sing over that. You can get more with less if you like. I think it's served me well over the years. I don't like too much sophisticated chords and melodies. I like the simple caveman stuff. I've always liked stuff like "Louie Louie" and "Wooly Bully" and "Wild Thing." They were the first songs I learned how to play.

MRR: Did you send the tapes out to record companies?

Paul: Yeah. I got a copy of *Maximum RockNRoll* and looked up a bunch of different labels back in 1985. I sent a copy of the cassette in to be reviewed and it got a good review. I got a lot of mail from that. The record labels weren't that complimentary and they rarely even wrote me back. Twin Tone Records, who were known for putting out the Replacements and Soul Asylum back in the eighties, wrote back and said they thought I had a good sense of melody but the lyrics were "Gratingly silly." I dunno. I never thought my lyrics were silly. I mean, they work. It's like jazz singers scatting or what-not. They've gotta do stuff like "Scillidat A Beep Boop." I've gotta do stuff like "I do the dip when there's come on the dance floor". I don't want to be Weird Al Yankovic or one of those comedy bands. It's OK to have a sense of humor, but we're not a comedy.

MRR: When did record labels start taking an interest in MOTO?

Paul: Well, New Orleans was getting towards the end of the Reagan years and there was a lot of unemployment. In 1987, I decided to move to Boston where my friend Beck Dudley lived. She played drums. We somehow hit the cool crowd in Boston, and a guy who was a penpal of mine decided to start a little label called Tupla. He put out two 7"s by us, *Hammeroid* and *I've Shot my Load and I'm Ready for the Grave*. We didn't tour much, but we did a lot from New York to Maine. We played in Harvard Square a lot. In about 1989, we decided to move to Chicago because Boston was getting too expensive. We did OK actually, the first week we were here we played with Green and we started recording for a label called Jetpac in Canada with Steve Albini. He was pretty cheap back then in 1989. It was probably cheaper to record with Steve for the whole day then he would charge for an hour at Electrical Audio today.

MRR: When did you guys cut your first official full length?

Paul: That came out in Holland and was called *This Corpse Is A Warning*. It was recorded in 1988 in Boston. After we moved to Chicago, this label decided they were interested in us. So we remixed all this stuff from a tape originally called *Neon Bone* and changed the title to *Corpse*, which I believe is a punch line to some joke or other.

MRR: So what is your favorite MOTO song?

Paul: I like "Magic Words" the best. I was working one day in a mailroom in the basement of Sears Tower and it just kinda came like a lightning bolt. It was pretty funny. The words were all there and it just all kinda came at once. The song was pretty much completely written before I'd even put pen to paper. It's kinda cool that it was written at the lowest point of the world's tallest building, which it was at the time.

MRR: When did Beck, your original drummer, and you part ways?

Paul: In 1993, we'd been playing less and less because she'd decided to go back to school to get her masters degree. I slowly I found people that I could play with again. For a while, I didn't think I could play with anyone but Beck. Then we decided to start playing out again. It's hard to do a band in Chicago. This edition of MOTO hasn't practiced in months. We just get together for shows. I've just been emailing the guys the chords to the songs I want to play. "Hey I want to do this song and it's on that recording. Listen to it a couple of times."

MRR: So what's coming up for MOTO?

Paul: *Raw Power* is our new LP for release on Criminal IQ and maybe Little Teddy in Germany very soon. There's a single of *Nowhere Street* coming out on H Records (I think) in Spain. The *World of Fuzz* 7"EP comes out on Therapeutic records soon. Some guy from Rockin' Bones in Italy asked us about doing something. Little Teddy wanted to release "I Hate My fucking Job" on 45. Zaxxon in Canada asked us about *This Corpse is a Warning*. I'd like to see that one available again, as it's been out of print for years. I had been burning that and selling them at shows for 5 bucks. There's a guy in St. Louis that wants to put out all the early tapes we did as a box set on CD. I thought a good title for that would be *Also Available on Cassette,* like they used to put on the back of albums in the seventies.

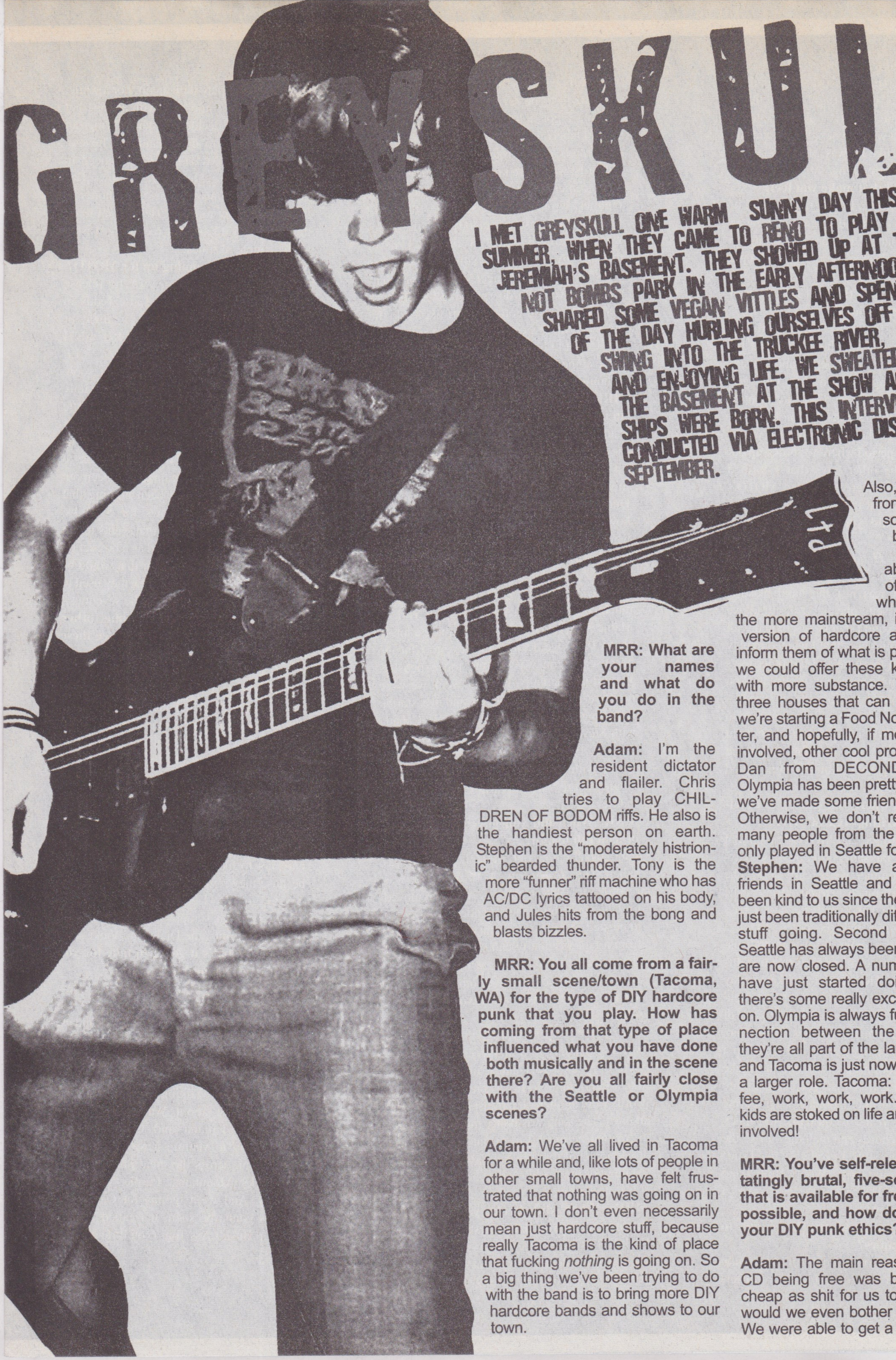
MRR: So do you have some other favorite groups that you like to see these days?

Paul: I've always loved the Buzzcocks. It's real strange and I've got to admit that it sounds really parochial and nepotistic, but I like a lot of the Criminal IQ bands. Of course I love the Manhandlers (who doesn't?) and Vee Dee is a really tough trio. The Krunchies are really cool too. The Krunchies remind me of myself and Beck Dudley. The repertoire between the two of them, Kevin and Amanda, kinda has that Rocky and Bullwinkle thing going on. It's hard not to like The Functional Blackouts, because they're just like an explosion waiting to go off. I like Lynnards Innards. They're a tough, scrappy punk band. I enjoy the Rotten Fruits, the Dials, and Vicki.

MRR: So what's it going to take for you to play west of the Mississippi?

Paul: Well, we've played in St. Louis a few times, but that's just 100 feet west of the river. You mean like Mountain Standard Time, or do you mean way west. Uh…I've been meaning to. It's those damn Rocky Mountains in the way. You're talking about California, you're talking about Hawaii, and you're talking about Washington State, Vancouver, Tijuana and Oregon. Yeah, we're going to venture across, across the Mississippi, across the great divide, across the Rocky Mountains, Purple Mountains Majesty. And we're gonna hit California, and it's gonna be soon. It's called "Paul's Foot Up Bush's Ass Tour (you little prick)."

GREYSKULL



I MET GREYSKULL ONE WARM SUNNY DAY THIS PAST SUMMER, WHEN THEY CAME TO RENO TO PLAY IN JEREMIAH'S BASEMENT. THEY SHOWED UP AT THE FOOD NOT BOMBS PARK IN THE EARLY AFTERNOON; WE SHARED SOME VEGAN VITTLES AND SPENT THE REST OF THE DAY HURLING OURSELVES OFF OF A ROPE SWING INTO THE TRUCKEE RIVER, SWIMMING AND ENJOYING LIFE. WE SWEATED HARD IN THE BASEMENT AT THE SHOW AND FRIENDSHIPS WERE BORN. THIS INTERVIEW WAS CONDUCTED VIA ELECTRONIC DISCOURSE LAST SEPTEMBER.

MRR: What are your names and what do you do in the band?

Adam: I'm the resident dictator and flailer. Chris tries to play CHILDREN OF BODOM riffs. He also is the handiest person on earth. Stephen is the "moderately histrionic" bearded thunder. Tony is the more "funner" riff machine who has AC/DC lyrics tattooed on his body, and Jules hits from the bong and blasts bizzles.

MRR: You all come from a fairly small scene/town (Tacoma, WA) for the type of DIY hardcore punk that you play. How has coming from that type of place influenced what you have done both musically and in the scene there? Are you all fairly close with the Seattle or Olympia scenes?

Adam: We've all lived in Tacoma for a while and, like lots of people in other small towns, have felt frustrated that nothing was going on in our town. I don't even necessarily mean just hardcore stuff, because really Tacoma is the kind of place that fucking *nothing* is going on. So a big thing we've been trying to do with the band is to bring more DIY hardcore bands and shows to our town.

Also, we're very upfront with what the songs are about, because there's a sizable population of younger kids who have only the more mainstream, image-oriented version of hardcore and/or punk to inform them of what is possible. I hope we could offer these kids something with more substance. We now have three houses that can do shows and we're starting a Food Not Bombs chapter, and hopefully, if more people get involved, other cool projects will arise. Dan from DECONDITIONED in Olympia has been pretty rad to us and we've made some friends down there. Otherwise, we don't really know too many people from the region. We've only played in Seattle four times.

Stephen: We have a ton of dear friends in Seattle and the kids have been kind to us since the beginning. It's just been traditionally difficult to get DIY stuff going. Second Ave Pizza in Seattle has always been great but they are now closed. A number of houses have just started doing shows so there's some really exciting stuff going on. Olympia is always fun. On the connection between the three towns: they're all part of the larger NW scene and Tacoma is just now starting to play a larger role. Tacoma: beer, port, coffee, work, work, work… and yet the kids are stoked on life and excited to be involved!

MRR: You've self-released a devastatingly brutal, five-song demo CD that is available for free. How is this possible, and how does it relate to your DIY punk ethics?

Adam: The main reason behind the CD being free was because it was cheap as shit for us to make, so why would we even bother trying to sell it? We were able to get a way mad, hella cheap recording that sounds mega-rad and we were able to make copies of the booklet through Stephen's employee theft. Other than that, we just had to pay for the CDs and the sleeves. The fact that anyone that's interested can get ahold of one is way more important than making a couple bucks or whatever. We've managed to distribute about 800 of them at this point without having to worry about money at all, which is totally exciting.

MRR: I know that when I listen to your songs and read the lyrics I can't help but see the heavy CATHARSIS/Crimethinc influence. How have those types of music and political ideas shaped you as a band?

Adam: I grew up in a really small town (population of 500 or so) and was one of those freakishly shy kids. I was always interested in reading about stuff, political and philosophical stuff and anything I could get my hands on really, but had no outlet to take these ideas further than what went on in my head. I somehow got into punk through listening to college radio and going to the mall and buying DEAD KENNEDYS records and was really stoked that I found music that actually had meaning, but started out, as most kids do, immersed in the more commercial mainstream version of "punk." I was going to community college while still in high school and between classes I would just try to find out about punk stuff on the internet because I had no friends who were into it and I randomly found the Crimethinc website.

At that time, a super-isolated, weird time in my life, all that writing was pretty exciting and important to me and helped me expand upon many things I was already thinking about, as well as helping me get into more DIY hardcore awesomeness.

CATHARSIS is definitely a favorite band as far as influence on the band lyrically or idea-wise. I think one of the most exciting things behind that sort of writing is the focus on how people actually live their lives and what the larger political picture means when related to a personal level, meaning that all these political ideas or issues exist, but if they can't be connected to people's lives, then it's kind of pointless to talk about. What I hope to be able to do is write/talk/yell about certain things while always keeping in mind that issues aren't just a disembodied set of facts to know about. We have, to a huge extent, the ability to change things through the way we choose to live.

MRR: You have two songs dealing directly with diet, "Vegan Death Squad" and "Fuck the Atkins Diet!" How do you think our food choices effect how we live on this planet, and is there a "bigger picture" in the political message that you invoke in these songs?

Adam: Of course, what one chooses to consume can have negative affects on all sorts of things, such as personal health, the lives of animals, and the environment. I don't really want to get into the merits of veganism though at this point. About "Vegan Death Squad," what I always found unfathomable about people when I was growing up was everyone's insensitivity—like in school when everyone would get excited if a fight was going on while I would stand there feeling sick, or the constant nonchalant callousness with which people treat each other, or people being able to eat things that come from torture and death without even caring. It seems this society encourages living this way.

What I have noticed, specifically with talking to people about being vegan, is that usually they'll basically, no matter how they sugar-coat it, say that they aren't vegan because they don't care. It's like people aren't prepared to fully think about what their actions mean, and if they do, they can't muster the energy to really give a shit.

I'd say this song is addressing a "smaller picture" that has to do with staying sensitive to the meaning of our actions, while the "bigger picture" has to do with the lack of sensitivity leading to bullshit on every front (our dead food, sweatshop clothes, prison labor goods, pesticide food, boring jobs, boring lives, did you know there's only an estimated 5,000 to 7,000 tigers left in the world?). "Fuck the Atkins Diet!" is about how awesome it is when people who most likely have read literally nothing about nutrition can ask me where I get protein from, while something as preposterous as using the Atkin's diet to lose weight is sweeping the nation.

Some science fiction I've read is about realistic future worlds and so in stories they'll have newspaper headlines and things like that to illustrate what these future worlds are like. Lots of times it's an author trying to imagine how our stupidity could manifest itself in the future so it can seem pretty ridiculous. Sometimes I feel like I live in one of those future worlds.

MRR: What do you think of the current political climate and electoral politics taking the forefront of every media outlet in the nation?

Adam: I think the current political climate is a load of shit. A part of me wanted to see Bush reelected. I think that if he keeps doing the totally over-the-top shit he's doing, maybe people will be motivated to actually do something about the way things are. This might sound totally irresponsible because we're talking about people dying because of what Bush is doing, but I think anyone in power does fucked up stuff that ends with people dying, maybe just in a less creepy, overt way.

However, this idea presupposes that people still have it within them to try to change their lives and the world we've made—oftentimes, I'm not sure if that is the case.

MRR: You had a split 7" come out in December with a Reno, NV-based hardcore band called BAFABEGIYA on Spacement Records. Do you have any future plans for recording and releases?

Adam: There's been talk of re-releasing the demo as a split LP, but I'm not sure what's going on with that at this point. We also might be doing a split 7" with our friends in OWEN HART. They play grind/powerviolence/tech-metal that's actually good, and I think it'd be kind of interesting because we're nothing like them.

MRR: What are your main goals and ambitions as a band?

Adam: Lyrically we come across as really dramatic, because I'm a serious bastard. But really, we're just in this band to have fun and tour a whole bunch and meet rad kids. Oh yeah, also a big goal is the destruction of all forms of hierarchy and domination.
Stephen: And the destruction of all of our clothing, apparently. That's what seems to happen on tour, anyway.

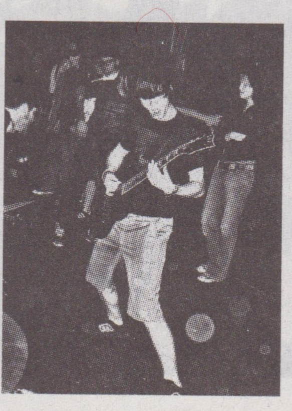
MRR: Is there anything else you would like to add?

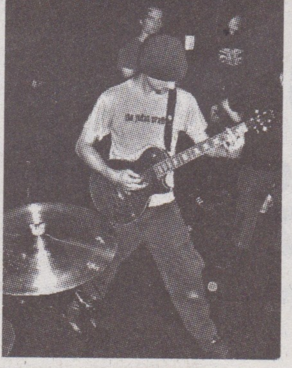
Adam: Bands! If you're coming to Washington and would like to play in Tacoma we'd love to have you. We aren't at the point where we can have tons of shows but we'll definitely try to help you out if we can. I would also urge everyone to check out www.shac7.com and learn about the situation seven animal rights activists are facing. Basically, it represents the U.S. government trying to brand people as "terrorists" for engaging in protest activity, in this case, maintaining a website!

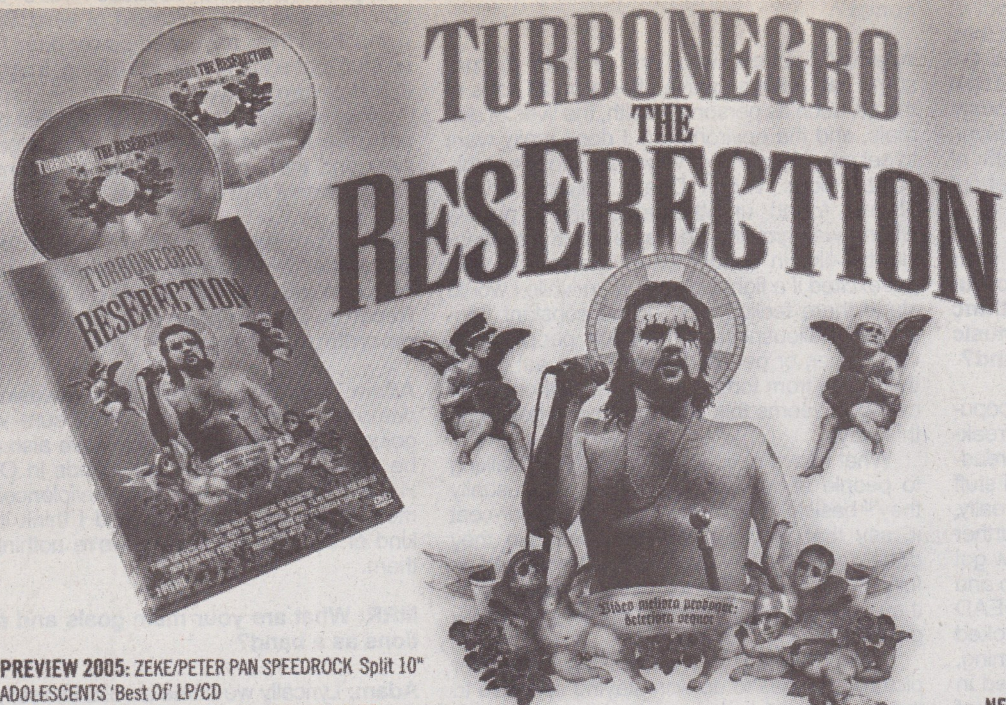
If anyone wants a demo, just give us your address and we'll send you one.

To hear everything we've recorded so far check out www.hxcmp3.com/bands/8044

To get in touch:
4511 N. 26th St. Tacoma, WA 98407
Greyskull: mastersoftheuniverse@rock.com
Adam: dot_4strings@hotmail.com
Stephen: affinityrhythm@hotmail.com
Thanks!



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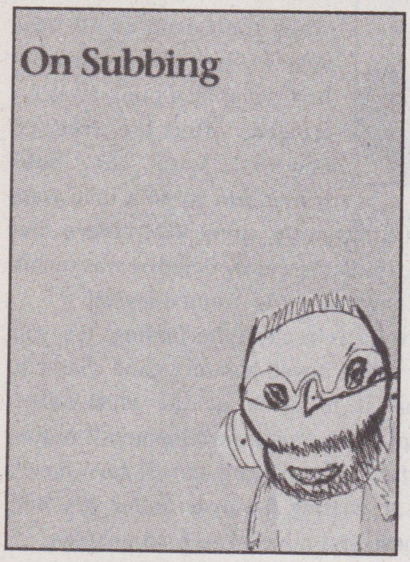
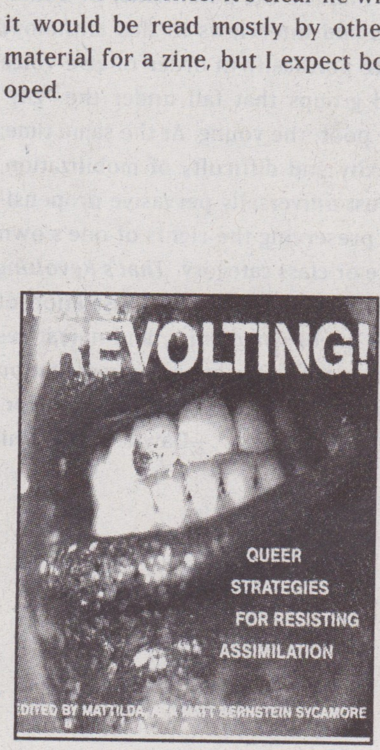


On Subbing: The First Four Years
by Dave Roche
Microcosm Publishing
5307 N. Minnesota Ave.
Portland, OR 97217-4551
126 pages

The author writes about his four-year stint as substitute education assistant in a chronological journal format. The topic is intriguing. He worked at some tough schools with the lowest functioning students. He worked with kids who had mental and physical disabilities, some of them extreme. He even had to change diapers and work one on one with kids who had severe behavior problems. His writing style is to the point and honest which I like. However, I wish he spent a little more time painting these scenes. He had ample opportunity to come up with some colorful descriptions of students, but he chose not to. He stuck to straight forward reporting and didn't try very hard to entertain the reader. For the most part the author gives dry self-referential descriptions of his work. My biggest problem with this as a book "on subbing" is that he was never in charge of the students himself. He states that he got this amazing job with no qualifications and no training. However, his job was as an assistant so there was usually another teacher in charge and he never had to be responsible if all hell broke loose. I was given this book to review because I spent 10 years substitute teaching. The lesson I learned as a sub is that kids want structure and discipline. They thrive on it and will punish you if you don't give it to them. If you give kids too much control they will undoubtedly abuse it and you will have a BAD DAY. With the exception of the Life Skills classes, who cares if some kids think you're a jerk? The other twenty kids are grateful and you have a good day at work. A good sub eventually learns how to command a classroom without being mean or disrespectful and without apologizing. That's the kind of thing I expected this book to be about, but it's a lesson I don't think this author has figured out yet. He's concerned about involving himself in "petty power struggles" as if he doesn't realize he would function best and be happier as an authority figure. He's uncomfortable dispensing discipline. I'm not saying that someday Dave can't be both an anarchist and a teacher, but it's a challenge he hasn't faced yet. For that reason there's not much difference in the descriptions of his first and fourth years. Despite all of his hard work, care, and experience he doesn't demonstrate that he's made much progress as a teacher. Another disappointment is that Dave is straightedge and straight-laced so, despite playing drums in a band, he has surprisingly few stories about his punk life intersecting with his teaching job. For instance, he never had a night of drunken debauchery only to find out later that the girl he hooked up with was his fourth period TA and the bass player of the band that got stoned in his bedroom the night before was in his second period history class. (And that was just my first day). Instead he starts up conversations with punk kids only to be disappointed when they bring up Good Charlotte or other lame bands. The most interesting story in the book was about shoplifting. Dave organized some of his shoplifting friends to steal school supplies for one of the poorer elementary schools in the area. He then snuck into the teacher's lounge where he left it with a note, "Here are some gifts from the punks." However, other than one other story about shoplifting and another about hitchhiking to a protest, most of this book is just a straight forward work journal. When he writes about being punk, shoplifting, and being a vegan, the author assumes a lot about his audience. It's clear he wrote this under the impression it would be read mostly by other punks. There is some nice material for a zine, but I expect books to be a little more developed.

—Aaron Probe

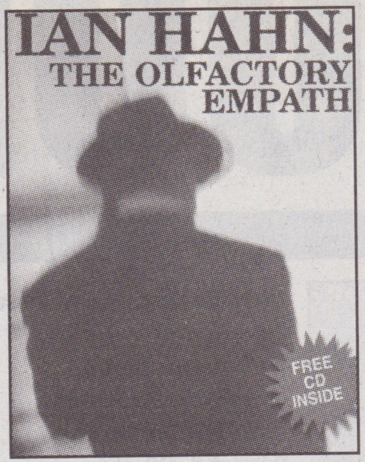


That's Revolting: Queer Strategies for Resisting Assimilation, edited by Mattilda, aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore.
Published by Soft Skull Press
71 Bond Street, Brooklyn, NY 11217
tennessee@softskull.com
260 pages
$16.95

In this anthology of essays, interviews, conversations and rants, editor Mattilda, aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore asks us to pick up *That's Revolting: Queer Strategies for Resisting Assimilation* and smash something. Before you get smashing, read why the contributors to this collection - activists, academics, and artists - call for a radical queer politics that combats the commodification and assimilation of gay culture(s), and the double marginalization of queers who don't conform to "straight-friendly" (i.e. white, middle class) norms. You're probably already familiar with the argument: Is *Will and Grace* a good thing or a bad thing for the gay rights agenda? To be sure, Will is hardly distinguishable from any other turtleneck-wearing metrosexual, save for the few occasions that he does something pointedly queenie (press play on laugh track). But if this plays on the sympathies of your average homophobe ("Why, he isn't so different from me!") and ultimately leads to more gay acceptance and thus fewer gay bashings, might this be a good thing? Well, no, say these contributors. The problem with "gay acceptance" is its selectivity; the same groups continue to be marginalized, and the dominant culture acquiesces just enough to let in only those it doesn't deem an unbearable threat to its dearly held "values" (a.k.a. a group with buying power). The circle of acceptance doesn't need to widen, it needs to be smashed open and reconfigured in order to "reframe, reclaim, and reshape the world" by dismantling traditional models of gender, sexuality, family, and the self.

The pieces included in this anthology call attention to the fact that the notion of a "gay identity" is problematic; as Tommi Avicolli Mecca writes, in *It's All About Class*, "the queer community has never been a monolithic entity". Reductive notions of homosexuality, as portrayed in the mainstream media, and clung to by some members of the gay community, work against the possibilities for social change that are the potentiality of a radical queer identity. The essays and interviews in this anthology express an urgency to mobilize politically in order to give voice to the frequently overlooked groups that fall under the "gay" umbrella: people of color, the poor, the young. At the same time, this book reveals the complexity and difficulty of mobilization, given what seems like an almost universally pervasive propensity to be concerned only with preserving the rights of one's own "tribe" - that is, one's own race or class category. *That's Revolting* offers an inspiring history of queer activism, an illustration of special problems faced by the queer community, and narratives of successes and failures in the struggle for queer representation and rights. Recommended reading for activist types of any stripe.

—Dawna DeMartini



Ian Hahn: The Olfactory Empath
Johnny Ostentatious
$10
128 pages
Active Bladder
PO Box 24607,
Philadelphia, PA 19111

When the Queen of All Book Reviews sent me yet another first novel by a punk rocker, I cringed. After the free CD enclosed with the book turned out to be a time warp to college radio circa 1985 (think jangly, think REM before they broke, think Athens Georgia, think incredibly dated), I was tempted to send the book back. Thankfully, I restrained myself.

This action/detective novella is really entertaining. It's well written, fast-paced, and, for a first novel, has very good character development. (Heck, compared to some of the mass-market thrillers I read, it has exemplary character development!) Author Johnny Ostentatious (now *that's* a good punk name!) must have a couple previous attempts at writing a novel under his belt, because this is one of the best first novels I've read in years.

The only reason I mention it's his first is because there are a couple of quirks that should be ironed out by his next book. Most of the dialog is natural and flows very nicely, mirroring the characters' attributes. However, some of the dialog is very stilted and almost embarrassingly unsubtle and out-of-context. The following example of this is from a bedside monologue delivered from the hero to his ex-girlfriend who (Morrissey alert!) is in a coma.

"We had it all. Out of sheer boredom we threw our relationship away. I think it's an effect of our times. We're part of the MTV generation. We feel neither highs nor lows. I guess that's one of the disadvantages to living in the wealthiest and most powerful nation on Earth." [Pg. 110]

Compared with the rest of the book, this passage stood out as exceptionally blunt and atypical. Glitches like this as well as a few misuses of "lie" and "lay" (hey, it's a short book, so I notice things like this, alright?) are fixable and minor. Other first novels I've slogged through for MRR had massive problems with sentence structure, grammar, spelling, character development, dialog, backstory, plot line, and/or all of the above. Thankfully, *Ian Hahn* mangles neither the English language nor the narrative structure.

The story is set in my hometown of Philadelphia, PA, and the writer clearly knows the city. This action/detective novel features Ian Hahn, a young, small Asian empath (able to mentally feel what others are feeling), as its protagonist. Ian's ethnicity affects the storyline in many ways, from his mother's actions/expectations to the antagonists' underestimation of him due to his ethnicity and stature. Also thrown into the mix is a healthy dose of fisticuffs, gunplay, the Mafia, the Chernobyl meltdown, cell phones, murder, random levitations of people and automobiles, Russian goons, family tension, and, of course, a love story. All of this is interwoven with the main character's solid sense of his personal history, adding greatly to the reader's understanding of the motivations behind his actions. While there are some dubious plot twists/lucky coincidences, overall the plot doesn't sag under the weight of the astounding events that occur throughout the book.

The accompanying CD, as I mentioned, harkens back to college radio, circa 1985. It's the kind of music I'd hear on WKDU and quickly switch off in favor of the latest punk record I'd found. The musical equivalent of today's indie pop band-of-the-month, these bands were encapsulated, in my opinion, by the pre-rock-star (and even some post-*Orange*) REM. (Note to younger readers, REM was once an honest-to-goodness genuine underground band, like their college radio contemporaries Husker Du, Camper Van Beethoven, Mission of Burma, and The Replacements) The first track, an instrumental, is described as being a "nice complement" to the novella. The rest of the CD is not related to the book. I prefer to pick my own soundtrack (if any), thanks.

A major packaging problem is the simple paper envelope which is glued to the inside front cover. Since there's no way to close the envelope, every time the book is sideways or upside down the cd slides out. As much as I wouldn't care if this CD disappeared, I respect the author's artistic wishes enough that I don't want to lose the CD or have it become scratched beyond playability.

I like the idea of including a music CD with the book, but a CD should add something instead of being an intrusive object. Maybe if the CD was a soundtrack of sorts to the book, or if more than one song related to the book, it would be a cool addition that expanded the readers' understanding of the work.

Overall, this is the cream of the crop from the new breed of writers coming from a punk background. Johnny Ostentatious and his novella *Ian Hahn: The Olfactory Empath* joins other great first novels of the last few years: Richard Turgeon's *Thank You I'm a Rock Star* (also from Philly), Charles Romalotti's *Salad Days*, and Michael Muhammad Knight's *The Taqwacores*. These talented young writers coming from the underground music scene prove that, as Verbal Assault once sang, "It's more than music."

—Jesse Luscious

White Like Me
Tim Wise

White Like Me: Reflections on Race from a Privileged Son
Tim Wise
256 pages $13.95
Soft Skull Press
71 Bond St.
Brooklyn, NY 11217

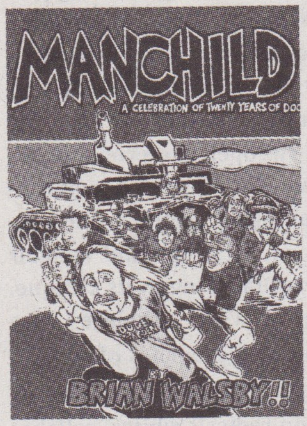
One has to admit that there is something intensely defamiliarizing about the idea of a memoir of race written by a white man. I'm sure upon reading the title (which remains just ambiguous enough to be possibly mistaken by someone, somewhere, for the title of a white supremacist text; don't worry – it is most certainly not), a good number of readers' first response would probably be something to the tune of: "what could a white man, a self-proclaimed 'privileged son', possibly contribute to this country's racial dialogue?" This question and others like it actually serve as a crucial entrance point into the world of *White Like Me*, mostly because the reason we ask them is, in a way, symptomatic of the way many American citizens conceptualize race. People tend to rely on a dualistic understanding of race as a divide between "white" and "non-white," as if those who fall under the "non-white" category are the only ones who actually live race, deal with issues of race, and enact race in their own lives. White people, then, fall into this bizarre category of "racelessness," as if they avoid the subject entirely. The truth of the matter, and something author Tim Wise tries to drive home, is that white folks live, deal with, and enact race in every moment of every day, and as much as anyone else in this country. They are not, in any way, "raceless," and an analysis of how race operates in the life of a white person, in the form of Wise's memoir, proves an essential contribution to the American race discourse.

Called a "leftist extremist" by racist right-wing politician David Duke, and "the Uncle Tom of the white race" by conservative author Dinesh D'Souza, Tim Wise divides his memoir/awareness-raising project into six sections based on the various aspects of how race is lived by whites. The first and second, *Born to Belonging* and *Privilege*, detail the privilege bestowed upon the author and his family lineage by society as a result of their whiteness. Wise leaves no stone unturned as he brutally examines the events of his own life and the lives of his extended family, bringing into garish light the instances in which he and his kin have benefited from being white. This strategy of using personal experience to make larger points about systemic problems inherent in our society, characteristic of Wise's style throughout the book, could prove grossly ineffective in the hands of a lesser author who lacked Wise's penetrating journalistic integrity and his near fanatical willingness to rip open the events of his life in an exhaustive attempt to show the effects of racism in America. In doing so, Wise crafts an engaging, scathing, and ultimately vastly illuminating synthesis of sociology and memoir that exalts in its readability while never faltering in its critique.

After this preliminary delineation of white privilege, Wise goes on, in subsequent chapters, to provide examples of ways in which whites can resist the indoctrinating effects of racism, while also detailing the extent of (even radical) whites' collaboration with racist systems and attitudes. While raising numerous important questions and pointing the reader in the direction of possible action, Wise refuses to offer easy answers or grand solutions for the problems of racism, preferring to focus on the ways in which whites can create positive, antiracist role models and combat prejudice on a smaller level in day-to-day life. With any luck, we all will have learned by now that anyone who purports to have all the answers is most likely full of all kinds of shit, so it proves refreshing to hear practical ideas for struggle, not necessarily for solving the problem. This is not to say that the work here is somehow trivial; I merely wish to point out the benefits of presenting ideas that lend themselves to action, not necessarily ideology.

Towards the end of his book, the author gives us a chapter entitled *Loss*, which makes an effort to show the manner in which racism actually damages its white perpetrators, and silences that which might be good within those who perpetuate it. This chapter will strike many as different from any other previously released antiracist literature, as it argues that the indoctrination of racism and privilege that white folks live everyday actually destroys the privileged individuals. Again, this sounds strange: privilege should, almost by definition, put people on easy street, without a care in the world, and to a degree, it does. However, the point Wise makes, in clear, concise language, is that racism is a "sickness" that renders us "unable to think straight" and "willing to sacrifice what we know to be not only morally right but practically beneficial, merely so that we can make ourselves feel better than someone else and keep ourselves in a relatively superior position to them, even if, in absolute terms, racism makes us worse off." In other words, a part of us dies because of racism, a part that is essential for the operation of decency, a part that will be missing until we do begin to resist. With that in mind, I can think of no better guide towards that resistance than Tim Wise's astute, riveting observations. Read it, please, as if your life depended on it; in a way, according to Wise, it actually does.

—Max Tremblay



Manchild: A Celebration Of Twenty Years Of Doodles
Brian Walsby
128pp B&W
Volume one LLC
302 Bedford Ave, No. 284
Brooklyn, NY 11211
www.volumeone.com

Brian Walsby was drawing art for friends, bands, and pen pals during the glory days of the '80s So Cal hardcore scene. Besides featuring samples of record and poster art he did back then and more recently, this book contains lots of comic strips about the scene then, the travails of the bands he's been in, and how more recent music is "...the kind of music that your parents always thought you listened to...it all suck(s), all sound(s) the same, and (is) all devoid of any substance whatsoever."

If you were around for the early 80s scene or dream about having been, you'll love reading his reminiscences (for instance, check out the cast of his full page tribute to "My Favorite Drummers": Rey Washam, George Hurley, Robo, Chuck Biscuits, Dale Crover, Bill Stevenson). I certainly found those strips really cool; they made me wish I had been there. From tales of close encounters with big-men-on-the-scene (some cool, some not) to band bio strips to gig posters, Walsby has put together a bunch of stuff any aficionado of the scene will enjoy.

His Rock And Roll Diary/Slice Of His Life strips also display warmth and a keen ability to entertain the reader. I often am bored by slice of life work. His crisp writing and lively artwork save the day. The artwork has a warmth and vitality similar to that of Evan Dorkin's stuff. A friend of mine complained that his strips have "too many words". If you don't want to read multi-paragraph captions, you don't want to bother with this book. But, you know, my friend would've dug a lot of the strips if he'd been willing to do that reading!

If you are a 20-something who doesn't understand how anyone could rock out before vocalists started rapping and drummers got all hip-hop, you won't dig his old-whiner-dude strips at all. 'Cause he's hundred percent dead on right in complaining about the shit Mall kids think is cool today. And 'cause he and I both have potbellies and get tired real easily and wish the wonderland of youth was still ours not yours DAMMIT. No, that's not it; I meant to say because he and I both know better than you do- and isn't it past your bedtime!?!

The cover art of the book is a self-portrait he did: in it he's the commander of an Army tank that is terrorizing a crowd of scared alterna-youth. Walsby-dude: Check yourself; back in our day, the tank commander would've been Ron-bo and the kids would've been us! Now that I've gotten on your case, let me get off of it by saying that I sympathize. Recently, the primary "New Releases" displays in BOTH record (I mean CD) stores I frequent have been converted from Rock to Techno (or whatever kids call whatever it is this month). The stores are all moving on, just like the magazines have...In another ten years we'll be restricted to a few racks in a corner of the store (how's "Modern Oldies" sound?). And then there's hair loss...

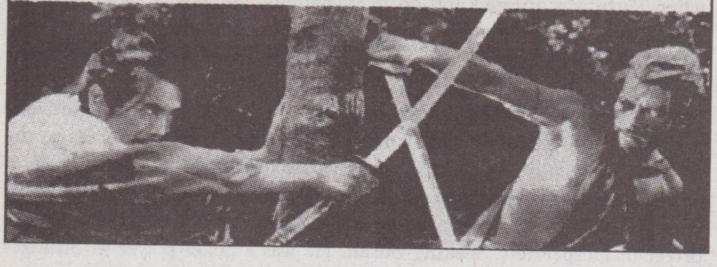
P.S. Getting back "on message": Fans of Black Flag, Minutemen, Corrosion Of Conformity, Melvins, The Adolescents, Kiss, Brian Wilson, Gene Clark, Scott Walker, and Ryan Adams (among others) will all be rewarded with strips or pages about these folks (and Mike Love haters will have a great time!). It's a very cool book!

—Seth Hollander

MOVIES

FINAL CUT

BY STEVEN SPINALI



BLOODY REVOLUTIONS

The successful re-release of Gillo Pontecorvo's **Battle of Algiers** (which both of your MRR reviewers loved) prompted the restoration of his 1969 epic, **Burn**! When it was originally released, some 20 minutes were sliced; the film itself soon vanished from sight. While hardly perfect, **Burn!** the perfect companion piece to **Algiers**; heavily political (and deeply pessimistic), the action takes place on the Caribbean island of Quemada, circa 1858. While **Algiers** revealed the mechanics of a successful revolution, **Burn**! shows how it can go terribly wrong.

Marlon Brando plays Sir William Walker, a sardonic, silk-suited cold warrior who at least initially seems to have compassion for the plight of the Quemada natives. Bound by poverty and often by chains, these people have no love for the ruling Spanish. Walker goes easily among them, and befriends a charismatic local, Jose Dolores (Evaristo Marquez) who would one day dream of independence. And become Walker's rival.

The island has had a bleak history of violence. 300 years before, the Spanish exterminated the local population, who had opposed colonialism. It was turned into a colony for black slaves, and they eventually became the majority population. Sugar cane grew on the island like weeds. Its new inhabitants were regarded as nothing more than a cash crop, and slavery was just another income stream.

Quemada's past dissolved into secret history, but the game of puppet and master might have been broken by the insistent Walker. With Walker's assistance, Jose Dolores native seizes the gold in a Spanish ship to finance a slave revolt. Jumping from side to side in a precursor to shuttle diplomacy, he'd set one group against the other while himself remaining above suspicion.

The natives are only allowed to do their rituals and religion during Carnaval, and Walker inveigles a mixed-blood to murder the governor. Why? Well, among other things, it would put the island's rich supply of sugar cane solidly in the hands of the British.

The seeds of revolution, however, had already begun to sprout.

Many of the restored scenes deal with the grassroots efforts of Jose Dolores to give his people a social identity separate from their role as slaves. Over nearly a decade, a community of islanders resolve that they don't need the Brits anymore – a choice that has troubling consequences.

These rumblings lead to Walker's return. Sodden, and disfavored even by his own government, he's also the only man with the qualifications to rein the country in. But now he has to contend with two powers: the legitimate government of Quemada...and Dolores, whose underground forces have adopted guerilla techniques.

Pontecorvo shoots **Burn!** with a style not far removed from the intensely realistic vision of **Battle of Algiers**, but the presence of Brando and the period settings shape **Burn!** into something more traditional. We still have the handheld camera and gritty set direction, but color photography takes away some of the film's bite. On the other hand, Brando becomes almost likable – despite a list of abuses that include blackmail, treachery, divided loyalty, and murder. He's a statesman for the age of diplomacy through puppet governments and lies.

While **Battle of Algiers** was a textbook example of how to spark a revolution, **Burn!** is its exact opposite — a text on how to crush it to its very roots. Pontecorvo has made a film that would be all but impossible to make today; with all the recent news about "regime change," its lessons cut too deep,

The same can be said of Tian Zhuanzhuang's debut film, **The Blue Kite**, which was banned from Chinese screens and had to be smuggled out of the country. His follow-up is less controversial, and its main points are left to the informed viewer's imagination.

Springtime in a Small Town is set just after the WWII. The small town of Zichen mostly a collection of large boulders and husks of buildings. In fact, aside from the film's small cast, almost no one seems to live there anymore. When Zhang (Xin Bai Qing) walks in, or rather *around* the fallen front entrance of his friend Liyan's (Wu Jun) house, it's a fine moment for both. Liyan suffers from a vague lung disorder that keeps him bedridden most of the day, but Zhang, a doctor, proves to be the perfect tonic.

Liyan is wealthy, lives on a small estate dotted with flowering trees, and has a lovely wife, Yuwen (Hu Jingfan). Married for ten years, the couple is languid and lifeless. Liyan moans about his bad lungs and failing health, and Yuwen walks in the neighborhood as if through glycerin. They've lived in separate rooms for years now.

Zhang, the doctor, is torn between a love for Yuwen and a devotion to this childhood friend. With a perverse affection, Yuwen alternately flirts with and repels both men.

The drama plays out in long, liquid takes (often more than a minute per shot) that reflect the languid pace of life of the times. But it also gives unusual power to the drama, which is mostly advanced by suggestion. Director Zhuangzhuang has remade a 1948 classic with a modern sensibility, shorn of melodrama. If spring is a time of regeneration, then the souls in **Springtime in a Small Town** find the season's growing unusually painful. The drama plays out like a delicately stated battle of natural forces, with Liyan a metaphor for a China slated for even more changes to come. The film fades out just one year before Mao's takeover, and we can only imagine what trials await them.

Zhang Yimou's **Hero** also hails from China – an elegant response to the less-than-impressive **Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon**, the appeal of which still escapes me. Although well received in American theaters, its DVD release should further its reputation as one of the better martial arts actioners out there.

The story is told in flashback from the fortified palace of the China's first Qin emperor (Daoming Chen). A swordsman known simply as Nameless (Jet Li) is invited for an audience with an emperor so wary of enemies that he surrounds his throne with a buffer of hundreds of candles that seems to anticipate any approach. Nameless claims he's vanquished the major Qin enemies, and with each proof of success (usually a captured sword), he's allowed a closer audience.

The story Nameless tells has the feel of a chess game – which is exactly where the flashbacks start. The incomparable pole fighter Sky (Donnie Yen) has accepted a match with Nameless after having dispatched a Qin regiment single-handedly. Their battle, waged in dripping rain near a giant Chinese chessboard, is done almost entirely in their heads; each offensive move of their opponent is rehearsed in imagination before committing to action. The plot indulges in invention of this sort continuously, with flashbacks that should, but often do not tell the complete truth.

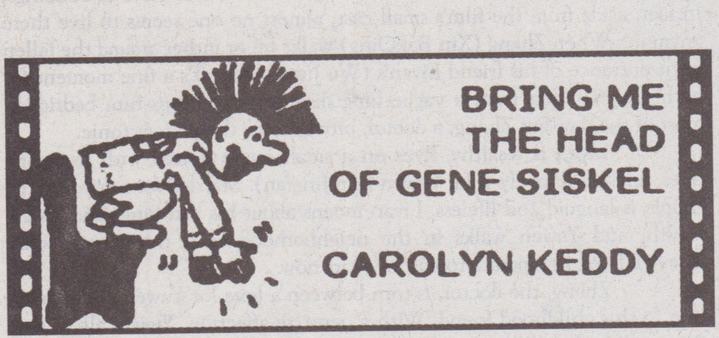
When Nameless meets calligraphy masters Broken Sword and Flying Snow (Tony Leung, Maggie Cheung), his strategy becomes psychological as he pits the couple against each other and Broken Sword's mistress (Zhang Ziyi).

Needless to say, even this rivalry isn't all that it seems.

Hero is a riot of action and color, much of it as extravagantly overstated as **Springtime in s Small Town** is understated. In addition to flying fu, there are battle scenes with miles of Qin soldiers and intimate one-on-one combats that always seem a few steps beyond believability. Zhang Yimou **(Raise the Red Lantern)** offers up an epic already steeped in its own sense of legend. Cinematographer Christopher Doyle, a legendary cinematographer in Asian film, keeps the color palette as extravagant as possible.

Audiences with a preference toward realism may find themselves impatient with **Hero's** hyperbolic action; in fact, a familiarity with Chinese and Hong Kong film conventions is helpful in understanding its motifs. Chinese epics thrive on embellishment, making heroism strangely unreal and exciting at the same time.

I saw the film first on Hong Kong DVD, and then in its American theatrical release. It's hard to match the resonace of the big screen experience; its engulfing sound and widescreen detail makes a theater seat more appealing than any easy chair. But do make a point of seeing **Hero**, in whatever format.



BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

DEATH TO THE FASCIST INSECT

The first thing I thought after I walked out of **Guerrilla: The Taking Of Patty Hearst** is that rich people always seem to get away with murder. In this case literally. There are many ways to look at the Symbionese Liberation Army's kidnapping of Patty Hearst and the consequences of what happened, but it is hard for me to believe that Hearst was simply brainwashed or suffered from Stockholm Syndrome (where a captured person begins to identify with his/her captors). It is right up there with the infamous San Francisco Twinkey Defense. Yet, twenty-nine years after the group robbed a bank and killed a woman in the process, four former members of the SLA are serving six to eight years in jail for the crime and Hearst received a Presidential pardon for her involvement.

The Symbionese Liberation Army was a group of University of California, Berkeley students whose outrage over the Vietnam War and the Kent State killings was put into action to help the poor of California. Their motives were too idealistic and their methods too ridiculous. The film follows the group as they gain some notoriety for harboring escaped prison inmate Donald DeFreeze, who was known as Cinque while in the group. Then they go overboard by assassinating the first Black Supervisor of the Oakland, CA schools, Marcus Foster. The SLA felt Foster was part of a police conspiracy, but to people outside of the group it did not make sense. SLA members Russ Little and Joseph Remiro get arrested when they are found with SLA paraphernalia. Joseph Remiro is still in jail after being found guilty of the murder.

A few months later, the SLA kidnaps Patty Hearst, then a student at UC Berkeley, from her apartment. The group's demands were that Patty's father, newspaper publisher William Randolph Hearst Jr., feed all the poor in California. Hearst claims that it would cost him too much money that he doesn't have, but eventually works out a plan to start a food program for the state's poor. Naturally, things don't go smoothly, and riots break out at some of the food dispersion locations. Patty ended up joining the group and adopting the name Tania and helps rob two banks.

The best part of **Guerrilla: The Taking Of Patty Hearst** is the use of archival footage. The most fascinating and horrifying portion is the shoot out at the group's LA hideout. There is also footage from the bank robberies, SLA members in prison, taped messages from the SLA, and from when Patty was arrested and an overwhelming amount of news reporters hang at the Hearst home waiting for any bit of information they could broadcast. The later makes you realize where the modern news stations were heading.

Rockets Redglare! is the occasionally depressing, occasionally outraging story of the man known as Rockets Redglare. He grew up on the streets of New York, was a stand up comedian hosting his own weekly show, which discovered Steve Buscemi, and then became a film actor before his death in 2001. Redglare played bit parts in some big movies. He was a cab driver in **Desperately Seeking Susan**. He was a poker player in **Stranger Than Paradise**. He played himself in **Basquiat**. Yet, his self-destructive lifestyle kept him from becoming a regular Hollywood character actor.

Redglare narrates his own story mostly from a hospital bed. You get an unfiltered look at his obsessive addict lifestyle. He relates the story of when he went to get Sid and Nancy drugs. We he returned to the Chelsea Hotel he discovered that Nancy was dead. He left the crime scene and was later a witness claiming that Sid did not kill her. When he tries to give up drugs, he overindulges on beer. He would drink an entire case of beer in a few hours.

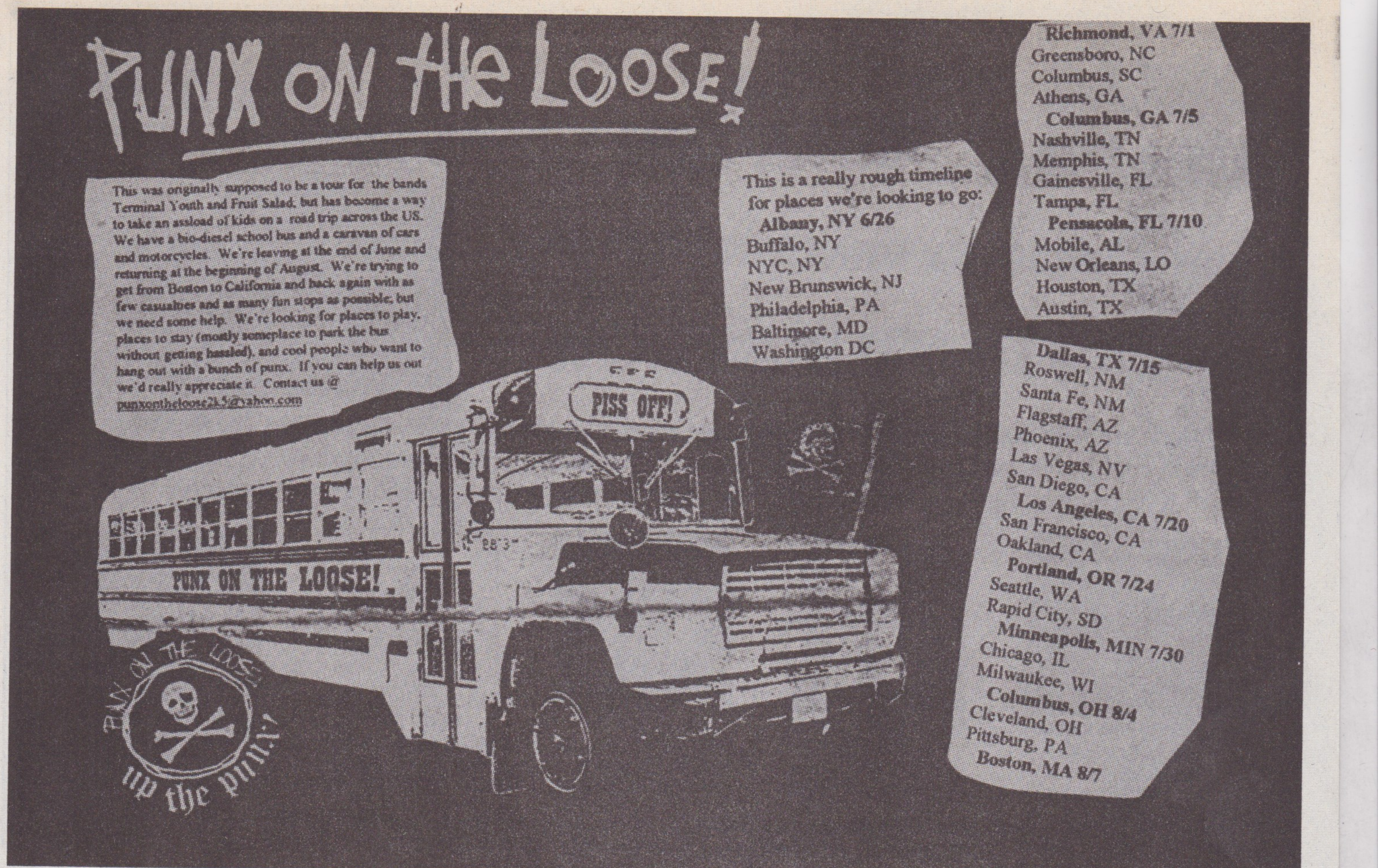
In **Rockets Redglare!** Redglare's friends, Steve Buscemi, Jim Jarmusch, Matt Dillon and others, relate what a talented actor he was. Dillon recommended him to Gus Van Zant. Buscemi credits Redglare for giving him his start. Then they seem to change their tune when it comes to Redglare borrowing money from them. Apparently, Jarmusch was paid back ten dollars once and was so shocked that he kept the money as a memento. I am sure the actors are joking and maybe they mean it in the best possible way, but it comes across as a bit petty for Hollywood stars to be bitching about a down and out friend borrowing ten bucks. If it became such a hassle, why didn't they stop lending the guy money?

Rockets Redglare! DVD also contains audio commentary from director Luis Fernandez de la Reguera and Steve Buscemi and deleted scenes. (www.undecidedfilms.com)

What Goes On Tour, Stays On Tape is a look at what it was like to be in the band Missing 23rd. Not being familiar with their music, this hour and a half montage of the shows, the tours and the life of the band can be overwhelming. I have been on tour with a band and I know how tedious most of the process is. Why would I want to subject myself to watching it? Yet, there is something strangely appealing about peeking into someone's life and seeing what they are doing.

What Goes On Tour, Stays On Tape follows Missing 23rd all over the US, Canada and Europe. We get to sit with them at the airport in Germany while they wait hours for person who set up their tour to pick them up. You get to see them acting childish by hassling bandmates while they are sleeping. They drink. They fight. They do stupid things. They harass people on the street. They even managed to capture some cops beating a man up in a doorway. I can't say I would ever want to relive this experience, but it was enjoyable the first time around. (mrbitterproductions, 2419 E. Harbor Blvd., #79, Ventura, CA 93001, mrbitterproductions@hotmail.com)

I am always looking for film to review. If you made one, send a copy to me c/o MRR, PO Box 406760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760. E-mail me at carolynmrr@juno.com if you have a film screening in San Francisco. I will go see it.

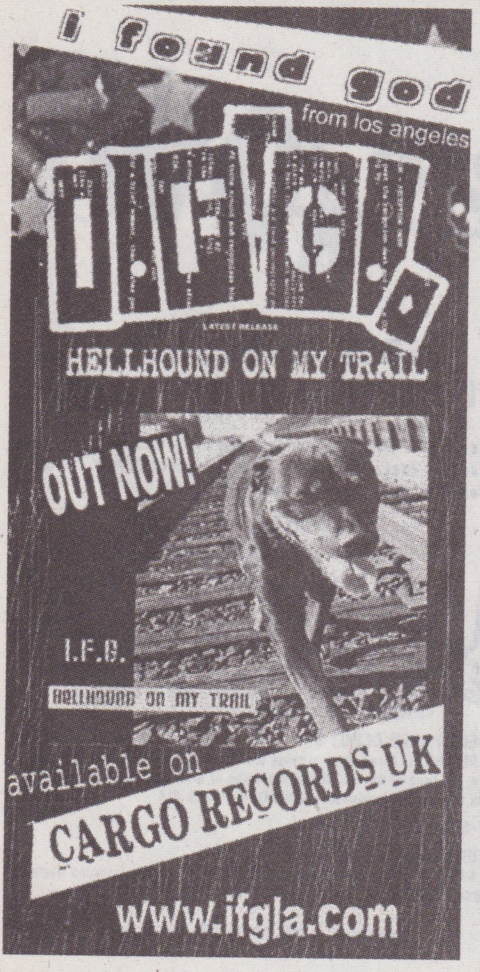


PUNX ON the LOOSE!

This was originally supposed to be a tour for the bands Terminal Youth and Fruit Salad, but has become a way to take an assload of kids on a road trip across the US. We have a bio-diesel school bus and a caravan of cars and motorcycles. We're leaving at the end of June and returning at the beginning of August. We're trying to get from Boston to California and back again with as few casualties and as many fun stops as possible, but we need some help. We're looking for places to play, places to stay (mostly someplace to park the bus without getting hassled), and cool people who want to hang out with a bunch of punx. If you can help us out we'd really appreciate it. Contact us @ punxontheloose2k5@yahoo.com

This is a really rough timeline for places we're looking to go:

Albany, NY 6/26
Buffalo, NY
NYC, NY
New Brunswick, NJ
Philadelphia, PA
Baltimore, MD
Washington DC
Richmond, VA 7/1
Greensboro, NC
Columbus, SC
Athens, GA
Columbus, GA 7/5
Nashville, TN
Memphis, TN
Gainesville, FL
Tampa, FL
Pensacola, FL 7/10
Mobile, AL
New Orleans, LO
Houston, TX
Austin, TX
Dallas, TX 7/15
Roswell, NM
Santa Fe, NM
Flagstaff, AZ
Phoenix, AZ
Las Vegas, NV
San Diego, CA
Los Angeles, CA 7/20
San Francisco, CA
Oakland, CA
Portland, OR 7/24
Seattle, WA
Rapid City, SD
Minneapolis, MN 7/30
Chicago, IL
Milwaukee, WI
Columbus, OH 8/4
Cleveland, OH
Pittsburg, PA
Boston, MA 8/7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from los angeles
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CATTLE DECAPITATION
"Humanure" 2X12" Gatefold due 7-16-04
LACK OF INTEREST CD/12"
20 new trax/original line-up out 9-11-04 mailorder color wax
PHOBIA "GET UP AND KILL" CD/12"
11 new studio trax & 6live mailorder=color wax
Haymaker/Fucked Up 7"
5 trax by each band mailorder=color wax
SIEGE 12"
INCLUDES DEMO & "BACTERIA" COMP TRAX
CRIPPLE BASTARDS
DESPERATELY INSENSITIVE 12" GATEFOLD/POSTER
CATTLE DECAPITATION
"TO SERVE MAN" 12" GREEN WAX
PHOBIA 'GRIND YOUR FUCKING HEAD IN'
12"/CD 17 SONGS 15 MINUTES! FAST
STRUCTURE OF LIES/MISERY INDEX CD/12"
BURN YOUR BRIDGES 12"/CD
MEMBER OF SPAZZ &LACK OF INTEREST 23 TRAX
pignation "devestating life scheme" cdep/7"
INFEST "NO MAN'S SLAVE" 12"
19 SONGS RECORDED 1995
PHOBIA "SERENITY THROUGH PAIN
12" GATEFOLD/POSTER
HIRAX "BARRAGE OF NOISE"
10"/CD IN THE VEIN OF HIRAX
HIRAX "BLASTED IN BANGKOK" 10"/CD
INFEST "LIVE KXLU" 12"
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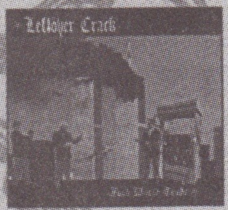

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A-BONES – "Daddy Wants a Cold Beer and Other Million Sellers" 2xCD

Life lesson disguised as CD review: as the years whip by and the bloom of my youth withers on the vine, I realize how little I appreciate that which I've always taken for granted. The feel of gentle rain on my face, long afternoon walks through skid row, the brilliant chemical orange of prefab macaroni & cheese—and New York's ever-lovin' A-BONES. *Daddy Wants a Cold Beer* is a career-spanning retrospective that marks 20 years of zero-frills, beer-driven rock 'n' roll from Norton Records moguls Billy Miller and Miriam Linna—and what a collection it is. You got singles, you got live material, you got unreleased tracks (46 in total). Tunes like "Questions I Can't Answer," "I'm Snowed," "Shanty Tramp" and "Third Pint from the Sun" dish out a patchwork of styles—60s frat rock, trad garage, surf, basement blues, and full-on' Little Richard-style sax-driven rock 'n' roll. The A-BONES were never as punk rocky as (say) a DEVIL DOGS, but have an inborn talent for raucous, alcoholic rock 'n' swing—and Miller's unmistakable from-the-gut vocal delivery adds plenty of charm. Boss. The set includes an exhaustive booklet detailing the history of the group that documents a couple decades' worth of overturned tables, spilled drinks, and broken E strings.(JH)

(Norton, Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276, www.nortonrecords.com)

ACCIDENTS – "Dead Guys" EP

Nice packaging on this one—the sleeve is coffin-shaped (though with zero information). Three tracks of meaty, solid punk rock from Sweden that shows a definitive influence from the likes of DEAD BOYS, RAMONES, MISFITS and FORGOTTEN REBELS. Though this is nothing groundbreaking, it's nice nonetheless. (AD)

(Bootleg Booz)

AFTERBIRTH / FILTHPACT – split EP

This is quite a thick piece of vinyl from these two Scotland-based crust bands, both musically and literally. AFTERBIRTH plays total 90s UK crust that reminds me of POLICE BASTARD and COITUS, along with a handful of other bands of the same era. Totally saturated in crisp guitar distortion, with angry, shouted vocals. They rip a line from ANTISECT in their song "How Many Will Die," and also steal the slightly modified logo of San Francisco's mighty DEADFALL as drawn by Andre Boozikov, who probably would've helped them out with something original if they had asked. All in all, AFTERBIRTH is tight and good throughout, and definitely worth listening to if you like the genre. FILTHPACT has a lot of the same elements as AFTERBIRTH, they just add some of the ol' grindcore, along with two vocalists who sing high and low. The covers on both sides are somewhat lacking. I can't stress this enough—cut 'n' paste is the only way to go. (WK)

(Dave Rowlands, 19 Albury Pl, Aberdeen, Scotland, UNITED KINGDOM, AB11 6TQ)

AGATHOCLES / KADAVERFICKER – split EP

How about some more mincecore insanity from AGATHOCLES? Both of their tracks are pretty slow and grinding (speeding up momentarily on the second track), but over all they don't really go anywhere on this. KADAVERFICKER, from Germany, plays exactly the kind of music you would expect. Snarling, metallic grindcore with dueling guttural vocalists. Bllleeeeaaarrrgggh! (RC)

(Power It Up, Postfach 1114, 38156 Vechelde, GERMANY, www.power-it-up.de)

AMERICAN STATIC – "Soundtrack of the Struggle" CD

AMERICAN STATIC plays anthemic street punk with a strong, hopeful working class message. Musically, it is basic, reminding me of bands like PRESSURE POINT or DROPKICK MURPHYS, but this band seems more sincere than a lot of bands I hear like this. If you are into TKO Records stuff or the aforementioned bands, I bet you might like this. (WR)

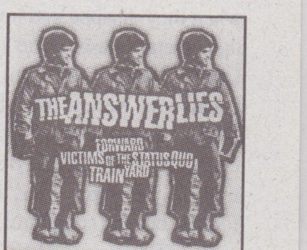
(Street Anthem, PMB #218, 1530 Locust St., Philadelphia, PA 19102)

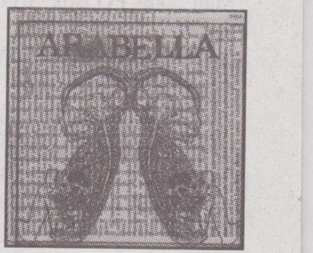
THE ANSWER LIES / TEN SECONDS TO LIFT OFF – split EP

Two bands from none other than Las Cruces, New Mexico (which they'll proudly proclaim as "The Land of

AFTERBIRTH
THE INSANITY OF HUMANITY

AGATHOCLES
KADAVERFICKER





Enchantment"). The ANSWER LIES are tough-minded doom-laden hardcore that sounds like a better-behaved POISON IDEA (we're talking *Pick Your King,* here, not *Feel the Darkness),* while TEN SECONDS TO LIFT OFF are decidedly poppier, peppier and lighter. Might make more sense if you're a local, but good on 'em for dishing it out to the World at Large. (JH)
(Dirt Culture, PO Box 4513, Las Cruces, NM, 88003, www.dirtculture.com)

ARABELLA – "Duvet" EP

ARABELLA plays spacey, discordant, somewhat epic hardcore with DIY production. Songs alternate between sounding like some Ebullition or Level Plane-style emo-hardcore, to rocking ECONCHRIST-style crust punk parts, to melodic parts that hint at FUGAZI. I like the fact they are mixing up the hardcore formula. A good-looking record, and good people, to boot. (WR)
(Spacement, 5120 Idlebury Way, Reno, NV 89521, www.spacementreno.com)

ASSAILANT – CD

Twitchy emo-grind like a less technical DISCORDANT AXIS, this kind of stuff was the big shit a while back and it turned my stomach then. This CD is only eight minutes long and I struggled to listen to it all…..ahhhhh. (TB)
(Black Matter, PO Box 666, Troy, NY 12181)

AT WAR /CELL BLOCK 5 – split CD

AT WAR is basically the most recent incarnation of the ENGLISH DOGS under a new moniker. Recorded live on tour in the US in 2003, it showcases just where the DOGS went when they disappeared up their own arses during their metal phase. I was (and am) a huge ENGLISH DOGS fan when they had Wakey on vocals and were a *punk* band, but this is metal, dudes. "Left for Dead" still sounds good but the rest is terrible. CELL BLOCK 5 also recorded live on the same tour, they kinda sound like FEAR, but the sound quality is horrendous…I'll pass. (TB)
(Malt Soda, PO Box 7611, Chandler, AZ 85246)

BAD MACHINE / V8 WANKERS – "Sounds of the Drags" split EP

Drag racing music, eh? Yep, predictable. Both of these bands play high-energy rock 'n' roll. That's not bad. They both have pretty solid songs and execute them with precision, but so do a lot of bands these days. This time it's the Finnish and German bands that are turning up the volume. Crank it up! (HM)
(Bootleg Booze, PO Box 89, 67122 Arvika, SWEDEN, www.bootlegbooze.com)

BAFABEGIYA – "High Fives, Stage Dives" EP

If I were going to tell you only one American hardcore band to check out at this moment it would be BAFABEGIYA. This is by far one of the best releases I have heard in a long time. Great, pissed vocals that remind me of a mix of DC hardcore vocals like SOA or DOUBLE-O with some ECONOCHRIST parts thrown in for good measure; the music has similarities as well. Excellent, raw punk/hardcore songs that have all the depth and ferociousness only achieved by few choice bands. Their lyrics are great too: "High Fives" is an anti 21-and-over bar show song which rings very true, while "Bent Minds and Broken Hearts" and "Something to Believe In" are more personal. "War Profiteer" and "Farewell" are more politically motivated, and are well written. The vinyl is limited to 500 as far as I can tell. This is a great release. (WK)
(Spacement, 5120 Idlebury Way, Reno, NV 89523)

BAMBOO KIDS – CD

Three East Coast kids enamored with the Fast Times in the Big City—that city being New York. Fittingly, tracks like "Caught in New York City," "Continuous Go-Go," "Marked Man," or "Nothing to Do" bring Lou Reed's post-VELVET UNDERGROUND mid-70s material to mind (and have that kind of strut and swagger)—or maybe the DEAD BOYS on Valium and after intensive anger-management therapy. The influence of a couple other well-known, well-paid New York New Rock groups is evident, as well—the record boasts tousled locks, tasteful keyboards, mellow interludes, and a "bonus rock video" (directed by an "Emmy award winner, " we're told). (JH)
(Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317, www.gethip.com)

BATHTUB SHITTER – "Wall of World is Words" CD

In the words of Mitch Cardwell, "Eh…" I *guess* this BATHTUB SHITTER CD reissue is among the better of this months pile o' grind, it having some semblance to punk, but I can't say I actually enjoy listening to it. Twelve *really* fast songs recorded in 2000. (VH)
(no address)

BATTLE ROYALE – "Nichts Geht Mehr" EP

This is the same record as the CDEP I reviewed last month, minus two songs, which is kinda lame but then on vinyl format my principal complaint—that of the all-too-clean, sterile production—is better resolved. As stated before, this is better than average German metalcore; they're more technically proficient, faster, and heavier than most. Fans of the new breed of European metalcore bands like HEAVEN SHALL BURN and CATARACT will be into this. (EL)
(Vendetta, Gleimstrasse 17, 10437 Berlin, GERMANY, www.vendettarecords.de)

BELLRAYS – "The Red, White and Black" CD

Yet another belter from the BELLRAYS. Like your favorite scratchy Detroit soul records mixed with the swagger and balls of the MC5 or the STOOGES. I love it when bands can create something new, fresh, and exciting, and I've always felt the BELLRAYS to be one of the bands pushing boundaries. Fantastic all out dirty rock 'n' roll with *soul.* Not as mandatory as their recent singles comp, but still a tremendous listen. (TB)
(Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141)

BEVELAQUA / MIDNIGHT BOMBERS – split EP

To-the-point music that leaves little to the imagination—both of 'em from San Francisco—Belgrade by the Bay, the City that Summer Forgot, the cold, cruel gem set in the heart of the Gray Area. BEVELAQUA are quasi-metal fuzz, with porno lyrics backed by lurching rhythms and scrapes. The MIDNIGHT BOMBERS are speedier, no-nonsense punk-core with what some would refer to as *attitude.* Fun stuff—I'll keep my eyes open for 'em next time I'm in one of the City's stinkier nightspots. (JH)
(Midnight Bombers, 590 Minnesota St., San Francisco, CA 9410, www.midnightbombers.com)

BLACK FLAG – "White Minority—Live at the Starship Club 1981" LP

.......what a fucking piece of *shit*!!!! Now this is what I call one turkey of a bootleg!!!!!! Recorded live in Milwaukee on July 17th 1981 on what appears to be a portable tape recorder that had been shoved up somebody's ass!!!!! Terrible sound quality, no doubt about it!!!! It's a shame because this particular show features Dez on lead vocals, and Dez was way fucking cool!!!! Not only does the sound quality suffer on this turd patty, so does the lame jacket that this thing lives in!!!!! There is nothing worse than lame computer layouts with pixelated photos!!!! *Fuck that shit*!!!!! Even a paper bag hand drawn cover would have been more suitable than this crud!!!! The cover photo doesn't even represent the proper band line up for that period......this is the work of true hacks!!!!!! Save your money all you nostalgics...leave this one to rot in the bins with the rest of the useless records that have come out this year!!!!!!! (SW)
(No address)

BLOTTO – "Bang Up Your Chair" EP

Catchy, quirky, poppy punk with a rough edge from Japan that brings to mind DILLINGER 4, AMERICAN STEEL, and a bunch of Gainesville bands I don't need to mention. This is really good, not to mention funny. Five tracks, just under half of which are about drinking. (AD)
(Snuffy Smile, 4-16-201, Daita Setagaya-ku, Tokyo 155-0033 JAPAN)

BLOWN TO BITS / DEATHTOLL – split LP

This is a great split highlighting two local punk bands. DEATHTOLL leads the way with seven songs of fast, Scandinavian-style hardcore that hits you like a fist wrapped in a bullet belt. Their material really exceeded my expectations! After narrowly avoiding catastrophe on their tour this year, BLOWN TO BITS holds up their side of the split with some rough sounding crustcore and a CRUDE SS cover. While both sides are good the slamming production of the DEATHTOLL side won me over the most. (RC)

(Despotic, PO Box 832, Long Beach, CA 90801, www.despotic-records.tk)

BONECRUSHER – "Fractured" 2xCD

This release combines a singles collection for this prolific Southern California streetpunk band with the *Followers of a Brutal Calling* album. Six singles are collected on the first disc, ranging from 1996 to 2003. The *Followers* album was recorded in 1999 and 2000. I didn't know much about this band, but a bit of research on the web reveals that BONECRUSHER built a huge following in Orange County and its environs in the late 90s with their back-to-basics punk. The CD packaging includes plenty of photos and pictures of the original record sleeves, but it would have been nice if it included a little retrospective history of the band, for newcomers like me. Still, there's always the Internet. It's just that sometimes when you're on the streets it's hard to find a reliable connection. I can't say that BONECRUSHER blew me away, but there's definitely some good catchy stuff here, especially the earlier EP tracks. Definitely worth tracking down, although I'm probably the last person to hear about them. (AM)

(Knock-Out, Postfach 10 07 16, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY, www.knock-out.de)

BOOBIE TRAP – "Look Inside" CD

Wow, what a horrible name for a band. After that bad start, the music within ain't half bad….I know that the VICE SQUAD comparison gets thrown at many a femme fronted punk band, but this band actually does sound like later, Beki-era VICE SQUAD or even mid period LEGAL WEAPON. Straight ahead punk rock with a gal that can actually sing, non too shabby. (TB)

(www.boobietrapoc.com)

BUMBKLAATT – "Corrosion" EP

It really doesn't get much better than this. This is a perfect mix of traditional Mexican punk, STATE OF FEAR-styled crust and modern, heavy, melodic hardcore. BUMBKLAAT writes awesome, interesting songs with multiple singers who trade off in both Spanish and English; they don't sound at all like any other band I can think of. It is very rare that a band can manage to have a distinctive and unique sound and still write with such diversity. I will add that the guitar work on this EP is amazing. This record is a must for anyone who is into crust, hardcore, or heavy punk. Great! (WK)

(Despotic, PO Box 832 Long Beach, CA 90801)

BURMESE – "Men" CD

Sludge noise thwack ugly heavy ass bludgeoning. Amphetamine Reptile Records on amphetamines, and then downers to come down and even things up. Tortured, painful pain. I've heard that these are nice people—don't believe it for a second. This is music for people who don't like people, or for that matter themselves. Count me in. Anyone who even remotely likes the new WOLF EYES EP should appreciate this one (it's a hell of a lot better). (RR)

(Load)

THEE BUTCHERS' ORCHESTRA – "What About Now?" CD

I think I got the band and album title the right way round, but it is possible the band is actually called WHAT ABOUT NOW. Either way, they play cranked up rock 'n' roll, very reminiscent of the stuff that 999 and the VIBRATORS were churning out in the mid-80s...y'know, after they'd produced their early good stuff, and were running out of ideas/energy. It's not a bad CD, just lacking a little something. I'm guessing they are from Brazil, based on the record label address, but the singer has a great English rock 'n' roll voice down. And they sing in English too. (RK)

(Laja, www.laja.com.br)

CACTUS – "Music for Haters" EP

Great stuff here—mid period FALL-sounding art-punk from Italy. Three songs of distorto-damaged guitar over repetitive rhythms, punctuated by distracted, detached vocals. You'll dig it. (AM)

(Hate, Via S. Giovanni in Laterano 194, 00184 Roma, ITALY, www.haterecords.com)

CAD / RABIES – split EP

These two bands from Czech Republic love grind, and that is awesome. Personally, I have never liked the genre, though, and I would rather be doing anything else than reviewing it. I want to say that I completely respect people's differences in musical tastes, and I am quite sure that the two bands on this record are totally down for the DIY community and probably put all the heart in the world into this record. I will try my best to describe them but I'm going to be honest and say I have very little knowledge of grindcore. CAD is very tight musically, and actually have some very catchy guitar and bass riffs and really good vocals compared to any other grind I've heard. RABIES is on the CONFUSE overall distorted recording sound of things, and brings to mind CLUSTERBOMBUNIT at times. As is the custom in most other countries in the world trades are welcome. DIY. (WK)

(Rabies/Exit Prod, Syky Sykora, Sakarova 525 Tyn Nad Vltavou. 375 01 CZECH REPUBLIC, gorecult@orange-mail.sk)

CHRONICLE A/D – "Tribes Against Empires" EP

Word has it that this band contains folks from ANTISCHISM and KARST, and you can definitely hear the influence of that lineage in the frenzied drumming, dark rumbling bass lines, and harsh yet haunting vocals. It seems like the Savannah, GA area has been producing a distinct style of punk for a while now and this stays right within that realm. These two tracks were fucking awesome and definitely left me wanting more. (RC)

(Hyperrealist, PO Box 9313, Savannah, GA 31412, www.hyperrealist.com)

CIRIL – "12 Tales" LP

Recorded in a single session and pressed on smoke-colored vinyl (with music on only one side), Long Beach's

BATTLE ROYALE

music for haters
CACTUS

CHRONICLE A/D

CIRIL quotes several influences, but their eclectic brand of HC has a marked RUDIMENTARY PENI influence, albeit filtered through a post-punk sensibility. Tag-team vocals and inventive guitars often play through a light distortion in these short songs. They're not exactly the kind of band with memorable tunes, but there's more than enough originality (and industrial strength angst) to compensate. (SS)
(Know, PO Box 90579, Long Beach CA 90809)

CLASH – "*London Calling* Sessions" LP

In this humble reviewer's opinion, the CLASH are the finest band to ever walk the earth. Their first, self-titled LP is the finest punk record ever, and *London Calling* may be the perfect rock LP. This record contains alternative demo tracks that were recorded during the *London Calling* sessions and resurfaced conveniently just in time for another repackage job by Epic. Well lucky for me, it looks like somebody has booted them so I can here them on vinyl, the superior format. Good stuff, though not as good as the originals. As boots go, this at least has center labels and decent sound quality. (JF)
(bootleg, no address)

CLASSICAL ASS – "After Lunch We Kill Tony" CD

Ask any of the droogies around this establishment, writing an ecstatic review is like stealing lint from a dryer; writing a total pan lets you convert the "black essence" you built up during the day into an inky substance that transfers immediately to the reader's hands. But average records like this one...damn! Look guys, yer really competent and all with your whompin' take on fast indie rock, sounds a little like early RFTC (sans horn section) perhaps, but it's just not gonna leave an impression after I turn the player off. (RW)
(Diaphrahm, PO Box 10388, Columbus OH, 43201)

COMMON ENEMY – "Late Night Skate" CD

Pennsylvania kids rip through sixteen tracks of fast, energetic, skate-core. Musically, they're nothing special, but it seems like having fun is more important to these guys than trying to be the next BLACK FLAG. And with songs like "7 Ply," "Slash the Coping," and "Build Ramps, Not Bombs," their enthusiasm could give Max Ward a run for his money. (VH)
(DRP, PO Box 6257, Wyomissing, PA 19610, www.drprecords.com)

CUPCAKELARRY – "Eagle Cow" CD

CUPCAKELARRY is a one-man band that seems to be moving in the direction of CAPTURED! BY ROBOTS. He likes to play with drum machines, keyboards, and voice machines that give him an ultra-high voice. Most of the songs are over three minutes and could probably be whittled down to 1:30. On the brighter side, the depiction of an "Eagle Cow" on the cover might set up CUPCAKELARRY with a career in art or a patent on the coolest animal since the "Liger." (HM)
(www.cupcakelarry.org)

CYNESS – "Loony Planet" CD

Sound Pollution should know better...After years of this, I've come to the conclusion that the only reason these bands continue to send their CDs in for review is that they are so fucking bored with their lives and the music they play that they need an excuse to write me the hate mail that will inevitably follow this review. Yes, Tim Yo is gone, but that doesn't mean the rest of us are ready to throw in the towel and accept this metallic grind-core garbage as punk. (VH)
(Sound Pollution, PO Box 17742, Covington, KY 41017)

...DEAD – CD

Hmm, these guys are just on the cusp of being a badass metalcore band—it's something to stand above the fray these days, and these Australian (I think) misanthropes make up for what they're lacking in technical versatility with more energy and ire than most, and an overwhelming desire to see everyone around them die, as the lyrics to every song emphatically profess. If their songs were a bit shorter and faster they'd be comparable to the SWARM; as it is, they have a lot of start/stop open-E mosh stuff that manages to avoid all tough-guy pitfalls and just sounds mean and sinister. Think UNRUH and NON COMPOS mixed with plenty of *Shadow of the Vampire* samples and a nice, dark, convincingly evil mood. Good stuff. (EL)
(Kickstart My Heart, PO Box U69, Wollongong Uni, NSW 2500)

DERIDE – "Japanese Title" LP

What an unexpected treat! A Japanese hardcore band that I've never heard of before playing great, high-energy punk rock on an American record label. DERIDE falls somewhere near DSB in the overall spectrum of Japanese hardcore, and while their songs are generally faster and less anthemic than that band, this is still a total party kind of record. There are also slight nods to the garage punk genre, which one would certainly not find on a DSB record, though the pace of this record keeps it firmly in the hardcore camp. Altogether, this is an excellent record, and it also serves as a reminder—as if we needed one—that Japanese punk is arguably the most consistent in the world. (GN)
(Mad At the World)

DIE ROTZZ – "Goring El Matador" EP

NOLA's DIE ROTZZ, on their debut 7" no less, have somehow managed to conquer several of my favorite punk sub-genres. Overall, this is very well executed, *Killed by Death*-flavored punk rock with some catchy emphasis thrown in at just the right times. It never gets too rough or too wimpy. Definitely one to watch out for. (MC)
(Die Slaughterhaus, www.dshrecords.com)

DIMS REBELLION – "Nueva Estocolmo" CD

Ok, this is a tricky one. The CD arrived far too scratched up to play in my, er, office sound system. So, I'm just going to have to attempt to review the CD based solely on the sleeve, lyrics and artwork. The front cover, booklet, and back tray all have pictures of some hardcore looking chick. I mean hardcore in the sense of lots tattoos, but clean looking. Swallows above both her breasts. Converse on her feet. I suspect most folks would find her reasonably attractive. I presume that's why there are three semi "seductive" pictures of her. She doesn't, however, appear to be in the band. The band are a five-piece, and judging from their pictures, appear to be hardcore type kids that have sort of gotten into rock 'n' roll. Lots of tattoos, and wife beaters, but with slicked back hair. I dunno, mebbe they are yet another SOCIAL DISTORTION wannabe. I think they might be Norwegian, or Swedish. Difficult to tell. The lyrics are all fairly personal. Pretty emo actually. So there you go, bit of an enigma really. (RK)
(Kjell Hell, www.kjellhell.se)

DIMS REBELLION / THE DONTCARES – split CD

DIMS REBELLION starts things off with a street punk styled tune, and by the third song, a sax and an organ have also carried the primary melody. There's a hint of the CLASH, but maybe the CLASH just influenced them to experiment with saxes and organs over street-punk. Actually, I think I'd like them better with just guitars, bass, drums, and their strong vocals. The DONTCARES strip it down and rip through some high-octane rock in the vein of ZEKE. DIMS REBELLION is lucky to get the first six songs, because the DONTCARES rock so hard they blow away DIMS big time. Nothing very original, but it's well executed and it rocks! (HM)
(Kjell Hell, www.kjellhell.se)

THE DIRTBOMBS – "Live: North of 8 Mile" LP

By now, everyone has already caught wind of this band and made up their minds. I'm of the opinion that they happen to be one of the most innovative and fun bands around, but hey, I'm an asshole. If you have an opinion that even remotely resembles mine, well, you already own this.

What you have here is a live "bootleg" (presumably released by the band themselves) with excellent sound and cherry-picked selections. Their rendition of "Kung Fu" here is jaw dropping, and the remainder of the songs aren't far off. The next best thing to actually seeing them play. (MC)
(MFIC)

DISSECT – "Todettista Todettisuutta" EP

This Finnish hardcore record has one crazy drum sound! Seriously, that is one of the most jacked up snare drums I've heard in a while! Overall, this is fast Scandi-beat hardcore that is for the most part not too crusty. For much of the record, the vocal duties seem to fall on one person, though there are high/low vocal tradeoffs at a couple of points throughout. Side B is a deviation from the norm set on the A-side, as it features one much longer, moodier, groovier anarcho-leaning song that doesn't get back into the fast paced hardcore until halfway through, only to descend into another slow bit. Decent, though the recording quality would have better lent itself to a demo release. Next time, mix the snare drum down just a bit boys! (GN)
(Power It Up, Postfach 1114, 38156 Vechelde, GERMANY)

DOG ASSASSIN – "Forever Bound" EP

There are probably thousands of bands around the world like this: Pissed kids playing straight-ahead, angry, fast-paced punk rock. The music may not tickle me in unmentionable places for extended periods of time, but it is a great first effort, and it's always great when a band can scrape up the cash and put out 300 7"s on their own. Lyrics about veganism, dumpster diving, fucked- up politics, and other angryhead topics. The passion is there but some of the lyrics left me scratching my head, "Racism, fascism and homophobia were banished from our scene. So what about sexism?" (NT)
(Dog Assassin, 324 East Taylor St., Reno, NV 89502)

DOWNSLIDE / KNOW YOUR ENEMY – split EP

Both of the bands on this split play fast hardcore influenced by modern straight edge bands from the States. Both bands bring lots of breakdowns and slick production to the table. Both bands also pull off the style quite well. Both bands, however, cannot win, so if I had to choose one, I would go with KNOW YOUR ENEMY. Their vocalist is better, and one of the guitar tracks on the DOWNSLIDE side is way too loud in the mix. There you have it. (CC)
(Crucial Response, www.crucialresponse.com)

E>K>U>K / MAXWELL DEMONS – Split EP

Wow, 80s flashback. Both bands are extremely reminiscent of SST-era DINOSAUR (pre-JR) and SONIC YOUTH. It's okay I guess but I imagine both of these bands (like the aforementioned references/influences) are more of a live proposition. Not bad, and also not something you hear a lot of these days, so worth a spin. I guess with the Am Rep resurgence going on, along with this stuff, college rock is coming back in a big way. Fly the flannel. (AM)
(www.ekukmusic.com)

THE ELECTRIC – "Degenerotic Doses" CD

Generic hard rock. No way near punk in any shape except that maybe someone in the band heard a DANZIG record at one point. (CK)
(Pro-Vel, 3685 South Broadway, Apt. A, St. Louis, MO 63118)

ESTEE LOUDER – "Ohio's Best" CD

Loud, raw, energetic punk rock from that red state (or was it blue? Hmm...) of Ohio. Female and male vocals compliment each other, and the songs speed along with a nice tempo. The writing's original enough so that it's difficult to pigeonhole. I'm sure some comparisons will spring to mind—give me a minute—maybe the LEE HARVEY OSWALD BAND or the TIGHT BROS. There's a definitive punked-up 70s feel, *Ohio's Best* even includes a BOWIE cover. Pretty rockin' shit. (AD)
(Diaphragm, PO Box 10388, Columbus, OH 43201)

FANG – "Stand and Fight" EP

FANG was one of the local bands that played and played and played back in the mid-80s. They *were* East Bay hardcore, and they were what punk rock was all about; four kids who could play their instruments okay, had some extra time on their hands, decided to put a band together, and had a shtick. Their shtick was writing songs about destroying the handicapped or fucking Brooke Shields (a noble aspiration). Then Sammy went and killed his girlfriend and spent some time in the joint. Having paid his debt to society, Sammy's out and FANG is back, doing pretty much the same thing they were doing twenty years ago. For me, it seems a lot less relevant now. The picture disc features a cute photo of Sammy. (KK)
(Malt Soda, PO Box 7611, Chandler, AZ 85246)

FLYBLOWN – "Genocide-Genocide" LP

What we have here is some chaotic, raw noise, and I do mean raw! This record could easily be mistaken for another DISCHARGE clone because of the back cover, but this is not the case. Instead we get another slice of punk with extra crust. Description: Fast as hell, noisy, and a whole lot of screaming and reverb. These guys are good at this style and it shows. I personally like the packaging and the fact that though the lyrics are short, there are long explanations of what they are about. Not exactly ground breaking, but decent enough. (WK)
(On the Verge c/o Orchid House, Breeds Road, Great Waltham, Chelmsford, Essex CM31EE, UNITED KINGDOM)

FORGOTTEN FOUR – "Danger City Dead Men" CD

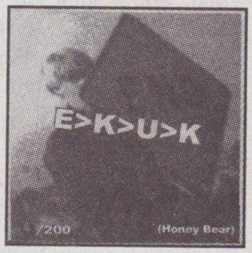
Rockin' punk from the Windy City. It's not the most original thing in the world, but it's not bad nonetheless. Self-released too, by golly. (AD)
(www.theforgottenfour.com)

FRANKENSTEIN – "An Ugly Display of Self-Preservation" CD

This is just what I'd expect from a FRANKENSTEIN band, a bunch of eerie, swampy, echoed, bluesy punk rock tunes. FRANKIE really knows how to set a deep groove and ham it up, and their production is fat and slick. They're even demented enough to provide a fresh perspective on gore and horror lyrics in such fine ditties as "Flesh Garage" and "Bubblin' Blood." Apparently, this is FRANKENSTEIN'S first full length after nearly twenty years, and it

Dissect
Todettista Todettisuutta

DOWNSLIDE
KNOW YOUR ENEMY



estée
LOUDER

GASOLIN-
EPLEASE
EP

GODSTOMPER
NIHILO SANCTUM ESTE

should be at least this good with twenty years of material having built up. (HM)
(Fiend Force, www.fiendforce.de)

FREAK ACCIDENT – CD

Very composed and atmospheric indie rock on this one. The singer's got some range, and they've got some obviously tasty influences, but it fails to floor this reviewer. Parts sound like something that could have come out on the Alias or Twin Tone labels about 15 years ago...weird. It's songwriting, ya know, just too damn eclectic. Additionally, it's a VICTIM'S FAMILY-related release, so fans get in line. (RW)
(Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141)

FUBAR / MATKA TERESA – split EP

Whoa, how about some crazed grindcore from Holland? The six tracks on the FUBAR side are totally punishing. Chaotic, insanely fast grind, with a solid low end and deep guttural vocals. On the flip, MATKA TERESA follows down a similar path, though the overall feel is more blown-out and raw. Both sides of this split are good, but FUBAR'S ear-splitting grind takes the cake. (RC)
(Power It Up, Postfach 1114, 38156 Vechelde, GERMANY, power-it-up.de)

FUCK YOU UPS – "Black and Black and Black" CD

Swear words do not a band make. This is extremely mid-tempo punk music, which is another step towards defining "mid-tempo punk" as a genre. There are some (mid-tempo) numbers that will remind you why there's never been a good mid-tempo punk band, ever. The bellowing vocal style leaves much to be desired, but not as much as the lyrics, which luckily were not included. But with songs titles like "I Fucking Killed You" and "I Don't Give a Fuck," I only imagine the biting commentary held within this gem. For fans of SALTWATER VAMPIRES and AMERICAN STATIC. (WR)
(Formula 13, PO Box 7385, Tempe, AZ 85281-0013)

FLYING OVER – "Rockin' Frenchies" CD

Wanna-be Rip Off records gear from this bunch of Frenchies. Total Greg Lowery worship (which may be good or bad depending on where you sit), hell they even do an INFECTIONS cover. Snotty as fuck, Converse, stripey shirts and sneers aplenty. Fellow French blokes the TV KILLERS would be a good place to start as a comparison, or even local rockers the RADIO REELERS. Great. (TB)
(Little Pink Medicine, BP 84277/17012, La Rochelle Cedex 1, FRANCE)

FRUSTRATION – "Artists Suck" 12"

For the most part, this is convincing dark wave-y post-punk from France of all places. The song "On the Rise" is the runaway hit of the bunch, sounding like a lost Factory record; it brings the WAKE strongly to mind. The classic elements are all present—echo laden vocals, meaty bass lines, a punked up pace, and moderately pretentious lyrics. The other three songs on this 12" EP lose the mood just a bit, as they are a bit more jagged with monotonous vocals that are somewhat overdone. I was pleasantly surprised by this record when I first put it on, but after repeated listens I found it to be more all over the map than I like; more of a focus on the JOY DIVISION elements and less on the irritating synthesizer burps would make this reviewer a happy one. (GN)
(Born Bad, 17 Rue Keller, Paris, 75011 France, bornbad@wanadoo.fr)

THE GAGS – "Criss-Cross (1979-1981)" LP

Compilation of mostly demo recordings (clear if somewhat oddly sterile sounding, but in a kind of intriguing way) by these Milanese punk/wavers who seem to have been greatly influenced by early ADAM & THE ANTS and other fey/arty Limeys, especially in the vocals. (DD)
(Hate, Via S. Giovanni in Laterano 192/194, 00184, Rome, ITALY, www.haterecords.com)

GASOLINE PLEASE – CD

This gets off to a good start, with a barrage of noise and feedback, but soon levels out into a decent but underwhelming combination of jerky, swaggering guitar rock mingled with passionate Guy Picciotto/Ian Svenonius style vocals. Musically, I'd lump these guys in with the REFUSED and (the) INTERNATIONAL NOISE CONSPIRACY, maybe. I know that those bands didn't sound alike but GASOLINE PLEASE has a similar, modernized approach to the punk/hardcore sound. It's not bad at all actually and I'll watch what these guys do in the future. (AM)
(Phantoms, 5142 Towle Ct, San Diego, CA 92105, www.phantomsrecords.com)

GET OUT – "The Cutting Edge" CD

Not quite sure where they are all popping up from, but here's yet another Dutch skinhead band. Lyrics are all in English, and other than being a skinhead, and never dying, they tend to touch more on "hardcore" subjects: y'know, being in the crew, getting stabbed in the back, and suchlike. Musically, they lean more towards AGNOSTIC FRONT (including guitar solos) than the 4-SKINS or CRIMINAL CLASS. The modern face of oi!? (RK)
(Rebellion, www.rebellionrecords.nl)

THE GHOULIES – "Reclaim the World" CD

Thick hardcore riffage from Sweden. The production is a little clean and the riffs aren't quite as catchy as you'd expect, giving this a kind of generic sound. I know, I know, they're from Sweden…but it's just not grabbing me. There's got to be more to it than oompah oompah drumbeats and overly-layered Marshall amps for me to get excited these days. The lyrics are thoughtful and political, a winning combination. This is probably your thing; it's just not mine tonight. (AM)
(Rockstar, Kurbrunnenstrasse 32-36, 52066 Aachen, GERMANY)

GODSTOMPER / WATCH ME BURN – split EP

Fuck, I've heard lots of GODSTOMPER, and none of it is as urgent or as fucked up and angry as this. Maybe I need to spend some more time with their older records. Three songs of fucking madness, pounding bass, and bad ass drumming. "Toxic Speech" is the song CRIPPLE BASTARDS have been trying to record for years. Can't really say anything special 'bout WATCH ME BURN so I won't say much at all. They are a pretty decent, and most importantly, somewhat inventive grind band. Fans of the band on the flip will like these guys as well. Enough with the Photoshop art already, this one is fucking painful to look at. (RR)
(First Blood Family, PO Box 11004, Portland, Oregon, 07211-4425)

GO LIKE HELL – "Hell Bent Rock 'n' Roll" CD

The title of this disc pretty much sums this band up. A female fronted AC/DC or NASHVILLE PUSSY. Not half bad, just a bit too rock. (TB)
(www.buttermilrecords.com)

GREENLAWN ABBEY – CD

Pure mid-80s soundin' Original Indie Pop-Rock,,; even the insert photo of these tykes is pure Homestead/DB Records central. One guy looks like Robert Quine, another looks like he was in the MICE or something, and they probably all realized that this was the sound they were fated to play. I could imagine the average garage punker turning his turd-huffin' nose up at this (where's the distortion???) and I can sympathize, but this hits just right on this dreary night after listening to a bunch of Swedes (whatever, Danes) trying so sincerely to sound like middle-aged black guys. When you really think about it, making vaguely roots-garage-pop like this is about the toughest thing any band can hope to pull off. They do. Hey, Mitch Easter fans! (RW)
(Diaphrahm, PO Box 10388, Columbus OH, 43201)

GROLSCHBUSTERS – "Rock 'n' Roll Asshole!" CD

Energetic, and enjoyable thirteen-track blast of piledriving, straightforward punk 'n' roll. I think they're Dutch, but I'm guessing they draw

lots of inspiration from SCREECHING WEASEL and ZEKE. They actually have a keyboard player, but you would never guess that from the record, other than the picture of the dude. Dutch band, English lyrics, most of which are surprisingly good. (RK)
(www.rawk.nl)

HATED PRINCIPLES – "MTA" EP

With a limited edition of only 230, this four-song offers the full evolution of this veteran band. "Blind Faith" has a mid-tempo, RAMONES-ish feel right down to the vocals, while "Punk's Only a Word" offers the band's early sound—tight, urgent HC with perceptive lyrics and tasteful lead guitar breaks. HATED PRINCIPLES' latest may only last under seven minutes total, but it's a convincing release. Recommended. (SS)
(Gothic Gospel, 3452 Cattaraugus Ave, Culver City CA 90302)

HEAD HITS CONCRETE – "Thy Kingdom Come Undone" CD

Collection of EP, 10" and comp tracks—47 in total—yikes. The band's name does a pretty good job of describing the music. Crazed, out of control, herky jerky powerviolence; a complete aural bloodbath. It's nails on a chalkboard to me, but you thrash and grindheads will eat it up. (TB)
(Crimes Against Humanity, PO Box 1421, Eau Claire, WI 54702)

HOLY MOLAR / EX MODELS – split EP

HOLY MOLAR is spazzo, disjointed hardcore. They are a bit boring if you ask me. I don't know—LOCUST lite? I think that some of these guys may be in that band, so you know, if you like that sort of thing, then by all means. EX MODELS is a bit more new wave-y, equally disjointed, retardo, spazzzzzz fuck core. Sort of burst of energy, fuzz, feedback, chanting, freak out and boing! It's over before it began. Short attention span new wave hardcore for twits. LE SHOK with striped shirts and white belts or something like that. (RR)
(Three One G PO Box 178262, San Diego, CA 92177)

HOMOIRATUS – "Apocalypse" CD

Whoa, I can't think of too many other noteworthy bands out of Greece these days. This is de-tuned death/thrash of the mid-90s variety, akin to MESHUGGAH, *Roots*-era SEPULTURA, or label-mates GROINCHURN, with tons of whiplash-inducing start-stop groove-riffing. What sets these guys apart are their excellent lyrical themes concerning the dangers of unchecked technological hubris, along with the normal criteria for a good record—good riffs and arrangements and a super-heavy sound. Definitely one for the metalheads. (EL)
(Crimes Against Humanity, PO Box 1421, Eau Claire, WI 54702-1421, www.cahrecords.com)

INFAUST – "Zuruch" 12"

This band from Germany plays mid-paced, metallic hardcore in the vein of later NEUROSIS. Although there are some slow, ambient parts, which add a lot of atmosphere, their sound is still heavy, dark, and very moody. INFAUST's lyrics are in German, and there are no translations, but the vocals are pretty tough sounding and accompany the harsher elements of the music well. One warning though, the same three songs are featured on both sides. Appears at *MRR* on white wax. (WK)
(Epistrophy, Postfach 312 30003 Hannover, GERMANY www.epistrophy.de)

INFEKCJA- "Przegrani…" LP

Ugly, raging, dark hardcore from this long-running Polish quartet. This is pick sliding metallic aggression with more than a little Scandinavian influence in the gritty guitar sound and furious pace. All the lyrics are in Polish, but full translations of their socially and politically conscious lyrics are provided. Pretty intense stuff here. (EL)
(Trujaca Fala, PO Box 13, 81 806 Sopot, POLAND, www.trujacafala.com)

INSUICIETY – "Believe and Die" 10"

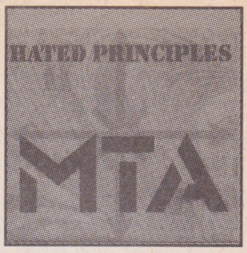
Dammit, they never send duplicates of the good shit! Totally devastating and refreshingly original doom/sludgecore here from this Berlin outfit. These guys (and girl) definitely carve their own bloody niche in this over-saturated genre, which has something to do with the occasionally off-kilter rhythms *a la* DAMAD or KYLESA, but probably most to do with Ajka's insane, accented vocals, making them sound like (to egregiously confuse cultures for a second) a female-Dracula-fronted EYEHATEGOD. Definitely recommended for fans of GRIEF, GRAVES AT SEA, and the aforementioned bands. Awesome cover art too. (EL)
(Trujaca Fala, PO Box 13, 81 806 Sopot, POLAND, www.trujacafala.com)

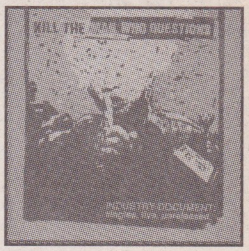
INTELLECTUALS – "Black! Domina! Now!" LP

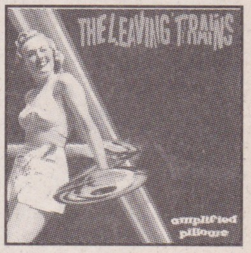
The INTELLECTUALS are a two-piece boy-girl band...wait, *come back*, they rock you muthas! They hail from Italy and put out a silly-rare 7" on Hate last year, along with a split with the Bay Area's own ROCK 'N' ROLL ADVENTURE KIDS. Their songs are funny and charming in that ESL-homage style, and their sound is straight up tuff and gnarly, without the posturing so many Euro bands succumb to. I think they are trying to recreate a live show with this one, and do a silly-grin job of it. Their vague blues influence surfaces at times, but a fuzzball lands on the guitar before they can sound like they are trying to summon ghosts from the Delta. Amazing that they can get so much guitar noise for a two-piece. Oh, they've got to have help on that tinny organ unless the guitar player can play both at the same time...must be the cat from the insert stepping on the keys. For all those who admire the work of raw garage punk bands, here's another "Sigh, okay I'll take one of those too." Skip the rent, that's boring. (RW)
(Hate, Via S Giovanni In Laterano, 192/194, 00184 Roma, ITALY, www.haterecords.com)

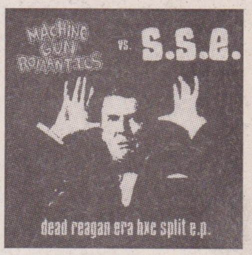
JELLYBEARS – "The Lollipop Palace" CD

Lollipops, rainbows, cuddly teddy bears swinging from giant candycanes: those are the mental images that *The Lollipop Palace* conjures, and I'm not sure I'm *okay* with that. The JELLYBEARS are clean-limbed, soft-spoken, jangly power pop that strike a delicate balance between BEATLES-y beat and a vaguely garage ARCHIES. There's a little EVERLY BROTHERS influence in the high-pitched, soul-crushing vocal harmonies—sweet, heartfelt,








MACHINE GUN ROMANTICS
vs.
S.S.E.
dead reagan era hxc split e.p.

and probably not for the hardest-core of the glue-huffing punk rock volunteer brigade. Hate to make the obvious comparison, but the HI-FIVES spring immediately to mind. Take that news however you want. (JH)

(Time Tunnel, 45 cité, Dunoyer, 33000 Bordeaux, FRANCE, www.timetunnelrecords.com)

THE JETBOYS – "Jet Patrol" LP

Oh boy, another high energy rock/punk record.....this time from Japan!!!! There are absolutely soooooooooo many of these kinds of bands happening now that this shit comes off as being *really fucking boring*!!!!!! Every song is the same trip!!!! As far as I'm concerned there was only one DEVIL DOGS and they were the only ones I'll accept this kinda shit from.......but those were different times!!!!! P.S. Bands flaunting their love for the RAMONES/DWARVES on their record covers is not a saving grace—it just proves that your dumb group is stuck in the same musical rut that the rest of your lame generation can't find it's way out of!!!!!! So eat my ass you boring bastards!!!!!! (SW)

(Demolition Derby, PB 4005, 2800 Mechelen 4, BELGIUM, www.demderby.com)

JOY DIVISION – "Les Bains Douches, Vol. 1" LP

This is the el cheapo reissue (in two separate volumes) of a pretty popular live double LP. This version is on shit vinyl and will probably last a few plays before your needle damages the thing for good. The recording, however, is of a particularly incendiary 1979 JOY DIVISION performance in Paris. The recording is above par (I think it was recorded for radio), and it catches the band at or near their prime. "Disorder" and "Transmission" are particularly good versions. The second disc has live tracks from other European shows from around the same time. If you're a fan, I recommend tracking down the double LP version for its superior vinyl quality. It's pretty readily available, I believe. (AM)

(Get Back, Abraxas Srl, via Aretina, 25-50069, Sieci, ITALY)

JOY DIVISION – "Les Bains Douches, Vol. 2" LP

I'm not quite sure who the release of this record is supposed to appeal to. It originally appeared as the 2nd LP in a double LP release on the same label; I am certain that the original release (which is only two or three years old) is still readily available, and buying the two volumes separately will likely cost you the same amount of money, if not more. What's more, I don't see a casual JOY DIVISION fan picking up *Les Bains Douches*—live sets are generally for fans, many of who likely picked up these recordings when they were originally released. Vinyl dorks should also note that the vinyl on this reissue is much flimsier than the original, ultra-thick 2xLP. Having said all that, I should take a moment to note that JOY DIVISION is one of the great post-punk bands, and a personal favorite of mine. This set includes some of their greatest songs, though punks should note they're almost all from their post-WARSAW phase. I am of the opinion that there is really no such thing as a *bad* JOY DIVISION record, but I would recommend starting with their studio recordings if you are new to them or just picking up the double LP if you are already a fan. (GN)

(Get Back, Abraxas Srl, via Aretina, 25-50069, Sieci, ITALY)

KATASTROFIALUE – "Taivaasta Roskiin '94" EP

Oh, those crazy Finish noisenhiemers. Ten tracks of blown out, repetitive, smash-your-face-in-broken-glass, chaotic hardcore. Recordings from 1994 finally seeing the turntables of nerds around the world. Think ATROCIOUS MADNESS sounds too clean? Try these guys on for size. (NT)

(Power It Up, www.power-it-up.de)

KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS – "Industry Document" CD

Though the band broke up a while ago, this CD features a mix of their singles, some live material, and a few unreleased songs. By now, I would be surprised if you have not heard this band. But for the uninitiated, you can expect some ripping, breakneck hardcore with ear-twisting time changes and a rough mix of male and female vocals. KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS is fast, urgent, and in your face, with some sharp lyrics that take a stab at everything from punk to politics. This enhanced CD also includes some footage of a few songs from their last show ever. If you missed out getting their singles the first time around then do yourself a favor and pick up this release. (RC)

(Cheap Art, PO Box 2101, Philadelphia, PA 19103, cheap-art.com)

LEAVING TRAINS – "Amplified Pillows" CD

Live live live, Falling (down) James and crew sacrifice their livers and hearing on live dates from 1989 and 2002. The really admirable part is that they never went grunge, never went Brit-Pop, just kept smashing those rock-art-garage chords into one sweat-stained stage after another. You know how all those late 70s/early 80s lionized *Killed by Death* bands all hung it up after a single or two and then went to college/died/started a career? Well, this is a roots- *Killed by Death* -type band that for 20 years now never stopped staying true to an underground musical aesthetic. It's as impressive as DEAD MOON's doggedness, in an industry-LA-kind-of-way. Oh yeah, great sound and tracks (pick 'em; some work, some don't) from every period from 1983 to now. (RW)

(Steel Cage, PO Box 29247, Philadelphia, PA, 19125)

LESCA PUNK – "10 Years Against Oppression" CD

This is great, old-school-sounding punk that has a solid Eastern Bloc punk style, bringing to mind the early years of bands like DEZERTER. The thing is, LESCA PUNK is from Hungary. I am not clear on how long they have been around, but considering the title of the CD I would guess it's been ten years. Regardless, the music here has a blistering up-tempo crunch, and the rugged vocals and solid production make for one heck of a release. (RC)

(Maloka, BP 536 21014, Dijon Cedex, FRANCE, **malokadistro@free.fr**)

LIFE OR DEATH – "Sentenced" CD

Dude no way! They got someone from the A-Team in this band! That's right, it says it right there in the booklet: "Face" on drums! And "DJ" from *Full House* is on guitar! Holy shit, plus "Captain" is laying down the phat "Respect, Unity, Respect" vocals! I wonder if it's Crunch or Cook. Now I just wonder why Andy and Brandon didn't get themselves some fresh fly crew names too... OK, enough dis-respeckin' em. In all fairness, this whole HATEBREED / ALL OUT WAR thing is totally not my scene; if kick-boxing is what you love, prepare to meet your new favorite band. Once you get past the usual generic lyrics (there's actually a song called "We All Bleed Red"—what year is this?), the breakdowns here are positively deadly, and the whole record is heavy as lead. I wouldn't want to be anywhere near the pit when this shit goes off—the mosh potential on these riffs is in the red. (EL)

(1917, PO Box 2511, El Segundo, CA 90245, www.1917records.com)

LYSTERIA – "Nausees" CD

Crusty French punk, with saxophones. Reminds me of a more straight-ahead, thicker HARUM SCARUM with a random guitar solo thrown in. Not particularly great, but they get an interesting sound with the saxophone. Akk, I really can't resist...it's alright—if you like saxophones. (NT)

(www.kanivo-chaos.com)

MACHINE GUN ROMANTICS / SSE – split EP

MACHINE GUN ROMANTICS blows through some fast-as-fuck hardcore that has the same spastic energy of a band like KILLED IN ACTION. Lots of tempo changes and wild screeching vocals. SSE hit you up with some super lo-fi thrash. Crazy fast and super raw, with songs about things like going to school and

skateboarding. SSE are decent but nothing spectacular, though I really dig the MACHINE GUN ROMANTICS side. Apparently they have a collection CD coming out soon on this label, so be on the lookout. (RC)
(Dangerously Small, 3532 Pinehurst, Plano, TX 75075)

MDC – "Magnus Dominus Corpus" CD

Ahhh, lord love Dave Dictor. MDC was responsible for one of the most scathing, incendiary punk LPs ever, which still finds its way onto the turntable to this day. No doubt about it, their first disc is a classic. While this new disc in no way lives up to that record, it's actually a really good listen. Unmistakably MDC because of Dave's vocals, acerbic wit, and smart political lyrics. MDC still mines the old school US hardcore sound, though this sounds surprising vital and fresh. I'm particularly enamored by their homage to the late, great, Tim Yohannan ("Timmy Yo"), but there are plenty of other lyrical gems as well. If you've snoozed on the past few MDC releases this is a good place to pick 'em right back up again. Solid. (TB)
(Sudden Death, Cascades PO Box 43001, Burnaby, BC, V5G 3H0, CANADA)

MESRINE / DEPRESSION – split LP

Quebec's MESRINE have been steadily working their way up the CARCASS-worshipping gore-grind ranks over the past few years, and this is probably their best release yet, for what it's worth. They do nothing remotely original but they do it well, with catchy fast riffs and great high and low vocal trade-offs. Germany's DEPRESSION meanwhile, are even more death-metal inclined, though surprisingly enough, they also throw in a TURBONEGRO cover. They're basically a one man band, with one guy handling all drums bass and guitar, while a couple of his buddies come along to make funny faces while gurgling into the mic. This is the stuff non-metal fans find ridiculous, but fans of MORTICIAN, MACHETAZO, ROT and the genre in general will slurp this spew right up. (EL)
(Power it Up, Postfach 1114, 38156, Vechelde, GERMANY, www.power-it-up.de)

MIDWEST BLUE – "Alarm Clock" CD

MIDWEST BLUE is an emo-pop-punk band from Chicago or thereabouts. This stuff really doesn't do anything for me. It begs the question of whether it's even rock 'n' roll, much less punk rock. (AD)
(Johann's Face, PO Box 479164, Chicago, IL 60647)

MIRRORS – "Another Nail in the (Remodeled) Coffin" CD

Yeah, it's a CD from one of the Holy Trinity of Cleveland proto-punk bands (nailed up with ROCKET FROM THE TOMBS and the ELECTRIC EELS). Hey, bet ya didn't know that they put out an LP in the 80s on the Resonance label called *Another Nail in the Coffin?* Luckily for everyone, that label disappeared off the face of the Earth so that this re-done edition could legally occur, packaged with a ton of extra tracks from the same period that were inexplicably tossed into a broom closet by that esteemed label. I've always been a little ambivalent about their 80s comeback, but now that I'm hearing that piercing fuzz-tone guitar and Jamie Klimek's trademark sneery-wandering vocals (I think of him as the American equivalent of Ray Davies of the KINKS) it all seems to work. It's about as great a record as anyone could have hoped for from a lost 70s band that had the bad luck to make an attempt to get back into the game during the dreaded 80s. For those of you who are after an ELECTRIC EELS paint-peeling experience, back away slowly, this is more like the spiritual/aesthetic bedrock for the likes of GUIDED BY VOICES, THOMAS JEFFERSON SLAVE APARTMENTS or some of the weirder bedroom-psych DIY stuff you see on the Chuck Warner *Homework* CDR's. So, you know, a gimmie for the folks out there who like...songs. (RW)
(ROIR, PO Box 501, Prince St. Station, New York, NY, 10012)

MONARCH – "Tragedy Holds the Hand of Hope" CDEP

Fairly unspectacular metalcore here from this Richmond, VA quartet. Competently played, some good double-kick mosh churn and nothing overtly terrible like singing or anything, just nothing to set it apart from the thousands of other DARKEST HOUR / IN FLAMES clones out there. (EL)
(Popfaction, www.popfaction.com)

MOTORAMA – "Shy Girl" EP

The two-woman punk sensation from Italy. These girls rock in a great, trashy, bratty way. Very catchy songs done with a tough-yet-seductive vocal bravado. You'll be humming these tunes for weeks. (CK)
(Vida Loca, Casella Postale 17033, 00189 Rome, ITALY, www.vidalocarecords.com)

MOTOHÄTE – "Welcome to Civilization" LP

Fuck yes! MOTORHÄTE's brute force, anti-fascist, leftist punk with political lyrics that cut to the quick! The shouted, gruff vocals and rapid-fire drumming beat you into submission. At their peak moments the guitarist and bass team up to provide an aural onslaught not unlike Canada's hardcore champions FUCKED UP. These rough punks wear their hearts on their shirtsleeves. The titles of the songs explain MOTORHÄTE's intent: "When you support the idea of nation states, you're supporting the foundation for fascism." The title cut, "Welcome to Civilization," has a succinct message: "Welcome to civilization—where we murder in the name of democracy / Fascism disguised as liberty / Where we murder in the name of democracy / Oppression disguised as liberty / I hear your words, I know they're lies / On billboards, TV, indoctrination of our minds / We all give up our individuality / Submitting our thoughts to the propaganda machinery." This is a very good punk record! (BR)
(**www.motorhate.com**)

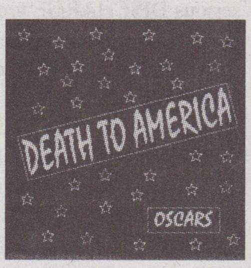
MOTOSIERRA – "Directo Desde El W.C" CD

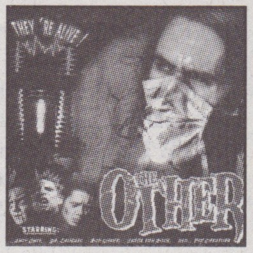
South American (Argentina?) punks doing a whole bunch of covers (GERMS, DAMNED, PAGANS, DEAD BOYS, RADIO BIRDMAN, etc.) with heavy accents. Totally well played and faithful to the originals....but what's the point? (TB)
(rastrillorecords.yahoo.com)

MUDLARKS – "R 'n' R War" EP

This is pretty damn cool. It's female-fronted punk rock that reminds me a lot of VICE SQUAD when they went a

NEVER CONFORM





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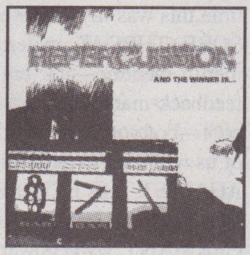


little poppy. Not only that, the guitar almost has that WIPERS sound. Kewl. They've got that new wave EPOXIES thing going on too. Man, this is just fucking great. And they're from Italy. What the fuck is going on here? I thought there was a rule that the French and the Italians couldn't really make good punk rock. Well this rule seems to be getting broken with more and more frequency, including here. Highest recommendation. (KK)

(Puke 'n' Vomit, PO Box 3435, Fullerton, CA, 92834)

NEURON – "Gleichschritt" CD

Full-on ripping deathcore from Germany. Though I hate resorting to comparing bands to other bands on their label, it's hard not to in this case with label—and country—mates AUDIO KOLLAPS, both bands being a bunch of crusty punks who decided to start playing death metal. While both bands bring the added bonus of some serious DISCHARGE tendencies to their sound, NEURON is perhaps even deeper ensconced in metal tradition, with the dual guitars giving this a seriously heavy sound. Though the riffs are at times a bit too straightforward to hold my attention throughout the whole album, there's more than enough anger and power in each song for shorter, individual listens to be utterly devastating. (EL)

(Epistrophy, PO Box 312, 30003 Hannover, GERMANY, www.epistrophy.de)

NEVER CONFORM – "Never Conform" EP

NEVER CONFORM was a Japanese hardcore band from Sapporo that originally existed in 1988, and got back together to record this six-song EP. They play fast and heavy hardcore not unlike SICK OF IT ALL or AGNOSTIC FRONT. Another solid 625 release. (CC)

(625 Thrash)

NEW YORK AGAINST THE BELZEBU / SORE THROAT – split CD

Few bands live up to the tag "retarded" quite like Brazil's NEW YORK AGAINST THE BELZEBU. That this is by leaps and bounds their most listenable and virtuostic platter says something about their normal output. The usual Chewbacca growls and two-second no-fi blurcore songs are still in effect, but now they're augmented by damaged cat-on-the-keys piano, high-pitched squeals, and goofy, plodding borderline lounge-rock interludes. And for a brief time this was my favorite thing this month! The SORE THROAT material meanwhile, hardly merits mention—it's unlistenable MERZBOW feedback-manipulation, so if that's your thing, cool—both of you should check it out. The rest of us will rock to the genius that is NEW YORK AGAINST THE BELZEBU. (EL)

(Power it Up, Postfach 1114, 38156, Vechelde, GERMANY, www.power-it-up.de)

NO DENIAL – "Crossing Beyond Illusions Currents" CD

My feelings about this record aren't much different than my feelings about their last output. I can appreciate the groove parts because they remind me of BURN, but other than that I am not a fan. It's too overproduced, and just not fast enough. But if modern, mid-paced hardcore is your thing, then look into NO DENIAL. (CC)

(Crucial Response, Kaiserfeld 98, 46047 Oberhausen, GERMANY)

OPERATION IVY – "Sound System" CD

Looks like Gilman Street is trying to cash in on some old stuff by releasing this limited-edition CD. They have classic stuff "for the fans by the fans (all rights renovated)." This is the exact same CD as the previously released *Live 2-21-1988* CD. *Sound System* was recorded live at Gilman and broadcast on world- famous KALX. There are 14 tunes here, including an unreleased, "never recorded" song "Usual Place." This was transferred from an old tape, and the quality is very poor. You get a sense of their live show and energy, complete with gratuitous thank-yous and equipment malfunctions, but repeated listening is probably only for rabid fans. (HM)

(Gilman St., PO Box 3636, Berkeley, CA 94701)

OSCARS – "Death to America" EP

I recall hearing *an* OSCARS once, long ago, in what now feels like another lifetime—and it would seem that they're back in with a bang. *Death to America* offers some cheap thrills—the tempos are slow and deliberate, guitars buzz and emit smoke, drums and vocals are lost in a blur of reverb, preverb and aural lint. All three tunes ("Death to America," "Lemming" and "Green River") oughtta be heard by admirers of early A-FRAMES, or even early LA art-punkers the URINALS—the OSCARS got some of the same smart-aleck, techno-primitivo appeal. (JH)

(Bootleg, www.oscarsindustries.com)

THE OTHER – "They're Alive" CD

Wow! These guys are pretty slick. The OTHER delivers catchy, well-executed, wannabe MISFITS-styled punk with plenty of bravado on the deep, DANZIG-esque vocals. They even have neato make-up and those cool bone gloves that their label conveniently sells. This stuff is mildly entertaining, but I must be missing something, because there's a bunch of obsessed bands doing this crap. They must have awesome live shows...(HM)

(Fiend Force, www.fiendforce.de)

PIECE BY PIECE – "We've Lost Our Minds" EP

Straightforward hardcore with an East Coast flair for crisp guitars and a healthy mix of tempos that range from fast and furious to rumbling breakdowns. I see some X's on hands here but it is hard to say if the whole band is sXe. The lyrics are negative and hateful of the fuck-this-and-fuck-that variety. Didn't blow me away, but definitely sounded solid throughout. (RC)

(Malfunction, www.malfunctionrecords.com)

PLACID STORM / KILL WINTER – split CD

PLACID STORM likes pulsing beats and minor chords, giving them a goth feel. Within their five tunes there are a number of 45 GRAVE moments. I like the claustrophobia and panic of monster violence they exude, including the goofy scenes in "Zombie Roller Disco." In contrast, KILL WINTER starts off with a whirlwind of prog punk with raspy, screaming vocals. Their noodling, hardcore intensity rocks me, and the screaming is so harsh, my throat hurts just listening to it. A kick-ass CD. (HM)

(Cat n' Cakey, 20 Poyntz Rd, Overton, Basingstroke, Hampshire RG25 3HJ, UNITED KINGDOM, www.catncakeyrecords.com)

PLAN R – "My Friend Is Dead" EP

Portland just keeps cranking out the punk gems. PLAN R play some rocking, early 80s SoCal-inspired punk rock. They are thrashy and punky, yet maintain a sense of melody. PLAN R comes complete with some Rollins-esque vocals supplied by singer Colin, who also does time with the Observers. Kick ass. (JF)

(Blind Spot, PMB 697, 539 SE 39th Ave, Portland, OR 97124)

PLASTINATION – "Opera 21" CD

Energetic, mid-paced, and melodic; these 13 songs are proof that mediocre international punk is far superior to mediocre American punk. Golnar, we're out of beer! (VH)

(plastination@ccn.org)

PROJECT HOPELESS – "Kalla Javla Samhalle" LP

Political Swedish crust/hardcore with dual vocals. Did little to nothing to quench my hunger for heaviness. (NT)

(Alerta Antifascist, c/o Timo Nehmtow, PO Box 2318, 24913 Flensburg, GERMANY)

PROFITS – "1999-2004" CD

Beautiful package containing everything this East Coast band has recorded (45 tracks in all). I haven't paid this band too much attention in the past, but that's my loss as it's a ripping good listen. There's no way to describe these other than *punk rock.* It's pretty simplistic, almost street-punk at times, but it has a real anger and pissed off attitude that I dig. Total lefty protest lyrics add to the whole punk rock anarcho package. Remember when there were tons of bands like

this (AUS ROTTEN, ANTISCHISM, etc.)? I think it's time we had more…punk rock! (TB)
(Active, BM Active, London, WC1N 3XX, UNITED KINGDOM)

RATS INTO ROBOTS – "A Column of Smoke by Day, a Pillar of Fire by Night" CD

This Columbus, Ohio band traffics in a cerebral brand of spastic, angular hardcore, which is positively seething with manic energy. Immediate band comparisons are failing me at the moment, but I get a sense they're well versed in the mid-90s San Diego spazzy, screamo sound mixed with some Chicago-bred post-hardcore sensibilities. The playing on this is frenetic to say the least, and there's plenty of aural textures in the layers of guitar noise and non-stop drum battery, offset by quiet moody dynamics in the intros and outros. Definitely worth a listen or two. (EL)
(Slave Union, 1012 Raymond St., Schenectady, NY 12308, www.slaveunion.com)

RAUM101 – "Morgensonne" 12"

RAUM101 managed to get six of their tunes on one side of this disc, and then they leave the flip side blank. Now that's what I call being extravagant with vinyl. These Germans mix a little metal into their pop-ish post-punk tunes, with full-on double lead guitar noodling. Good work, but I can't get over the weird German falsetto vocals. I think that's an English accent on German vocals. I guess it set them apart somehow. (HM)
(Epistrophy, PO Box 312, 30003 Hannover, GERMANY, www.epistrophy.de)

REATARDS – "Bedroom Disasters" CD

"We get too soon old and too late smart," as my German grandmother (probably) said. When Memphis' REATARDS were dishing out their earliest material in the late 90s I dismissed 'em as a youthful knock-off of the OBLIVIANS—while there's a definitely an influence there, it has more to do with their making-music-out-of nothing approach and the stripped-down production values that both groups shared. The irony: the REATARDS sound a lot fresher to me five or six years on. Jay REATARD has, of course, moved on to greener pastures with techno-weirdos the LOST SOUNDS—but *Bedroom Disasters* is a neat summation of the guy's earliest exploits. The CD collects a couple of long-gone EPs and a bunch of random outtakes—covers of the RAMONES' "Listen to My Heart," early versions of originals like "Teenage Hate"—you name it. Thrilling, dangerously adolescent, and a perfect antidote for the kinda airbrushed drek that passes for *punk* in the Computer Age. (JH)
(Empty, PO Box 12321, Portland, OR 97212, www.emptyrecords.com)

RED LIGHTS FLASH – "Free" CD

Austrian melodic hardcore with slight tinges of MTV emo in places, and metallic overproduction in others. I'm sure these guys' hearts are in the right place politically and everything, but the music is just not for me. It's probably not their fault because this type of stuff might still be pretty underground in Austria, but when you can turn on the radio or the TV and be bombarded with earnest melodic/metallic hardcore played by Hot Topic pretty boys you reach the saturation point pretty quick. Sorry guys. I guess if that's the kind of music that floats your boat, you can pick up the RED LIGHTS FLASH record with a clear conscience… (AM)
(A-F, PO Box 71266, Pittsburgh, PA 15213, www.a-frecords.com)

REGBURN / HEAVY ARTILLERY – split EP

The REGBURN side starts out with a great noise piece. Overblown power electronics type stuff, really nice. Then turns into some pretty decent lo-fi grind—shit noise type of stuff. There are two tracks of that, I think. These folks are off their rockers. Fans of SAAE will go for this. These loons side end with a nice annoying locked groove. The HEAVY ARTILLERY side plays inside out. This thing to me sounds like a live NO COMMENT bootleg. Good, catchy, fucked up, lo-fi, overblown shit punk. Of course their side ends with an equally obnoxious locked groove. Good wholesome DIY shit punk; bad art (in a good way—no cheesy computer fuck art), bad pressing (this thing pops and hisses throughout), and bad attitude. What more could you ask for? Clear vinyl, why? I don't know. Probably quite limited. I can't find an address anywhere. (RR)
(no address)

REIGNING SOUND – "If Christmas Can't Bring You Home" EP

The list of artistes that have come up with decent winter holiday discs is a pretty short one: HUEY "PIANO" SMITH, ALVIN & THE CHIPMUNKS, the YOBS, GEFILTE JOE & THE FISH, the SONICS, and a few others. Norton has certainly done their part to beef up this short list in the past years, and this, their most recent salvo, is another addition to those Hallowed Few. (DD)
(Norton, Box 646 Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276, www.nortonrecords.com)

REPERCUSSION – "And the Winner Is…" CD

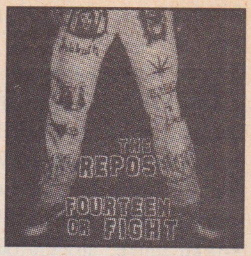
This New Jersey band plays your basic, mid-90s metalcore with over-the-top lyrics about fighting, brotherhood, and vengeance. The under produced drums keep this record from reaching the aural brutality that I expect from this genre. Not really my thing, but I am sure there are some of you out there that can appreciate lyrics like "Once we start this beatdown, we won't quit. Don't disrespect Jersey, we'll seal your fate." (CC)
(Spook City, PO Box 34891, Philadelphia, PA 19101)

THE REPOS – "Attack from All Sides" LP

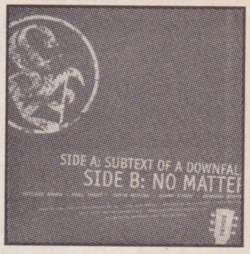
Imagine a less metal and more early 80s Boston version of INFEST. That might be the JERRY'S KIDS cover talking, but it probably has more to do with the similarities in their breakdowns and the over-the-top growling by the vocalist. Any way you slice it, this is still pretty good. I wish I could tell you what their lyrics are about, but unfortunately they are too blurry and *way* too tiny to make out. (CC)
(Youth Attack, www.ihateyouthattack.com)

REPOS / 14 OR FIGHT – split EP

Some good ol' fashioned Midwest-fuck-you hardcore on this split EP. Everybody knows that when there is a split record, there is a winner and a loser. It may not seem right,



RIGHT ON
NO JOKE


SIDE A: SUBTEXT OF A DOWNFAL
SIDE B: NO MATTEF

THE SPARK
BAIL OUT!
PIZZA

THE SUSPICIONS

music for haters
TEMPORAL SLUTS

but that's just the way that life is. On this particular EP, the winner is self-evidently 14 OR FIGHT, though these bands are actually fairly evenly matched in almost every regard. They are certainly drawing from the same well of influences, and their collective members have done time in likeminded Midwestern hardcore bands throughout the years. 14 OR FIGHT has a more workmanlike, straightforward approach, while the REPOS feature more "crazed" vocals and guitar parts. Ordinarily, the wilder influences present in the REPOS would convince me to give the nod to them, but after a few listens the riffs on the 14 OR FIGHT side of the record proved to be more memorable. Altogether, this is a strong split and a worthwhile listen for fans of modern DIY hardcore. (GN)

(Gloom, PO Box 14253, Albany NY, 12212)

RIGHT ON – "No Joke" EP

These Bay Area newcomers follow in the footsteps of their hardcore forbearers, bringing us seven tracks of fast hardcore not unlike BREAKER BREAKER or SOME STILL BELIEVE (the singer's previous band). What sets RIGHT ON apart, however, from the new crop of bands playing this style, are Skones' whimsical and heartfelt observations of today's hardcore scene. This is hardcore like it was meant to be played: fast and sincere. As with most Malfunction records, this release features the artwork of the infamous Linas Garsys, and can only be described as "Califuckinfornia." Represent. (CC)

(Malfunction, PO Box 220761, Chantilly, VA 20153-0761, www.malfunctionrecords.com)

SALTWATER VAMPIRES – "We are Masterpieces Created by God" CD

SALTWATER VAMPIRES play simple, straightforward punk-pop that recalls SCREECHING WEASEL without sounding like a clone. They have simple hooks and don't suck. On the back cover of the CD they are wearing the following shirts: Sinead O'Connor, Daniel Johnston, SLAYER. That is awesome. (WR)

(www.saltwatervampires.com)

SATAN'S PILGRIMS – "Plymouth Rock: The Best of" CD

Listening to two CDs worth of surf, even by the late, lamented SATAN'S PILGRIMS is a daunting prospect, but these two shiny biscuits, which combine the best of their releases with rare and unreleased tracks (including some new ones-scratch the "late" part, I guess), make for some fine listening. Though I don't know how you can release a "Best Of" without their jeenyus reworking of "Music to Watch Girls By," which turned that e-z listening snoozer into something evil. Still and all, it's good to see some life in the surf scene now that all the bandwagoneer beardos seem to have gone back to playing Tommy Tedesco licks. (DD)

(MuSick, PO Box 1757, Burbank, CA 91507, www.musickrecords.com)

THE SHAKEDOWNS – CD

Don't worry folx, there is a sticker on here that promises that there is no profanity anywhere in this disc; it also recommends that you listen to tracks one, two, and seven. I, on the other hand, recommend hanging yourself with your white belt before trying to make fake sassy "MC5-influenced" garbage. The kids may eat this up with a knife and fork, but we are the punks, and we will eat you alive. (NT)

(www.morphius.com)

SKYLINE AWAKE / RACES TO APRIL – split EP

SKYLINE AWAKE plays well produced emo pop with a rough edge. This hints at a misunderstanding of what HOT WATER MUSIC is about musically, if they are about anything in the first place. Precisely the kind of music I have no interest in, but if you are a STARTING LINE or NEW FOUND GLORY fan looking to slowly ease your way into liking punk, I guess this would be a good first step. RACES TO APRIL plays dull adult contemporary music that name checks BILLY JOEL and is somehow considered more within *MRR's* guidelines than the BOBBY JOE EBOLA & THE CHILDREN MACNUGGITS album that was refused a review three times. They are compared to BRAID, but would easily fit on a bill with ASHLEE SIMPSON or other diarrhea-inducing hairspray queens. Even CASE OF EMERGENCY has more to do with punk than either of these bands. (WR)

(Rosewater, PO Box 41005, Bethesda, MD 20824)

THE SPARK / BAIL OUT! – split EP

These guys are about five years too late, and it's a damn shame because both of these bands play catchy, skate-influenced hardcore on par with the likes of DEAD NATION and NO REPLY. I especially like the SPARK side, which is much better than their first record simply based on production. They also do justice to DAG NASTY with a solid cover of "One to Two." We get more of the same from BAIL OUT!, though their vocals aren't as strong as I would like them to be. I also found the BAIL OUT! song called "Drop the Torch," which criticizes the late-80s hardcore sound as generic and regurgitated, a tad hypocritical and inconsistent for a band who has a hand-drawn illustration of skateboarding hardcore kids with flipped-up brims on the cover of their 7". Everything is relative, gentlemen. (CC)

(Rosewater, PO Box 41005, Bethesda, MD 20824, www.rosewaterrecords.com)

STIV BATORS – "Disconnected" LP

This is the LP reissue of the STIV BATORS solo record from 1980, recorded between the demise of the DEAD BOYS and the formation of LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH. This is the period when he moved to LA to, I assume, become a rock star—and what a better way to do that than to start singing power pop? Not that there's anything wrong with power pop, it's just that Stiv doesn't quite have the all-American cute boy persona and upbeat vocal style that that genre usually features. He shouldn't be singing this. The advantage is that he ends up making it sound kind of dirty and nasty. The lyrics are kind of perverted too. Lucky for us, Stiv couldn't quite get away from himself. (CK)

(Bomp!, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510, www.bomp.com)

STONEAGE HEARTS – "Guilty as Sin" CD

Where are the sequencing specialists these days, this thing starts off with the weakest track on the disc! "Your Greed" unscrews my mouth twist with a decent slick harmony-garage sound that hews to the rather reverential treatment they employ on their broadly 60s garage-influenced songs (think CHOIR versus SONICS). The emphasis throughout is on clean production and solid musicianship, which situates this not in the "90s-60s" garage camp, but in the "80s-60s" garage camp. You want to know the kicker? If you could put these guys into a time machine to 1966 they would probably produce a stone classic, but something in the modern air keeps this one firmly grounded. (RW)

(Off the Hip, PO Box 1211, Carlton, VIC 3053, AUSTRALIA)

STRIKE FIRST – "Chant Down Babylon" CD

I was really hoping with the record title and artwork that this would sound like BAD BRAINS, or maybe even the CRO-MAGS. Unfortunately, STRIKE FIRST does not sound like either. Fast, modern hardcore with sweet guitar leads and vocals that just aren't intense enough for this genre. Just as a side note: the intro to the first track on here totally reminds me of the first track off the CHOKEHOLD *Instilled* EP. (CC)

(Crucial Response, Kaiserfeld 98, 46047 Oberhausen, GERMANY)

THE SUSPICIONS – "We're All Wrong / Memory"

This isn't punk in sound, but it is punk in spirit. That's what punk used to be. Punk used to be an attitude, now it's a sound. Too bad, because this is going to get overlooked by some, simply because it doesn't sound punk enough. This is going to sound horrible, but it's sort of jangly pop. It reminds me of early TELEVISION PERSONALITIES, only with female vocals. Now

doesn't that sound cool? It's got a very raw, basic, late 70s power pop sound to it. Very, very cool. Sometimes it's more punk to be less punk. (KK)
(Nerve Wracking, 425 Boylston Ave.E, Seattle, WA 98102)

THE SWAYBACK – "Distinguished Guest at the Downtrodden Ball" CD

The SWAYBACK plays gloomy rock music that is hard to pin down. Sounds to me like there is a heavy JOY DIVISION thing going on. The singer's voice soars over heavy, fuzzed out, basic, melodic chord progressions. Thankfully, there are no keyboards present. (WR)
(Too Bad You're Beautiful, www.toobadyourebeautiful.com)

TEMPORAL SLUTS – "Music for Haters, Vol. 6" EP

There is positively no info at all about the band on the sleeve so I have no idea where these losers are from........the label is Italian but that doesn't tell me shit these days because Italians are putting out records by everybody in the universe!!!!! The music here is yet more of that high-octane rock/punk that everybody feels very safe with at the moment.......!!!!! This stuff makes me feel very sleepy and that's not due to the fact that I'm getting old......I think it's because my "bullshit detector" is *stuck on ten* and it's making me lose energy!!!!!! Even the ADOLESCENTS cover ain't gonna save these guys from being just as dull as Bob Hope!!!!! (SW)
(Hate, via S.Giovanni in Laterano, 194 – 00184 Rome, ITALY, www.haterecords.com)

THREATENER – "The Fastening" EP

Full-throttle, relentless, blasting power-violence here from this Ann Arbor group. If any of the songs exceed 30 seconds I'd be surprised. The drums never decelerate from full-on blast tempos, except for a few breather "rock" breakdowns, complete with solos. One of said solos, on the last song, has some fresh panning action going on. Meanwhile, the cryptic, visceral, nightmare story and lyrics in the insert were reminiscent of the guy from PIG DESTROYER's style, though the band doesn't really sound anything like them. Anyone into HELLNATION and the like will be well into this. (EL)
(625, www.625thrash.com)

TOXIN III – "I Rock I Ran (Again)" LP

All six songs from TOXIN III's 1982 EP (including the *Killed by Death* fave "I Rock I Ran"), plus five additional specimens of enthusiastic crudpunk, pretty much of equal song and sound quality (same recording session?) as the EP. It's a welcome change from the muffled soundboard/rehearsal tapes that often fill up this sort of archival offering. Highly enjoyable. (Fun fact: the last microphone Hank Williams sang through was allegedly used in the recording of the EP). (DD)
(Rave Up, Via Crispolti 16, 00159 Roma, ITALY, www.tiscalinet.it/raveup)

TREE OF SNAKES – "The Ottoman Empire Strikes Back!" CD

TREE OF SNAKES delivers clean, sloppy, pop punk with whiny vocals and a goofy sense of humor much like the DEAD MILKMEN or the HORNY MORMONS. "Serious Knife Fight," "Miami Virus," and "Beerless in Seattle" showcase TREE OF SNAKES' talents, and they set the tone for the CD. If you don't think these things are funny, the droney, whiny vocals will drive you up the wall. On the other hand, they reveal their true vocal talents in the hidden bonus tracks. These kinds of silly bands always make me happy. (HM)
(Peanut Butter and Smelly)

TYRADES – "Incarcerated" EP

Last month Mr. Tim Brooks went on about how SMALLTOWN might be the best punk band in the last ten years. While I love that wacky bunch of Swedes, Chicago's TYRADES have managed to give us five singles, an LP, numerous comp appearances and not one bad track. This single continues the assault of fast, female fronted, driven punk rock, and includes a driving cover of WIRE's "Former Airline" that is even more aggressive and dangerous then the original. As good as this band is recorded, live is where they really shine. (JF)
(Die Slaughterhaus)

UNHOLY GRAVE / KADAVERFUCKER – split EP

Gotta say this isn't the most exciting of UNHOLY GRAVE releases I've heard, but then, these are basically just various unreleased rehearsal demos from up to eight years ago, so they have more of a completist's historical appeal than anything. Still pretty rocking, just not quite as intense as their newer stuff. KADAVERFUCKER, meanwhile, are semi-retarded sloppy old-school German black metal with plenty of horror movie samples and the best song title of the month, "Kaputtmaschine". Fans of NUNSLAUGHTER and the like take note—this is right up your alley. (EL)
(Power it Up, Postfach 1114, 38156, Vechelde, GERMANY, www.power-it-up.de)

VENEREAL DISEASE – "Mondo Macabro" CD

Old school death metal grind. The vocalist sounds like he is suffocating in his own blood after having his throat slit. You know these Spanish maniacs sit around in their underwear watching Italian splatter flicks with the sound turned down and CARCASS blasting in the background, bong in hand. Comic books scattered at their feet. "Virginal Necro Puss" is my personal fave: "Fecal Intestines around my penis, how you excite me." Crushing, lightning fast riffs from one "Guts Crusher." This disc is completely worthless as well as brilliant, and great fun. I wouldn't change a thing. Just the way I (and you) should like it. Sung in Spanish and with English translations or vice versa. (RR)
(Genital Herpes, PO Box 245, 48960, Galdacano Vizcaya, SPAIN)

VIKTIMS – "Busherie" CD

WELL GOD DAMN! This is a nice surprise, thick-as-hell thrashy hardcore with great, thick production. Elements of DEATHSIDE, "new thrash," and good ol'-fashioned metallic hardcore all blended together to make noise that makes me envision punx doing backflips off the stage. Heavy as hell to say the least. Unfortunately, four of the

THREATENER
the fastening

UNHOLY GRAVE
KADAVERFICKER

planting a seed
a compilation to benefit parkinson's disease research

eleven tracks are live and lacking in comparison to the down right brutality of the first seven. Altogether well worth tracking down. (NT)
(www.evilbiker.fr.st)

WANGS – "In Surf We Trust" CD

Nice to see that someone still trusts in surf music after the abuse it took from all manner of anal-retentive types during the Surf Boom, and they even walk it like they talk it with a soitenly pleasing mix of Miltonic brooding and almost out of control aggression. A few points off for covering "Bombora" and especially "The Wedge" (I shouldn't have to remind you at this late date, people) and I'll assume that the synthesizer on "Princess Lee" somehow seemed like a better idea than it turned out to be. The ski mask shtick also needs to go, but they're French so I'll give them a pass on that for now. Caveats notwithstanding, pretty impressive. (DD)
(Productions De L'Impossible, 6 Rue De Belfort, 25200 Montbeliard, FRANCE, www.productions-impossible.com)

WEAVING THE DEATHBAG – "Inoculation" EP

Another scorcher from Kangaroo Records in Holland! Based on the name and artwork, it would seem like a three-legged horse would have a better chance of winning the Kentucky Derby than this record being any good. But the second the needle hit the turntable, all of that is forgotten. WEAVING THE DEATHBAG pounds out seven tracks of fast, hectic hardcore that gets a thumbs up from this reviewer. (VH)
(Kangaroo, Middenweg 13, 1098 AA, Amsterdam, HOLLAND, www.geocities.com/tysonkangaroo)

WHITMORE – "Solstice Rise" CD

Über-produced commercial rock/pop CD. Reminds me a little of UNWRITTEN LAW when they signed to a major—y'know, that super-slick radio- friendly sound, yet with a bit of an "edge"—alternative rock. Comes with a Parental Advisory Explicit Lyrics logo thing as part of the front cover art, so I guess they are going for that crowd. (RK)
(Moon Ska Europe)

V/A – "Brewed in Sweden, Vol. 3" CD

A Swedish streetpunk showcase dating back to 2001. This one features BOMBSHELL ROCKS and VOICE OF A GENERATION, as well as AGENT BULLDOG (who turn a nice cover of MADNESS' "Disappear"), DIMS REBELLION, and the SLUGGERS, who have all appeared on previous volumes. Stand out tracks are SCAMS and the RUTHLESS BASTARDS. (AD)
(www.KjellHell.se)

V/A – "Collateral Damage" LP

We all know how disposable most comps are, most languishing in the bottom half of our collection, almost embarrassed to be seen. Or worse still whizzed off to our local music store to be sold for a handful of silver. Hostage records, Southern California's promoter of some of the finest rock 'n' roll this side of the Atlantic, can pride it self in turning out quality collections. Christ, we're still spinning their last comp, where the DRIPS made their unforgettable debut. Sticking for the most part—though not exclusively—to the sleaze sound of the seventies, *a la* the DEAD BOYS, SAINTS etc, there is not one bad track on this collection. All high octane and balls to the wall, and most definitely punk rock. The PILLZ, CODE 4-15, the BAD VIBRARONS, and a host of equally good others make this a definite keeper. (SD)
(Hostage, PO Box 7736, Huntington Beach CA 92615, www.hostagerecords.com)

V/A – "Hodge Podge & Barrage, Vol. 5" CD

Apparently the last in this series of great punk-garage compilations put out by the venerable 1+2 Records out of Japan. The quality quotient on these usually hits about 90%, and this one is no exception. Who cares about the sucky tracks, these are the immediate new rulers on this one: PREACHER'S KIDS, TROUBLE MAKERS, KODIAKS, HIGH VOX and MELLO YELLOW. There are also two absolutely killer tracks by a pair of Japanese bands who names are in *kanji*, so, uh...?&^%#(@!, you guys really nailed it! Both HIGH VOX and MELLO YELLOW (Jap, natch) channel the early 7" by the REGISTRATORS with their own personal obsessions shining through. There are also solid tracks on here by the RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS, RADIO REELERS, SHEMPS, and MARKED MEN that are as good as anything on their stand-alone releases. By my conservative estimate, there are seventeen party-useful muthas on this, so let's get some 7"s out of HIGH VOX, MELLO YELLOW, and the amazing +*$?><#!}. And not on a Japanese label please, you can trust us Amis again! (RW)
(1+2)

V/A "Not Psycho Enough!? Vol. 1" EP

A tribute to the COSMIC PSYCHOS, which is nice enough on its own, but this one contains a song from the incredible SUPERHELICOPTER, LTD—now we're talking! COSMIC PSYCHOS are a bunch of drunks from Australia who make a plodding racket, kind of like the sound going on in your head the morning after a long night of drinking. Mr. Dull, the label leader, considers them gods, so he saw fit to release the first of possibly *three* tributes to the band. Included are SUPERHELICOPTER, LTD, the MORMONES, BAD PREACHERS, and SLOGGY. All versions are pretty faithful to the originals except for SLOGGY's fuzzed out, electro, female-fronted version of "Lost Cause." Pretty cool whether or not you like the COSMIC PSYCHOS. (CK)
(Dull City, Tueveien 2, 9800 Vadso, NORWAY)

V/A – "Planting a Seed" CD

This is a rousing compilation that is actually a benefit, the proceeds for which go to fight Parkinson's disease. There is a damn fine line-up featured here, including CHAINSAW, BULLETTRAINMAFIA, DEADFALL, HOLIER THAN THOUGH, COMMON ENEMY, VOETSEK, DAMAGE DEPOSIT, CASE OF EMERGENCY, HE WHO CORRUPTS, CONGA FURY, and a lot more. 68 tracks in all! So what are you waiting for? A solid compilation benefiting a worthy cause…get to it. (RC)
(De Rok, PO Box 40392, Albuquerque, NM 87196-0392, www.killorbekilled.net/derok)

V/A – "Rock 'n' Rolla Outta Controlla" CD

This is something I'd re-title *Rock 'n' Roll is on Cruise Control*. Very average bands playing very average rock bordering on rockabilly. The bands are WISEGUY, 69 CHARGER, SILETTOS, BLACK RODEO and the LULABELLES. The vocalists all sound like they went to the DANZIG school of rock singing except for the LULABELLES, who have a very pleasant-sounding female vocalist singing very embarrassing school-girl lyrics. (CK)
(Stardumb, PO Box 21145, 3001 AC Rotterdam, NETHERLANDS, www.stardumbrecords.com)

DEMOS

Send all demos to: Erin Yanke, PO Box 1113, Portland,OR 97207. Please provide a postage paid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Erin Yanke & Paco Mus

AMNESTY is one lo-fi kid with a guitar and a bass, playing and singing at home. The vocals are loud and the songs are about homework and angst. ($1 ppd., 2-song CD, lyrics included. 644 Highland Park, Tupelo, MS 38801.) (Erin)

ANKYLYM is a musical three-ring circus: one part is bouncy kind of ska-like, with horns; one part is break-it-down metal with fat bass going on, and the third part is kind of funky. The vocals are theatrical, a mixture of speaking and singing. The mouth harp solos are in their own league. Wow. ($2 ppd., trades preferred. 15-song cassette, lyrics in Russian. Roman Pavlov, PO Box 429, St. Petersburg, 191123, Russia.) (Erin)

ANKYLYM also has a split with VYBRO ELVIS BAND. ANKYLYM sounds like their description above. The VYBRO ELVIS BAND starts out the tape with instrumentals reminiscent of the mix between high school marching bands, the band that plays behind belly dancers, and basic three-chord rock. The songs with vocals have little belly dance-Middle Eastern touch, and sound more like the SONICS. They do actually cover "Wild Thing" with a free jazz horn part. St. Petersburg is the heart of non-commercial punk rock. ($2 ppd., trades preferred. 15-song cassette, lyrics in Russian. Roman Pavlov, PO Box 429, St. Petersburg, 191123, Russia.) (Erin)

THE BAYONETTES turn in some zippy melodic punk rock here! That's punk with melody, not pop punk, OK? Good recording with nice raw guitars. The female vocals alternate between snarly and squeaky singing, but manage to maintain their snotty attitude all the way through. "Guilty Pleasure" is definitely the hit, but all five songs are really good. Look out for this band! (5-song CD, no lyrics. 210-1475 Queen St W, Toronto, ON, M6R 1A1, Canada.) (Fred the Barber)

THE FIGHT plays on-the-faster-side-of-mid-tempo, straightforward punk with guitar solos. The vocals are kind of sung, kind of slurred. (4-song CD, no lyrics included. 307 Bunola River Rd., PO Box 342, Bunola, PA 15020.) (Erin)

For The Kids is a comp CD put out by Right To Refuse Records. This comp has good flow, and is all about the tougher, slower hardcore, although some of the more traditionally paced songs are the ones that hint at melody. Features previously released songs, though some just as demos, by ARMY OF FLYING ROBOTS, BOXED IN, NARCOSIS, BROKEN ACCESS, THE MINGERS, COLONEL CRUMB, PATIENT ZERO, THE HAPPY HOSTAGES, FACE THE ENEMY, DEAD SUN RISING, I ADAPT, and FIGHTING SHIT. Only two of these songs are unreleased. ($5 or £4 ppd., 19-song CD, no lyrics included. PO Box 93, Boston, UNC5, UK.) (Erin)

GOD'S DICK sent in a live recording. Their songs have a metal edge to them, with the change-up parts (the head-banging pace morphing into the fast parts), the guitar sound, and the amount of leads. The vocals are kind of guttural, but they are also a bit buried in this recording. (Trade and postage, or $1 and 3 stamps. 6-song cassette, no lyrics included. 1070 SE 21st Ave., Gainesville, FL 32641.) (Erin)

LEBENDEN TOTEN and **SKITKIDS** split a cassette release! The SKITKIDS side is their demo in its entirety. And what do they sound like? Pissed-off Swedes playing driving hardcore punk rock (they didn't forget the rock). Totally solid and great. But LEBENDEN TOTEN is my true love of this coupling (probably because of my geographical proximity to them). They have the whole recording session for their 7", which includes songs from their demo and previously unreleased songs as well! But what do they sound like? Well, it's distortion, but no metal, and fast oompa oompa timing, and great spoken/yelled vocals. Glad to have new songs, glad to have this whole cassette. (22-song cassette, 11 songs for each band. Gas Mask, PO Box 107, Nadrazni, Zdar Nad Sazavou, 591 01, Czech Republic.) (Erin)

LOS SOBRIOS EMPUTADOS play mostly blazing hardcore and then take a bit of a break with the tempo, playing slower, catchier songs. Not for one second do they let up on the intensity of performance or message. The music is strong and relentless, guitar-driven, nothing-fancy hardcore, with vocals equally shouted and sung — and in Spanish. This is a winner. ($2 ppd., prefer trades. 12-song CD, lyrics in English and Spanish included. 400 Smith St., Fort Collins, CO 80524.) (Erin)

LOVELY LADS is apparently made up of members of R'N'R and XFILESX. They try to sound like LAST RESORT or a more rocking mid-period BLITZ, but end up sounding more scum-rock ala ANTISEEN. The guitar work is the main focus here with vocals that sound like a real street punk band, melodic but full of anger. Obviously, the problem with this type of band is their politics. More often than not bands from this genre say that their lyrics are "tongue in check," but in this case I don't think it's a joke. Lines like "Get away, my change is worth more than your life" from their anti-homeless song "Roll Them Up" and the compulsory SKREWDRIVER cover songs make me want to throw this away. Actually, I just did. (10 song CD, lyrics included. icepicksatdawn@aol.com) (Paco)

PARALLAX demo "*Widely Unknown Indeed*!" should be a pleasure for any self-respecting fan of complicated metallic hardcore Not far from DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN or ISIS, nor from SHIELD or DEADGUY. Six songs with enough tempo changes to drive you insane, all played in an ultra-tight, chaotic and dissonant, yet innovative way, so that you can still figure out what's going on with each instrument and at the same time follow what the singer is screaming. Amazing recording quality and two SIDE BYSIDE covers to top it off. (6 song CD, lyrics included. www.goldenspikemusic.com) (Paco)

REDS three-track demo is a great mix of SHOTMAKER and HOT CROSS. This demo is a clear example of old emo vs. new indie pop. Don't get me wrong, this isn't a conventional pop band, but a more melodic screamo band that definitely has more melody than the average WITCHING

HOUR copycats. They would fit perfectly with the new LEVEL PLANE bands. The three songs from this demo have different tempos and the vocal style is different in each of them too, having at times pretty interesting backing vocals. The spastic guitars and the hard hitting imaginative drumming keep the music passionate, as they switch from heaviness to melody without sounding cheesy. In total we have three songs in eight-and-a-half minutes with pretty good socio-political lyrics. Nice stencil logo on red over a black CD to. (3 song CD, lyrics included. redsareawesome@yahoo.com) (Paco)

RESIGNED TO FATE plays fast-paced, guitar-driven hardcore with a handful of metal elements. Which are? The wanking solos, the double bass drum, the other wanking solos, and the production. The hardcore elements are the blazing pace, the regular guitar parts, the shouted vocals, and the backup screaming vocals. ($2 ppd. 4-song CD, no lyrics included. 1212 Anna St., Denton, TX 76201.) (Erin)

ROTTEN FUX play traditional American hardcore, but with a bunch of buzzy, drill-like guitar noise separating you from them. The vocals are sore-throat screamed and pissed. They throw in a touch of melody here and there, but those parts are as frequent as a needle in a haystack. (7-song cassette, no lyrics included. 2235 Bray Ave., Santa Clara, CA 95050.) (Erin)

S.A.M. from Brazil sent in a four tracked demo that should appeal to lovers of DECIBELIOS, GAROTOS PODRES, or even INOCENTES, or OLHO SECO. Sung in Spanish and Portuguese, the vocals sound really strong and you can understand most of the lyrics. The music is totally influenced by old Brazilian hardcore punk bands and for most part it totally sounds like it, except for the guitar that sounds way too modern for my taste. All things considered, their sound is really abrasive and old switching between Oi and hardcore. Their songs are angry, raging street anthems. Their lyrics are really good, socio-political but without the semi-intellectual 'holier than thou' attitude that most hardcore bands tend to abuse. Do yourself a favor and send out for this one. (4 song CD, lyrics included. Marco Aurelio, Caixa postal 2041, 79008-970, Campo Grande/MS, Brazil. sam72@iname.com / sampunkhc@yahoo.com.br) (Paco)

SIKA has already broken up, but soothes the pain with this cassette, collecting songs from their split 7"s and their last practice tapes. They have the thread of classic early 80s thrash, but the songs also differ from each other. Some have melodic underpinnings, some put in a classic break-it-down mosh part, some have what sound like a punk version of traditional folk music to break it up, and some just blaze all the way through. The vocals are awesome, yelled and sung — sometimes in the most straightforward way, and sometimes like the guy has a mouthful of cotton balls. They do a RAW POWER cover, too. I'm so sad to have just discovered them 16 songs ago. RIP. ($3 ppd. world. 16-song cassette, lyrics included. Brancskaa 3, 851-5 Bratislava, Slovakia.) (Erin)

YOUSSOUF TODAY is already a classic here on my stereo. They have a mid-tempo, basic, rockin' pace, and a simple structure that then explodes, like good hardcore, into a tornado of energy and anger. The vocals are shouted, but the yelling is more musical than when your parents yell at you. Good backups, too. Unfortunately, the third song has a fade-out in the middle that sounds accidental, but maybe it's art. The rest of it rocks. (7-song cassette, lyrics included. Rue Des Foss Louis VIII, 76000 Rouen, France.) (Erin)

WARHAMMER 48K from Columbia, MO seem to think that *MRR* is a magazine along the lines of UK's *WIRE*—I can't understand why would they want their demo review in here. Their nine tracks from this recording are a decent mix of droning, repetitive noises, minimalist beats, lots of effects and samples, and no-musical landscapes that even if they are totally enjoyable by myself aren't particularly punk at all. Recommend for fans of John Wiese and other such electronic noisemakers. (9 song CD, no lyrics included. 515 High St, Columbia, MO 65201) (Paco)

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Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us.

ANARCHY #58 / $6
8.5 x 11 - printed - 84 pgs

Usually I can't make any sense out of most of the articles in here, but today I must've had the right amount of coffee or something. There are two philosophical tracts, decrying essentialism and moralism. I felt these attacked ideas I already thought were dumb. Especially the essentialism one seemed like a "straw man" type thing. There is an analysis of the '89 Tiananmen uprising and a broader one on spontaneously organized insurgencies across the world. These were alright; light on sources and not rocking too hard, but serviceable. There's a long review of the recent Cockburn & St. Clair anti-semitism anthology, and a few shorter book reviews. Field reports appear from the Black and Green gathering this past summer in Oregon and also a nationwide one from Turkey. The Black & Green one is short on details of what they talked about, but perhaps that's sensitive information; they do discuss a guy who got kicked out for being weird and creepy. Our own Aragorn! takes on "the Mass Model" (a theory of revolution), and many long-winded letter writers take on articles which appeared in previous issues. Certainly the best of these is the UFO-anarchy guy. Did you know that almost every civilization in the galaxy is of extra-terrestrial origin? I am not the target audience for this publication, as I would prefer a whole issue dedicated to UFO wingnuts to the usual contents. (JM)

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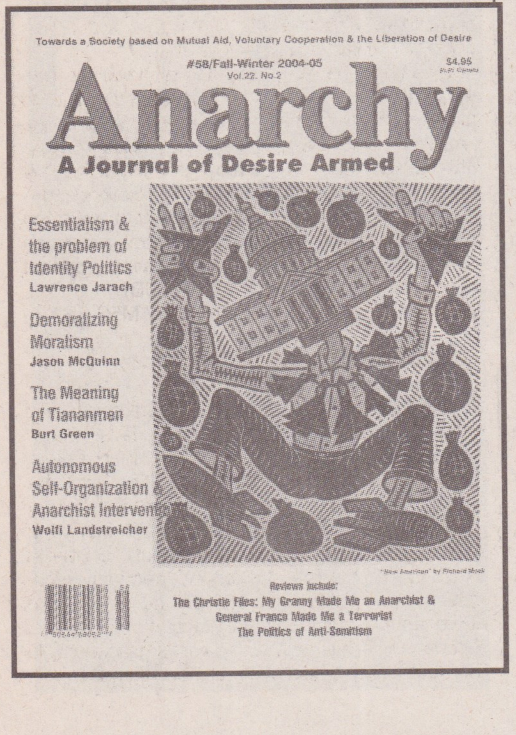

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BEOGRADE DOBRO JUTRO #5 / $5
8 x 11 - printed - 40 pgs - Serbian

Whoa, dude! When I pulled this fanzine out to read it on a public bus after leaving *MRR* I had to slide it right back into the envelope. My girlfriend says the babe adorning the front cover is good-looking. Just one hell of a provocative cover, is all I can write. Nevertheless, there is lots of cool hardcore punk in this fanzine, including interviews with Demob, the Zips, Special Duties, and Concrete Worms. There are also a couple of informative columns and plenty of really cool record reviews. Finally, there are plenty of ads and addresses if you are interested in the Yugoslavian scene. (HH)

Popovic Predrag / Maksima Gorkog 11 / 11000 Beograd / Serbia
dread@sezampro.yu

BITE THE HAND THAT FEEDS THE POISONED FOOD #2 / $4
4.5 x 5.5 - copied - 72 pgs

Tons of good stories and reports, this is seriously the shit that keeps me going. Among the most funny and inspiring are the top ten reasons to hate the cops and two interviews with members of the magpie collective who worked to create a livable functioning squat that lasted a long time and really sounds like a punk paradise with weekly groups, food not bombs, prisoner support, gardening, and group organizing! Holy shit! Then there's this rant about the integrity of the DIY ethic in record making and distributing that calls for accountablility and a stronger bond between punx—that's pretty real. Fuck yeah, this is a cover to cover read. (JB)

Cormy / PO Box 578 / 2200 København N / Denmark

BITTERSWEET #1 / $4
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 68 - pgs

Bittersweet is the chronicle of Brad Deason's migration from Louisiana to Santa Cruz, the SF Bay Area, and eventually the East Coast. It reminded me more of a John Fante book than a zine, as it was a "slice of life" story focused a lot on the day-to-day minutiae which most of us take for granted, but all of us (I hope) can relate to: finding a job and a place to live, making friends, and falling in love. My old English professor would refer to it as "celebrating the mundane" and it's something that is too often forgotten in writing: the notion that life isn't all about spectacle and adventure — sometimes the most touching moments in a person's experience can be found in the simplest circumstances; in fact, the simplicity often complements the touching moment. Anyway, *Bittersweet* was definitely above average, but could have been even better with the help of a good proofreader. (AV)

7209 25th Ave / Hyattsville, MD 20783
bradintentions@yahoo.com

BROKEN PENCIL #26 / $4.95
8 x 10.5 - printed - 96 pgs

I was particularly impressed by the way in which the vast content is organized in this long-running zine out of Canada. Each piece varies in length so that I, the reader, am eased through page after page and cover-to-cover. This zine honors all things independent, and mostly Canadian. Issue 26 appears to be teen-themed, highlighting some tremendously talented and industrious youth. I was reminded by the vast accomplishments of teen-zinester Jen Pilles that I was a rather lame teen—not very productive, save for a little art making here and there. But, I got over that and read on. Of interest was a comparison between British and Canadian vernacular in the comedic sense. I liked this piece especially. So, laughing to myself, I decided to re-read it and the second time through, became slightly confused. Maybe "How Yas Doon?" was not exactly a comparison of colloquialisms, but I pretended it was and continued to snicker. Gosh, that Cockney tip gets me. Yes, I have said this before; I'm kind of in love with it, "fanks" for understanding. An article discussing some of the finer horror films to come out of Canada, and a great piece on cult film actor Udo Kier (he's in Suspiria and some of Andy Warhol's grosser features)—got me all excited too. *Broken Pencil* shall be hailed as an excellent resource for the young reading and writing enthusiast. There are oodles of intelligent letters, thoughtful reviews, short stories, bios and essays—and best of all, no attitude. (DS)

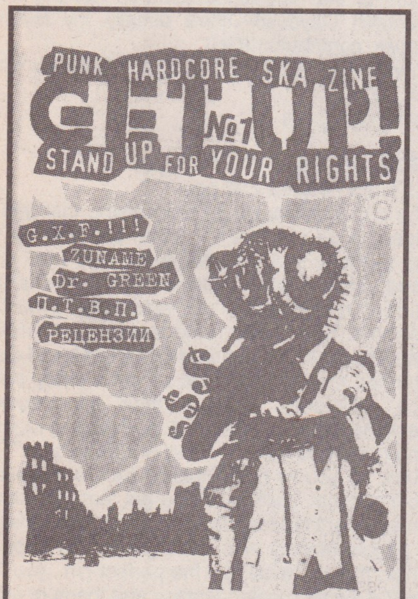
PO Box 203/ Stn P / Toronto, Ontario M5S2S7 / Canada
editor@brokenpencil.com

CUT SICK #2 / $3 or trade
8.5 x 11.5 - copied - 40 pages

An emphatically DIY hardcore punk zine based in Brisbane, Australia, this issue of *Cut Sick* features cover art lifted from the Abused EP, interviews with Straight to Hell, Justice, Nation of

Finks, The Pricks, Just Say Go!, and Straightjacket, and lots of headache-inducing (in a good way) cut'n'paste art. There are loads of pictures of clean cut boys moshing (X'd up, of course), and there is a goofy page of nothing but Think I Care photos and lyrics—this should all give you a pretty good sense of what's going on musically in the pages of this zine. I enjoyed the brief rundown on Aussie *KBD*-era stuff. Altogether, *Cut Sick* was an enjoyable read as it is a fanzine through and through. (GN)
Andrew / PO Box 10029 / Brisbane, QLD / Australia
cutting_sicko@hotmail.com

DAYS OF DISSENT #1 / $4
13.5 x 9.5 - copied - 48 pgs
Reminiscent of the glory days of *Class War*, but with better development and presentation of politics than that British tabloid of the 80s and 90s, *Days of Dissent* is a fantastic assumable of almost fifteen years of street mobilizations. This carefully made zine traces the history of summit mobilizations beginning with the IMF / World Bank protests in Berlin in 1988, and following all the way through to the recent mobilizations in Cancun and the G8 protests in France in 2003. Most of the articles, published by a small collective within the Dissent! Network, are first hand accounts of what worked in these street actions, what didn't, and the lessons to be learned. It's an amazing collection that should serve as an inspiration of the value and need to stand in defiance to the forces of oppression, globalization, and neo-liberalism. Best of the whole year. (CR)
Days of Dissent! Magazine / Box 8, The Sumac Centre / 245 Gladstone Street / Nottingham / NG7 6HX / UK
daysofdissent@yahoo.com.uk



DESIGNS FOR THINGS I'LL NEVER MAKE #1 / $4
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 24 pgs
As kids, we all came up with plans, crudely drawn but finely detailed of various things to make. Clubhouses, explosive devices, and flying bicycles. Unfortunately, most if us stopped. But Ben not only continued the important exercise of planning and developing, but has also actually collected these in a zine. He even claims to have made some of them. It's a cute read, but maybe instead of shelling out four bucks, you should work on your own damn designs! (CR)
Ben Classen III / 7209 25th Ave / Hyattsville, MD 20783
bendependent@yahoo.com

THE EAST VILLAGE INKY #25 / $2
5.5 x 4.25 - copied - 40 pgs
Another pleasing issue of *The East Village Inky* has arrived. Inky must be so proud of her cool mama, author of this fun and personal zine. She is willing to include her young offspring, Inky and Milo, while participating in peaceful yet daring actions organized by angry dissenters in home-state New York (during last summer's RNC); and exclude them from other more dangerous actions, like window washing. That kind of openness coming from a parent will most certainly earn a child's respect without making an issue of it, and thusly earns the respect of reader and reviewer alike. If you've never read this, it's time to pick one up, especially if you are a punk mom or dad looking to share in a few laughs. (DS)
Ayun Halliday / PO Box 22754 / Brooklyn, NY 11202

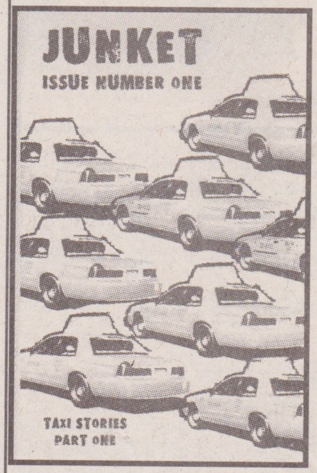
FISH PISS Vol. 3, No. 1 / $4
8.5 x 11 - copied, silk screened cover - 164 pgs
Fish Piss comes out of Montreal and is thick. There are interviews with Joey Shithead of D.O.A., Kid Koala, articles about independent vs. major labels, and a "world war report," as well as essays, comics, and news. There was some interesting material, like the article about the history of 45 rpm records or the story entitled "The Trouble with Hitler," about a guy going back in time to kill ol' Adolf's parents. But all in all, there was just *too much,* and the overall quality was pretty iffy. Not terrible, necessarily, just not particularly interesting. The worst part was the silk-screened cover. When I held it, there was something about the texture of the ink that sent chills up my spine; which is a major design flaw, if you ask me. Everything about *Fish Piss* seems to say one thing: stay away. (AV)
PO Box 1232, Place d'Armes / Montreal / Quebec / Canada

GET UP #1 / $3
8 x 6 - printed - 76 pgs - Russian
Well, because this fanzine is Russian I couldn't read it. Nevertheless, I can report that there are interviews with G.X.F., Zuname, Dr. Green, and two other bands whose names do not transpose directly into Latin script. The second half of this fanzine consists of record reviews — some American stuff and lots of European stuff. Overall this is a pretty cool punk, hardcore, and ska fanzine. (HH)
Kirill Mikhailov / PO Box 51 / 198332 St Petersburg / Russia
www.karma-mira.nm.ru

GREEN ANARCHY #18 / $4
8.5 x 11 - printed - 88 pgs
So I know this zine has been around for a while now, but I have never gotten around to reading it. Mostly this contains the typical articles I would expect from an anarchist zine: long, well thought-out articles about anarchy, but generally nothing too new or mind-blowing. If you enjoy *Anarchy* magazine, or any of the Crimethinc. zines, you will probably like this, but the way I see it, it's basically just porn for anarchists. (CQ)
PO Box 11331 / Eugene, OR 97440
collective@greenanarchy.org

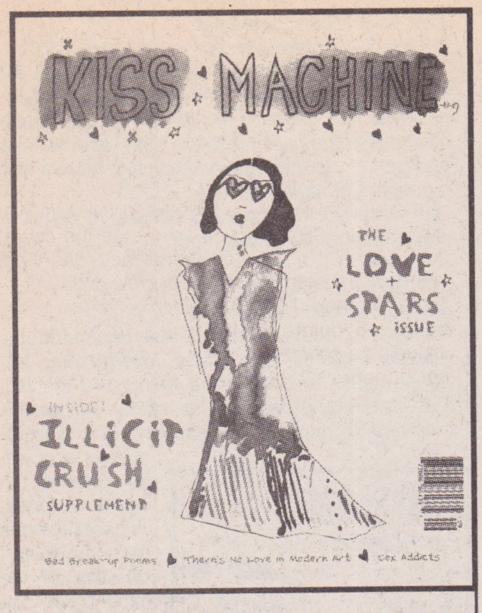
THE JUNIPER #2 / stamps
8.5 x 5.5 - printed - 4 pgs
This was about this guy riding his bike around town, stopping at community gardens and taking pictures, and appreciating the joy of community gardens. In the back there are a few zine reviews on farming, gardening, and bicycles; there's also a couple CD reviews. (ME)
Dan Murphy / PO Box 6352 / Boise, ID 83707
messyelephant@hotmail.com

JUNKET #1 / $3
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 40 pgs
Maybe I'm alone in that I feel uncomfortable reading peoples lost letters, overhearing cell phone calls, and otherwise being told the intimate details of people at rather vulnerable moments in their lives. It seems that this exposure is a popular one in the world of zines, *Junket* provides that same sort of slice of life insight into the grimy world of taxis. The author shares his stories, or more accurately, his clients, stories that more often than not include drink and desperation. In this issue he tells the stories of kids sent home by cab, drunks causing trouble, and NRA convention attendees. The stories are short and don't really get to in depth, which is probably for the best. I guess when it comes down to it, I don't really want a story about me puking in a cab to be shared with the world, so a zine like this doesn't do much for me. (CR)
PO Box 7183 / Pittsburgh, PA 15213
justin@crucialunit.com



KISS MACHINE #9 / $?
6 x 8.5 - copied - 85 pgs
I'm less fascinated by the cult of celebrity than most, and to be confronted with an entire zine on the topic makes me a little queasy. Why in the world of independent publishing would anyone think it necessary to focus on the subject that is quite reasonably exhausted by every other mainstream form of media, particularly in these times of desperate crisis that we as humans are faced with? Even in the form of fiction, I simply cannot take this "star worship" seriously. (JB)
PO Box 108 / Stn P / Toronto, ON / M5S 2S8

KISS OFF FANZINE #10 / $3 or trade
4 x 5.5 - copied - 54 pgs
A zine about travel and isolation, friendship and growing up. Pretty standard zine fare at this point, but it's an enjoyable read nonetheless. The first half is about the editor visiting his sister in Australia, and the second half is about life after the return home to Canada. I got this feeling of disconnection from his writing about his time in Australia. In the introduction he mentions hitchhiking through the Outback, but he goes on to write about feeling out of place in Melbourne, almost as if he is watching what is happening to him but doesn't have any real involvement in it.



The second half of the zine is about feeling out of place at home, late night discussions, existential crises, playing Scrabble, friendship and alienation, punk rock campfire jam sessions, etc. There are a million zines like this out there, but I liked this. (LG)
Chris / 140 Blackburn Ave / Ottawa, ON, KIN 8A7 / Canada

KRACHMACHER #1 / $6.50
6 x 7.5 - Printed - 48 pgs
I love it when I get full-color graphic novels for review. I always feel like I just got a present. This is another one that blurs the line between zine and book. One of its three stories is a surreal character drama which continue in coming issues. Another is a cute tale about an old man saving the world. *Krachmacher* finishes off with a story about a guy who wears a wolf hat and his talking meatloaf. I enjoyed this a lot: great art, good stories, and full color. (CQ)
www.meathaus.com

LOSERDOM #12 / $4
5.25 x 8.75 - copied - 44 pgs
Bike punks who want to see what's up in Dublin might want to look inside here. The illustrated report of the seven stage bike race they organized would go over well with the bike messengers I know, with its blow-by-blow account of how it came down to the wire. Other reports detail the media response to May Day and the protests against Bush's visit to the Emerald Isle. Students of sociology may appreciate the look at punk as a subculture, featuring Dublin punks giving their ideas. Also examined are fair-trade produce and pricing, why Westerners follow such terrible diets, and how any long-haired bearded dude could get paid to dress up, smoke joints, and stumble around when a period piece was filmed nearby. There are zine reviews and no ads. On the plus side it's real distinctive, unlike too many zines, but I didn't find it to be a real amazing read. (JM)
Anto / 17 New Cobra Rd / Phibsboro / Dublin 7 / Ireland

LOWCARD #6 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 52 pgs
To those of you who abandoned your skateboards months or years ago citing some lame excuse ("I was getting hurt too much;" "the boards got too small;" "I wasn't any good"), I have one thing to say: you fucked up. *Lowcard* zine is awesome because you take one look and you remember what skateboarding is all about: road trips with almost no money, rocking out for any or no reason, drawing on your friends when they're asleep, barbequing all the time, skating as fast as you can, and making everything possible. There are a lot of zines that fall all over themselves trying to be profound and convince the world that they have something to say. The fact is that sometimes that isn't the best approach. When you get down to it, *Lowcard* really has nothing to say, and that's why it says it so perfectly. (AV)
460 Lyon St #1 / San Francisco, CA 94117

OBSCENE EMMISION #2 / $3
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 84 pgs
Why does it seem like prisoner zines are always long disjointed rants about some topic or other? Not that I mind; all my conversations are the same way: long rambling diatribes about whatever strikes my fancy at the moment, until everyone gets bored and leaves and I end up jabbering at myself like an idiot. But I digress. This zine is a long rant about the glory of underground metal and how much ass it kicks. There is also a healthy dose of hardcore punk content in there to keep me from feeling too alienated. As someone who was never into metal, I found it interesting to learn about the history of different genres. So if you really want to read about metal, you should definitely pick this up. Also included are interviews with Destructions End and Goatkult. (CQ)
109 Arnold Ave / Cranston, RI 02905

ONE WAY TICKET #3 / $3 or free to prisoners
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 40 pgs
Another travel zine. This one really reminded me of *In Abandon.* The layout is exactly the same. This is probably the most earnest zine I have read in about a year, which can get irritating — but I tend towards mean-spirited cynicism. This reads like a collection of snapshots of ideas and places and people: abandoned on dusty roads in between borders with no hope, working on newly organized coffee plantations, getting rides from judgmental bigots and in the process, learning about humanity. It's about how some people are able to shape their own destinies with ease and some have to fight for every inch. For all the "between gutter and stars" poetics which sometimes felt cloying, this ended up being a pretty inspiring read that definitely makes me wish I were not sitting in a rain-flooded room in Oakland. I would buy this. (LG)
Julian / cp 55018 / Montreal, QC, H3G 2W5 / Canada

kissoff
fanzine.
number 10

ORIENTAL BEAT #8 / $3 or trade
6 x 8 - printed - 48 pgs - Italian
This fanzine starts out with a few columns and then goes into some interviews with the Harmonas, Dollhouse, Pouty Lips, and Motorcity Brags. There is a short gig review of a Bob Dylan show, plus an article on Jim Carroll. The rest of the fanzine is mostly record reviews. There are only a few ads. (HH)
Michele Bisceglia / Piazza Cinque Giornate 2 / 20051 Limbiate, MI / Italy
miguelbasetta@tiscali.it

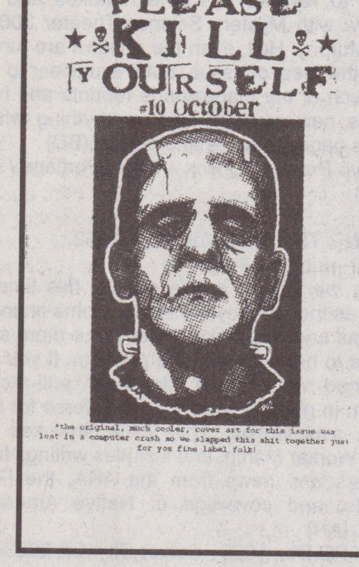
PAPING #11 / $8
8.5 x 11 - printed - 72 pgs
Over time, *Paping* has really become one of the better comic/graphic fanzines out there. I have long been impressed by their solid artwork, screen printed covers, and superior print quality. This issue ups the ante by being full-sized, with thick paper and lovely hand-screened covers. Most of the issues that I've seen of *Paping* are contributor-based theme issues, and this one is no different, the theme this time around being "Us and Them." People's interpretations of this theme are pretty loose—in fact, many of the short pieces lack the sort of narrative coherence that I prefer in comic art. Nonetheless, much of the art is really phenomenal, and some of the pieces that stuck out include the ones by Sara Edward Corbett and zine coordinator John Mejias. Altogether, this is pretty essential stuff for fans of DIY graphic storytelling. My only complaint is that this issue featured nothing from Meredith Gaydosh—she's usually my favorite *Paping* contributor. (GN)
John Mejias / Box 128 / 45 East 7 St / New York, NY 10003
www.paping.org

PEAK OIL TRACT / $? or trade
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 32 pgs
The author starts off by proclaiming that this is indeed a personal rant. I thank you Antonio for the warning, and with that being said I will proceed. Broken down between the pages is the current consumption vs. resources available dilemma, hand written and drawn. The cartoon narrator speaks to the reader in a frank and calm manner, urging those who do not already practice resistance to curb their consumption because life, as we know it, is changing rapidly, and it really "is the only thing worth living for." OK punk, so you've heard this all before, but have your parents, siblings, if you got 'em, grandparents, distant old friends, and co-workers? This is a people friendly zine in language and appearance; thereby making it the perfect gift...you follow? A sweet utopian fantasy and loads of additional resources grace its contents. The additional resource listings were particularly impressive, which is why I suggest giving it as a gift. We don't want to insult those whom we are attempting to convince (convert); so, in order for people to feel stoked on continued self re-education they must be empowered with choices and not feel like they're just being preached to. This zine is effective in that way. (DS)
springbreak1997@hotmail.com

THE PERFECT MIX TAPE SEGUE #3 / $1
4.25 x 7 - copied - 24 pgs
Joe from Portland, Oregon makes this one. It's slice-of-life material with stories about his family, his roommates, and various coming-of-age events. Behind the text are amusing graphics that don't really have anything to do with the writing.

The subject matter he starts with is good, but the writing could be stronger. (AV)

Joe / 5307 N Minnesota Ave / Portland, OR 97217


PLEASE
KILL
YOURSELF
#10 October
*the original, much cooler, cover art for this issue was lost in a computer crash so we slapped this shit together just for you fine label folk!

PLEASE KILL YOURSELF #10 / $?
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 28 pgs
I guess this zine is supposed to be funny or something, but I do not think it's very funny at all. Call me PC, but I don't find humor in comments like "hermaphrodites are disgusting" or about how Bill, one of the zine's contributors, has a "big nose which rubs the clit during cunnilingus." Yuck. This zine wasn't even good enough to offend me. (CH)

630 E 14th St / Houston, TX 77008
pkymag@hotmail.com

PLOPPYPANTS #3 / 50 pence
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 28 pgs
The cover of *Ploppypants* #3 asks "Just who might be watching over you?" and is accompanied by a sort of paranoid, Orwellian graphic. It got me thinking about how little choices in zine-making are *so* important. "Watching over you" seems to connote a helpful watchfulness, as from a guardian angel or a caring mom; "watching you" might have been more appropriate. But I digress. *Ploppypants* comes from Scotland and contains interviews with Eastfield, Oi Polloi, and Vomitus, articles about jobs held by Roddy Ploppy Pants (the zine's creator), and zine reviews. (AV)

Roddy Ploppy Pants / Pillars of Hercules Organic farm / Falkland / Fife / Scotland

POCKET BOXING BEATDOWN / $? or trade
4.25 x 5.5 - copied - 50 pgs
A person for whom I have a very fond opinion of gave me this hand drawn comic/zine. This is the latest endeavor by artist Sy Margolis who brought us *Those Fucking Unicorns* this time last year, so fans take warning. *Pocket Boxing Beatdown* is like a brutal-sex education manual for Kangaroos and their friends, with line drawn characters that are embarrassingly accurate and so very cute. The dialogue between the two contenders and the enthusiastic spectators will certainly prompt laughter and cheer. Some may be put off by the violent sexual imagery, as it may seem disrespectful to ladies of all species, though I do not feel that it is the intent of the author to disrespect anyone. She closes with a detailed description of the anatomy. Those facts are relative to what might be misconstrued as questionable sexual practices demonstrated by the brutish marsupial, clarifying the content so as not to be seen simply as smut. This is really a sensitive piece of work—humorous too. The hand screened cover is also attractive; see for yourself...if you dare. (DS)

Sy / 3017 20th St / San Francisco CA 94110.

PRISON MUSIC #2 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 24 pgs
Most of us who are not ex-cons can say that although we don't *really* know what it's like on the inside of the big house, we have a general idea: dehumanizing conditions, brutal social interactions, and the crushing boredom of months and years spent confined. That having been established, I thought, what exactly is a prison zine's best application in the world? How can it do the most good? The answer, I believe, is in inspiring other prisoners not to lose hope. If I had a message for prison zine makers, it would be this: despite the fact that prison life is nearly unbearable, and it is tempting to write about nothing but *that*, your mission, quite simply, is to inspire your fellow prisoners, in whatever way possible. *Prison Music* does exactly this, waxing rhapsodic on the topics of long lost loves, the simple joy of a piece of fresh fruit (a rarity in prison), or the excitement of a visit from a friend or family member. If you know someone on the inside, I'd bet they'd appreciate an issue of *Prison Music.* (AV)

PO Box 142 / Lorane, OR 97451

THE PUTANG INA MO #4 / free or trade
8.5 x 11 - copied - 4 pgs
I usually like to smoke weed through my ass, too, Jay! Nah, really though, I like this zine for its brevity and wit, although this issue is different than the last one I saw because it is heavier on the side of goofy irrelevance than on the side of good storytelling. The interview with Dead Chretiens is a complete joke but lacking humor. I can tell the boys had a good time hanging out or whatever, but it's so brief they don't even have time to show personality so what's the point if all the answers aren't serious. I feel like I'm always reading the same interview that only talks about drinking and smoking and boning but it's a parody of itself by now, since they probaby really are too fucked up to say anything about anything. Then there's the more antiquated form of an interview that discusses politics and doing zines on no budget, with Boris from Fecal Forces Zine. Don't forget the show review! Above all, the graphic intentions of this shorty make it good. (JB)

Jay Garcia / Cluster-M, Lot-72 / Bagong Nayon 1 / Antipolo City 1870 / Phillipines
Turbocore@lycos.com

RANCID NEWS #8 / $3.50
7.5 x 11.5 - printed - 116 pgs
There are some columns and Crimethinc. reprints but mostly it's 100,000 interviews…or it seemed that way when I tried to read them all. Mostly, if you like the bands, you'll like the talks herein. Bands include: Break It Up, the Break In, On Thin Ice, Chillerton, Most Precious Blood (their label was stoked on their CD being in Wal-Mart so they "sort of had to" change the cover), the (International) Noise Conspiracy, das Oath, Q and Not U, and Jon Active & crew on London's 56@ info shop. There's a bunch of shit on animal rights (+5 points for the squid on the cover), including a scientist who's into killing vivisectors, not "innocent" animals. Ads and reviews make up the rest. (JM)

PO Box 382 / 456-458 the Strand / London / WC2R 0DZ / UK

HELLO! my name is...
Rancid-News
AND NOT U * THE (INTERNATIONAL) NOISE CONSPIRAC
GRABASS CHARLESTONS * NO COMPLY * 56A INFOSHOP *
HExBREAKxIN * KILL THE LIGHTS * MOST PRECIOU
LOOD * CHILLERTON * JERRY VLASAK * BREAK IT U
ON THIN ICE * DAS OATH * RNC REPORT * PUNKVOTE
PLUS ARTICLES ON ANIMAL LIBERATIO
REVIEWS * COLUMNS * STORIE
£1
#8
november * december 2004

SHADOWPLAY #12 / 50¢ or trade
5.5 x 8.25 - copied - 30 pgs
My favorite part is the picture of the rabbis buying very cheap yogurt as a boy walks away with a hotdog and bats emerge from cave and sky. (CH)

28 Warwick Rd / Mapperley Park / Nottingham / CG3 5ES / UK
shadowplayfanzine@hotmail.com

SLUG AND LETTUCE #81 / postage
11 x 15 - printed - 16 pgs
What can I say about *Slug and Lettuce* that hasn't been said before? It's the kind of zine that works its way into your hands season after season for you to pull out on the bus, in between bands at a show, or whenever a free minute emerges. Maybe you start to take zines like *S&L* for granted because it seems that they'll always be around, but believe me it takes a lot of energy and care to put out a consistent fanzine, and Chris(tine) has been at it longer than almost anyone. This issue is a bit shorter than usual, but the same elements that have kept this a classic read are present: columns, exuberant reviews, and

excellent photography. It's the sort of thing that makes me feel like saying, "up the punx" and leaving it at that. (GN)
Christine / PO Box 26632 / Richmond, VA 23261-6632

SMELLING TREES #1 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 - printed - 32 pgs
Smelling Trees is the work of a person named Sun Noon of Suwanee, Georgia. Visually, *Smelling Trees* has a pretty cohesive look. It's black and white, with small, simple print, and some handwritten text at the beginning and end. My favorite things about it were the images peppered throughout the zine, some of which were superimposed by text. The images consisted of trees and faces, starscapes, and animals. Trippy? Umm, yes, as is the writing. It's all very emotional and dreamy and arty, but I imagine it will find an audience. If you're currently experimenting with psychedelics, or would like to read a story in which trees and characters named "the dreamer" are prominently featured, this zine may be for you. (AV)
2133 Hwy 317, Suite 14 - 239 / Suwanee, GA 30024

StormWarning!
#49
Fall 2004
$2
Vietnam Veterans Against the War Anti-Imperialist
the costs of imperialism

STORM WARNING! #49 / $2
8.5 x 11 - printed - 16 pgs
This issue is entitled "The Costs of Imperialism" and features a cover montage with images that include the Abu Ghraib electro-Klansman, a crying Iraqi child, a seriously injured body, and a soldier placing a helmet on an M-16.While the "anti-imperialist" politics of the magazine should be viewed with a very critical eye, the general theme that the war in Iraq is bad is pretty hard to disagree with. War is bad. Veterans should know this better than anyone. These are the few veterans who actually do something about it that doesn't look like a straight appeal to authority. For that, they should be commended. The content of their magazine includes a listing of CO's who are suffering, a story about the efficacy of escaping to Canada, a statement from Iraq veterans against the war, and an essay that links a lack of honor to fighting an imperialist war. This last one reads better if you turn your humor reflex off. (AR)
VVAWAI / PO Box 21604 / Seattle, WA 98111-3604

SWEET SPOT #1 / $2
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 36 pgs
A zine about parking spots is about as interesting as you would imagine. *Sweet Spot* contains stories about parallel parking, contempt for meter maids, and vandalism. Yeah it's about what you'd expect (CR)
Joshua Peck / 911 Parsons St / Norman, OK 73069
unpavedroad@yahoo.com

THERMIDOR #2 / $2 or trade
8.5 x 11- copied -28 pgs
This reads like a small town boredom zine. I admit I was a little wary at first — the handwritten Misfits lyrics and zombie baby skeleton on the first page kind of put me off. But this is rad and super funny. Kate makes zombie movies and gives DIY tips so you too can "rip off an arm while blood spurts out of the stump!" among other things. She interviews Lloyd Kaufman of Troma, explores abandoned mental asylums and strip joints, and bemoans the spread of suburban sprawl because it prevents her from exploring an abandoned missile base. Kate is someone who definitely knows how to create their own fun. (LG)
Kate Amok / 4229 Regent Sq / Philadelphia, PA, 19104
thermidor@bearhome.net

THIS MAGAZINE SHOULD BE READ LOUD #1 / $?
8.5 x 11 - printed - 62 pgs
When I first laid eyes on *This Magazine should be Read Loud,* I swore I was looking at one of those goddamned TV listings things that come with the Sunday paper. It's black and white, printed on newsprint, with a cover that is deeply oversaturated, kind of dark and in color. The cover photo is of Johnny fucking Carson. Why? I honestly can't say. Mike McGuirk is apparently the editor of this publication. McGuirk sometimes writes music articles for the *Guardian* in San Francisco, and usually writes with such amazing, hilarious aplomb, that despite the fact that I don't like the bands he does, (elf rock, Grateful Dead shit), I will read and enjoy every one of his articles from start to finish. The stable of writers he has for this zine, however, is really spotty. I might be willing to cut it some slack if it wasn't for the other problem: there is no graphic design element whatsoever. Tax literature and voting guides are fascinating to behold compared to this thing. It's not that the layouts or graphics aren't that hot, it's that they're pretty much nonexistent. Avoid this one. (AV)
(no address)

TONES AND NOTES #2 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 12 pgs
BEN: This zine is clearly written by an insane person. Seemingly alien music notation for an unspecified instrument. Lets see what Tenaya has to say.
TENAYA: After an astounding two sentences I find myself prying my eyes open and making a painfull attempt to maintain my strained attention span enough to finnish the first page. You alienate all but extreme music nerds. Note; Next time don't tape the edges of your zine together and use it as an envelope. Nice going buddy.
BEN: And maybe actually put something on the cover like, oh I don't know...the title? (BD)
PO Box 190 / Philomath / OR / 97370

TOO MUCH COFFEE MAN MAGAZINE #21 / $4.95
8 x 10 - printed - 64pgs
At some point—I'm not sure when—*Too Much Coffee Man* changed it's format from a comic book to a full-on magazine. I'm still not sure if I'm totaly into the change, just 'cause I loved the *TMCM* comics so much. This is the first issue I've read since the format change, and I've got to say that it was a great read and totally funny from cover to cover. Lots of articles and stories ranging from Superman dealing with the judicial system to reviews of movie remakes and an interview with Mystery Science Theater 3000s' Kevin Murphy. Hell, even the reviews are funny. This is the "best of" issue, but it is unclear to me how much of the magazine is reprints and how much is new material since everything within *TMCM*s pages is satire and parody.(BD)
Adhesive Press / PO Box 14549 / Portland / OR / 97293

TURNING THE TIDE Vol. 17, #3 / $2
11 x 17 - printed - 8 pgs
Turning the Tide is a little smaller this time. It seems as though they are having some financial problems and would like to get some more subscribers to help alleviate the problem. If you are concerned with radical racists or anti-racism activism in general, you could do worse for $16 than a subscription. This issue analyzes the Million Worker March, and includes writings from prisoners and news from the ARA, the RNC protests, and coverage of Native American issues. (AR)
PART / PO Box 1055 / Culver City, CA 90232

VOICES WAKE US #13 / $1
8.5 x 11 - copied - 12 pgs
This zine is the Cliffs Notes to all the Misfits songs and records ever written. I'm no Misfits fan, but this guy knows his stuff and *Voices Wake Us* is actually a pretty funny read. (CH)
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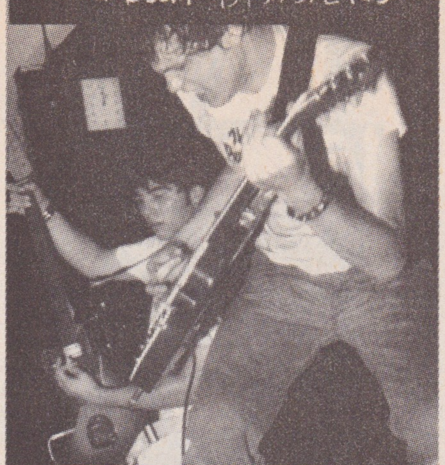

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Bed Room Disasters

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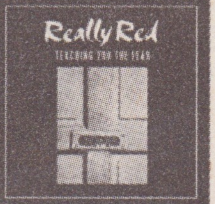

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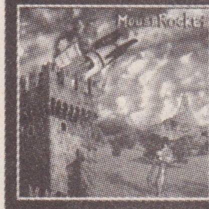

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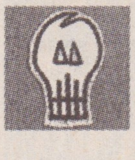

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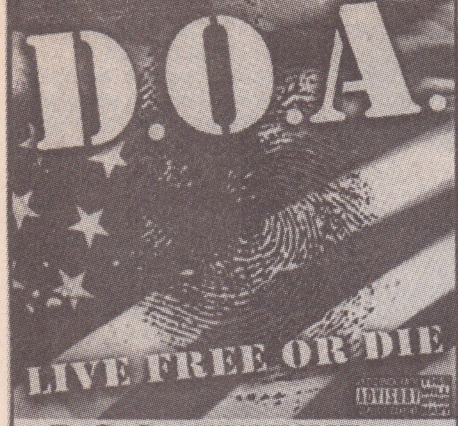

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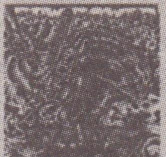

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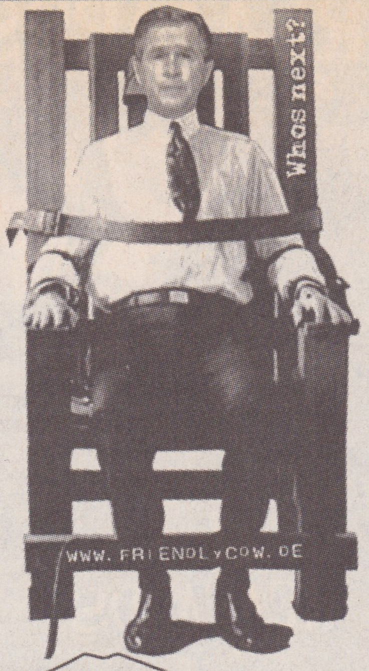

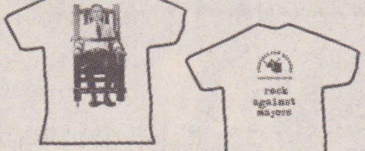

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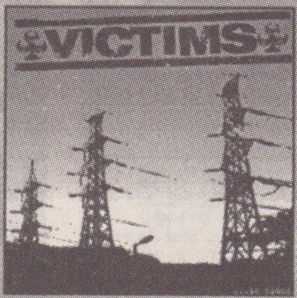
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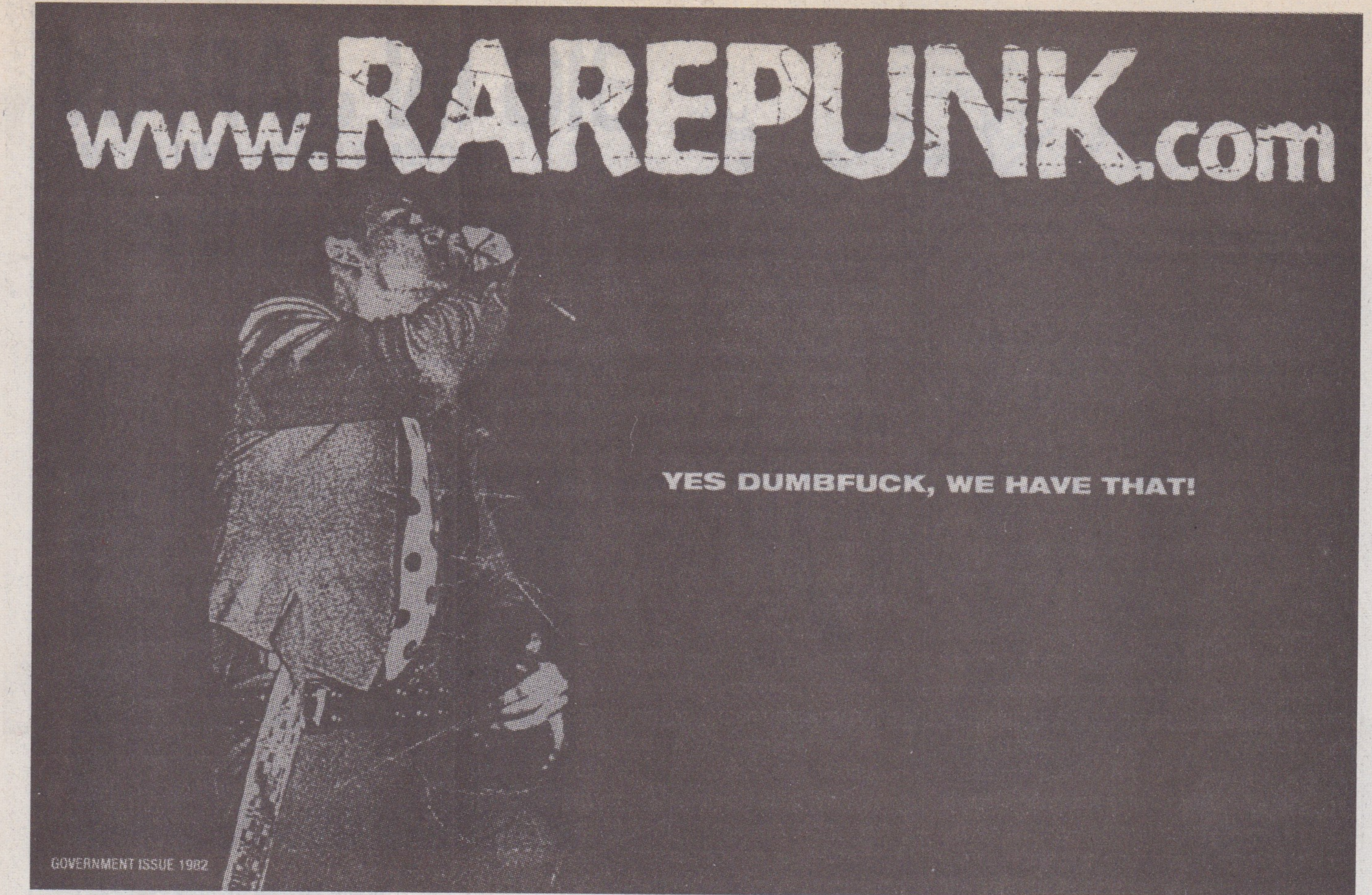

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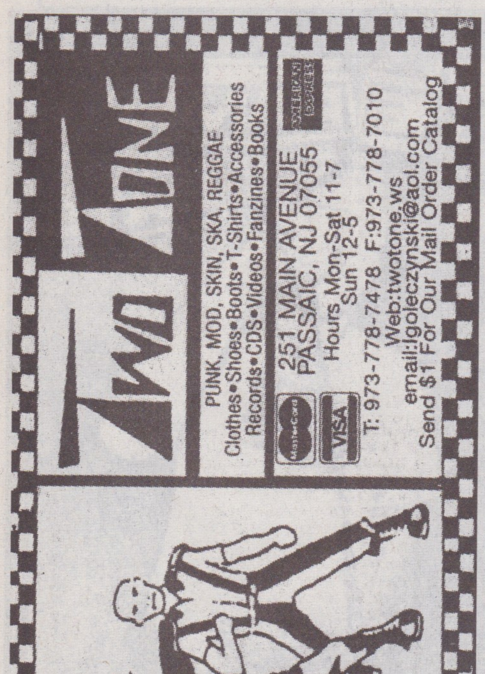

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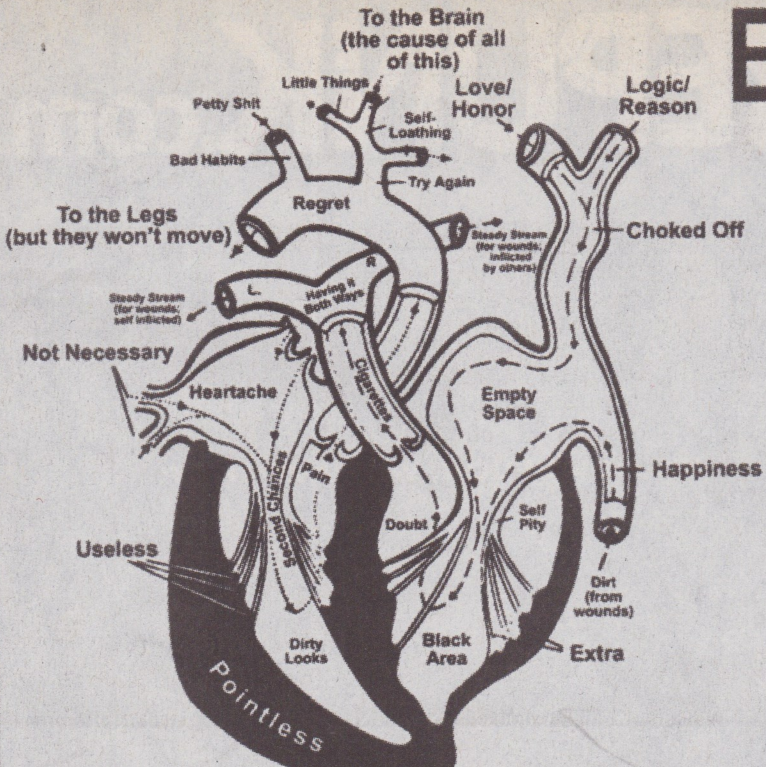
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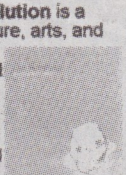

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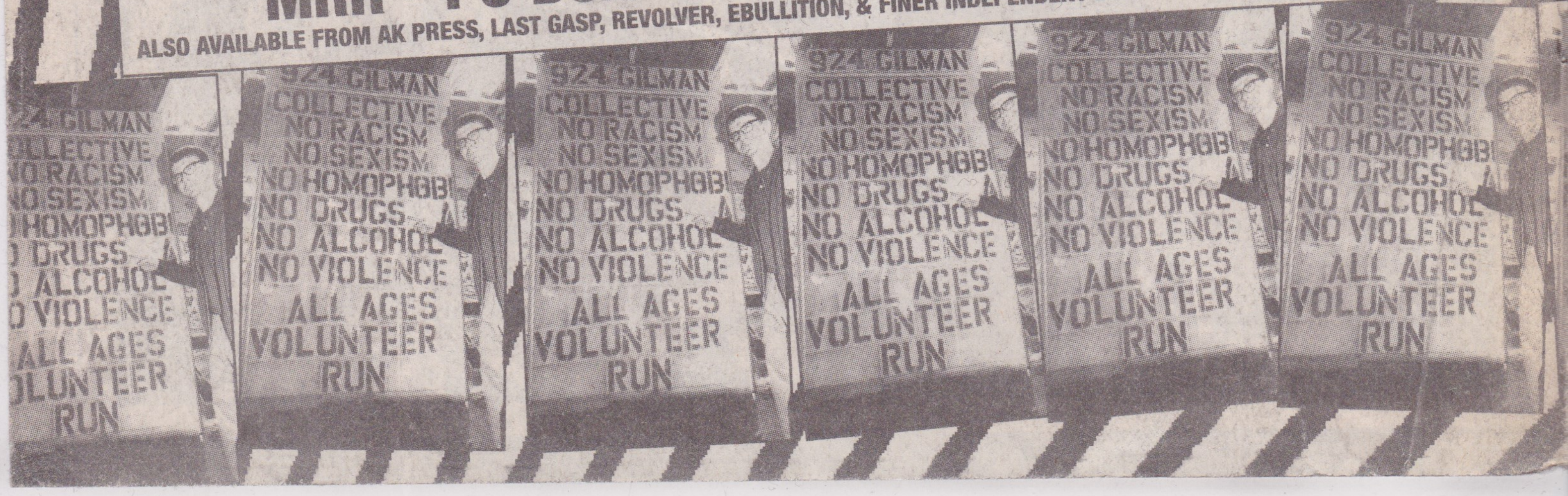
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